CERTAINE SMALL VVORKES HERETOFORE Divulged by *Samuel Daniel* one of the Groomes of the *Queenes Maieſties priuie Chamber*, & now againe by him *corrected and augmented.*

AEtas prima canat veneres poſtrema tumul- (tus

AT LONDON
Printed by I. W. for Simon Waterſon.
1607.

The POEMS herein contained are

The tragedy of Cleopatra *newly altred.*

The tragedie of Philotas.

The Queenes Arcadia, *or a paſtorall commedie.*

The epiſtle of Octauia *to* An.

The complaint of Roſamond.

Muſo. *or a defence of Poeſie.*

A Funerall Poeme vpon the Death of the late Earle of Deuonſhire.

To the Reader

BEhold once more with ſerious labor here
Haue I refurniſht out this little frame,
Repaird ſome parts defectiue here and there,
And paſſages new added to the ſame, (were
Some rooms inlargd, made ſomeles thē they
Like to the curious builder who this yeare
Puls downe, and alters what he did the laſt
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes thats paſt
For that we euer make the latter day
The ſcholler of the former, and we find
Something is ſtill amiſſe that muſt delay
Our buſines, aud leaue worke for vs behinde,
As if there were no ſaboath of the minde
And howſoeuer be it well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne I may
Do whatſoeuer therewithall I will
I may pull downe, raiſe, and reedifie
It is the building of my life the fee
Of Nature, all th'inheritance that I
Shal leaue to thoſe which muſt come after me
And all the care I haue is but to ſee

These lodgings of m'affections neatly dreſt
Wherein ſo many noble friends there be
Whoſe memories with mine muſt therin reſt
And glad I am that I haue liud to ſee
This edifice renewd, who doo but long
To liue t'amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
Before he come t'his taſte, there doth belong
So much t'experience, and ſo infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Diſcerne which lookes the likeſt vnto right.
Beſides theſe curious times ſtuf'd with tho (ſtore
Of cõpoſitions in this kind, do driue
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft would make me not my ſelf believe
Did I not know the world wherein I liue,
Which neither is ſo wiſe, as that would ſeeme
Nor certaine iudgement of thoſe things doth
That in diſliks, nor that it doth eſteeme. (giue
I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by ſome error ſhewd
That it was his, and yet what in the ſame
Was rare, an worthy, euermore allowd
Safe cõuoy for the reſt: the good thats ſow'd
Thogh rarely paies our coſt, & who ſo looks
T'haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer muſt read books.
And howſoeuer here detraction may

Diſvalew

Diſvalew this my labour, yet I know
There wilbe foūd therin, that which wil pay
The reckning for the errors which I owe
And likewiſe will ſufficiently allow
T'an vndiſtaſted iudgement fit delight
And let preſumptuous ſelfe-opinion ſay
The worſt it can, I know I ſhall haue right
I know I ſhalbe read, among the reſt
So long as men ſpeake engliſh, and ſo long
As verſe and vertue ſhalbe in requeſt
Or grace to honeſt induſtry belong:
And England ſince I vſe thy preſent tongue
Thy forme of ſpeech thou muſt be my defece
If to new eares, it ſeemes not well expreſt
For though I hold not accent I hold ſence
And ſince the meaſures of our tong we ſee
Confirmd by no ediſt of power doth reſt
But onely vnderneath the regencie
Of vſe and faſhion, which may be the beſt
Is not for my poore forces to conteſt
But as the Peacock, ſeeing himſelfe to weake
Confeſt the Eagle fairer farre to be
And yet not in his feathers but his beake.
Authoritie of powerfull cenſure may
Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
This matter of our ſpirite, but if it pay (wold
The eare with ſubſtance, we haue what wee
For that is all which muſt our credit hold.
The reſt (how euer gay, or ſeeming rich

To the Reader.

It be in faſhion, wiſe men will not wey)
The ſtamp will not allow it, but the touch
And would to God that nothing falty were
But only that poore accent in my verſe
Or that I could all other recknings cleere
Wherwith my heart ſtands charg'd, or might
The errors of my iudgmēt paſſed here (revers
Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearce
What I haue vainely ſaid, or haue addreſt
Vnto neglect miſtaken in the reſt.
Which I do hope to liue yet to retract
And craue that England neuer wil take note
That it was mine. Ile diſavow mine act,
And wiſh it may for euer be forgot,
I truſt the world will not of me exact
Againſt my will, that hath all els, I wrote
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely to haue in mine owne againe.

THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILOTAS.

By SAMVELL DANIELL.

AT LONDON
Printed by *I. W.* for *Simon Waterſon.*
1607.

To the Prince.

TO you moſt hopeful Prince, not as you are
But as you may be do I giue theſe lines
That when your iudgement ſhal arriue ſo far,
As t'ouer looke th'intricate deſignes
Of vncontented men: you may behold
With what incounters greateſt fortunes cloſe
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances ambition vndergoes.
How hardly men digeſt felicity
How to th'intemperate, to the prodigall,
To wantonneſſe, and vnto luxury
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you ſhall finde the greateſt enemy
That man can haue is his proſperity
Here ſhall you ſee how men diſguiſe their ends,
And plaite bad courſes vnder pleaſing ſhews,
How well preſumption broken waies defends
Which cleere-eyed iudgement gravely doth diſcloſe
Here ſhall you ſee how th'eaſie multitude
Tranſported, take the party of diſtreſſe,
And onely out of paſſion do conclude,
Not out of iudgement, of mens practiſes.
How powers are thought to wrõg that wrõgs debar,

And kings not held in danger, though they are
Theſe ancient repreſentments of times paſt,
Tell vs that men haue, doo, and alwaies runne
The ſelfe ſame line of action, and do caſt
Their courſe alike, and nothing can be donne
(Whilſt they, their ends, and nature are the ſame
But will be wrought vpon the ſelfe-ſame frame
This benefit, moſt noble Prince, doth yeeld
The ſure records of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our ſtate, how it was held
By all our anceſtors, and in what kinde
We hold the ſame, and likewiſe how in the end
This fraile poſſeſſion of felicitie
Shall to our late poſtertie deſcend,
By the ſame pattern of like deſtenie.
In them we finde that nothing can accrew
To man and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wiſe
I leaue vnto your more mature ſurway
Amongſt the vowes that other ſacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie
For know great Prince, when you ſhal come to know
How that it is the faireſt ornament
Of worthy times, to haue thoſe which may ſhew
The deedes of power and lively repreſent
The actions of a glorious Gouernment
And is no leſſer honour to a Crowne
T'haue writers then haue actors of renowne

THE ARGVMENT.

Philotas the ſonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great eſtimation among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander* held to be the moſt valiant of the *Greekes*, patient of trauaile, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better thē any Noble-man of the Campe, but otherwiſe noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, in ſo much as his father hauing notice of his carriage, wraned him to make himſelfe leſſe then he was, to avoid the enuy of the Campe, and the diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his Father, & his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his vſed

to

to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan borne in the citie of *Pidna*, with whom being in loue, he let fall many braue words, and boasts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actiõs and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word the yongman. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a cõpanion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman carried thẽ to *Alexander* whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduãtages that might worke his ouerthrow. And in the end concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the King, was thereby suspected to haue beene a partie in the plotte: but brought before *Alexander*, hee so defended himselfe, that he obtayned his pardõ for that time, supped with the King that night, and yet the next day notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact, which he stoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeed *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the nobilite

nobilitie & people from him, & by the cõfeſſiõ of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpoſe to him & his father to haue ſubuerted the K. aſſoon as he had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, & freed them frõ other fears, which being by *Epheſtion* & *Craterus*, 2. the moſt eſpecial counſellors of *Alexander* grauely & prouidently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that mãner as became their neerenes, & deerenes with their L. and Maiſter, & fitting to the ſafety of the ſtate, in the caſe of ſo great an aſpirer, who no doubt had he not bin preuẽted, (howſoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwiſe deemed) he had turnd the courſe of gouernmẽt vpõ his father & himſelf, or els by his imbroilments made it a monſter of many heads, as, it afterwards prooued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* conſiſting of 3. *Grecians*, as of the 3. eſtates of a kingdom) & one *Perſian*, repreſẽting the multitude & body of a people, who vulgarly according to their affections carried rather with compaſſiõ on great mẽs miſfortunes then with the conſideration of the cauſe, frame their imaginations by that ſquare and cenſure what is done.

T

AEt

THE TRAGEDIE OF CLEOPATRA.

AEtas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

TO THE MOST NOBLE LADIE THE LADY MARIE

Countesse of PEMBROOKE.

BEhold the worke which once thou didst impose
Great sister of the Muses, glorious starre
Of femall worth, who didst at first disclose
Vnto our times, what noble powers there are
In womens harts, and sent example farre
To call vp others to like studious thoughts
And me at first from out my low repose
Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes
Whilst I contented with an humble song
Made musique to my selfe that pleasd me best

And onely told of Delia and her wrong
And praiſd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnto,
A text from whence my Muſe had not digreſt
Had I not ſeene thy well grac'd Anthonie
Adornd by thy ſweete ſtile in our faire tongue
T'expeſt his Cleopatras *company.*
And that thoſe notions which at firſt in me
The, then dulcious Wilton *did impreſſe*
That arbor of the Muſes grac'd by thee
And which did likewiſe grace thy worthineſſe
Were growne to apprehend how th images
Of action and of greatneſſe figured were
Made me attempt t'attire her miſery
In th'habit I conceiud became her eare
Which if to her it be not fitted right
Yet in the ſute of nature ſure it is
And is the language that affliction might
Perhaps deliuer when it ſpake diſtreſſe
And as it was I did the ſame adreſſe
To thy cleere vnderſtanding and therein
Thy noble name, at in her proper right
Continued euer ſince that time hath beene
And ſo muſt likewiſe ſtill, now it is caſt
Into this ſhape that I haue giuen thereto
Which now muſt ſtand, being like to be the laſt
That I ſhall euer herein haue to doo.

And glad I am I haue renewd to you
The vowes I owe your worth, although thereby
There can no glory vnto you accrew
Who conſecrate your proper memory.
Thoſe holy Hymnes the melodie of heauen
Which Iſraels ſinger to his God did frame
Vnto thy voice eternall fame hath giuen
And ſhews thee deer to him from whẽce they came
In them ſhall reſt thy euer reuerent name
So long as Syons God remaineth honored
And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen
And murthered faith and temples ruined
By them great Lady you ſhall then be knowne
When Wilton may lie leuell with the ground
And this is that which you may call your owne
Which ſacrilegious Time cannot confound:
Here you ſurniue your ſelfe, here are you found
Of late ſucceeding ages freſh in fame,
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where in eternall braſſe remaines your name.
O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow limits, ſo,
But that the muſique of our well tund Ile
Might hence be heard to Mortium arme and Po,
That they might know, how far Thames doth outgo
Declined Tyber, and might not contemne.

Our

Our Northern tones, but now another while
Receiue from vs, more then we had from them
Or why may not ſome after comming hand
Vnlock theſe limits, open our confines,
And breake aſunder this impriſoning band
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and let out our deſignes
Planting our roſes on the Apinines,
And to Iberus, Loyce and Arue to Teach
That we part glory with them, and our land
Being match for worth, comes not behind in ſpeach.
Let them produce the beſt of all they may
Since Roome left bearing, who bare more then men
And we ſhall paralell them euery way
In all the glorious actions of the pen.
Our Phœbus is the ſame that theirs hath beene,
How euer ignorance, phantaſticke growne
Rates them aboue the value that they pay,
And likes ſtrange notes, and diſeſteemes our owne.
They cannot ſhew a Sidney let them ſhew
All their choice peeces, and bring all in one
And altogether ſhall not make that ſhew
Of wonder and delight, as he hath donne:
He hath th'Olimpian prize (of all that run
Or euer ſhall with mortall powers) poſſeſt
In that faire courſe of glory and yet now
Sydney *is not our all, although our beſt.*

That

That influence had Elizaes bleſſed peace
Peculiar to her glory at it ſpred
That ſacred flame of many, and th'increaſe
Did grace the ſeaſon, and her honored
And if the ſame come now extinguiſhed
By the diſtempr ature of time, and ceaſe
Suffice we were not yet behind the reſt,
But had our part of glory with the beſt.

M

A

Carmen

MVSOPHILVS
OR
A DEFENCE OF
POESIE.

Carmen amas quiſquis carmine digna geris.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY KNIGHT

SIR FOVLKE GRIVELL.

IF I haue err'd or runne a course vnfit
To vent my vnderſtanding in this kinde
Your approbation hath beene cauſe of it
That fed this grateſull error *of my mind*
For your moſt worthy and iudicious knight
Did firſt drawe forth from cloſe obſcuritie
My vnpreſuming verſe into the light
And grac'd the ſame, & made me known thereby:
And euery man we ſee is eaſily
Conform'd in that wherein he takes delight,
But chiefly when he finds his induſtry
Allow'd by him he knowes can iudge aright.

Though

Though praiſe I feare me is not vertues friend
So much as we would make it ſeem to be,
For more vndone, then raiſed thereby we ſee
Whereas themſelues men cannot comprehend.
And for my part, I haue beene of ſt conſtraind
To reexamine this my courſe herein
And queſtion with my ſelfe what is containd
Or what ſolidi tie there was therein.
And then in caſting it with that account
And reckonings of the world, I therein found
It came farre ſhort, and neither did amount
In valew, with thoſe hopes I did propound
Nor anſwer'd the expences of my time
Which made me much diſtruſt my ſelfe and ryme
And I was flying from my heart and from
The ſtation I was ſet in, to remaine:
And had left all, had not freſh forces come
And brought me back vnto my ſelfe againe.
And furniſht my diſtruſts with this defence
This armor wherewithall the beſt I could
I haue made good, againſt the difference
Of fortune, and the world, that which I told.
And haue maintaind your honour in the ſame
Who herein holds an intereſt in my fame.

SAMVELL DANIELL

To the right noble Lady Anne

Lady Clifford.

I Cannot giue vnto your worthines
Faire hopefull Lady theſe my legacies
Bequeath'd to others, who muſt needs poſ-
The part belonging to their dignities. (ſeſſe
Nor may I euer change their properties
Low'd them to their worth, and they ſhall ſtill
Retaine the ſame, although I here deſire
To make you ſuprauiſor of my will
And do intreat your goodneſſe to fulfill
My laſt deſires left vnto you in truſt
I know you loue the Muſes, and you will
Be a moſt faithfull Guardian and a iuſt.
And therefore I do ſo leaue all to you
That they may both haue theirs & you your
(due.

THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

ACTVS I.

Philotas. *Calistones.*

Philotas *reading his Fathers letter.*

Make thy selfe lesse Philotas *then thou art?*
What meanes my father thus to write to mee?
Lesse then I am, in what? how can that bee?
Must I be then set vnderneath my hate?
Shall I let goe the holde I haue of grace
Gaind with so hard aduentures of my bloud,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worthe?
By putting off imployment, as vndone
In spirite or grace: whilst other men set forth
To get that start of Action I haue wonne?
As if such men as I, had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace,
Can any go beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortune good vpon my ill,
Whilst feare hath power to woūd me worse thē hate?

Ch. Philotas, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,
Your Father meanes not you ſhould yeeld in place,
But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace,
That doth in iealous Kinges, diſtaſte the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater, but in feares.
Phi. Alas what popular dependences
Do I retaine? can I ſhake off the zeale
Of ſuch as do out of their kindneſſes
Follow my fortunes in the common weale.
Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you ſay true:
They follow doe your fortunes and not you.
Phi. Yea, but I find their loue to me ſincere.
Cha. Euen ſuch as to the wolfe the Foxe doth beare,
That viſites him but to partake his pray,
And ſeeing his hopes deceiu'd turnes to betray.
Phi. I know they would if I in danger ſtood,
Runne vnto me with hazard of their blood.
Cha. Yea, like as men to burning houſes runne,
Not to lend aid, but to be lookers on.
Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their harts ſo ſure, I know they will not ſlide.
Cha. Bounty & gifts looſe more then they do find,
Where many looke for good, few haue their mind:
Each thinkes he merites more then that he hath,
And ſo gifts laid for loue, do catch men wrath.
Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.
Cha. Yea, thoſe that loue and haue no other end:
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know,
You haue them not for friendſhip but for ſhow?
And as you are ingag'de in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke, likewiſe they haue theirs.
Phi. But I do truely from my hart affect
Vertue and worth where I do find it ſet:
Beſides my foes doe force me in effect,

To

To make my partie of opinion great,
And I muſt arme me thus againſt their ſcornes,
Men muſt be ſhod that go among the thornes.
Cha. Ah good *Philotas* you your ſelfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with oyle.
The meeke and humble Lambe with ſmal ado,
Suckes his owne dam, we ſee, and others too.
In Courts men longeſt liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thankes.
Phi. And is it ſo? then neuer are theſe haires,
Like to attaine that ſober hew of gray,
I cannot plaſter and diſguiſe m' affaires,
In other colours then my hart doth lay:
Nor can I patiently indure this fond
And ſtrange proceeding of authority,
That hath ingroſt vp all into their hand,
By idolizing feeble Maieſty,
And impiouſly do labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man.
Whilſt they deuide the ſpoyles, and pray of powre,
And none at all reſpect the publike good,
Thoſe handes that guarde and get vs what is our,
The Soldierie ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worſe caſe ſeeme then *Pallas* old-growne moule,
Th' *Athenians* noſtred at their publike coſt:
For theſe poore ſoules conſum'd e with tedious toile,
Remaine neglected hauing done their moſt:
And nothing ſhall bring home of all theſe wars,
But emptie age and bodies chargde with skars.
Cho. *Philotas* all this publike care I feare,
Is but ſome priuate touch of your diſlike,
Who ſeeing your own deſignes not ſtand to ſquare
With your deſires, no others courſes like.
The griefe you take things are not ordered well
Is that you feele your ſelfe I feare not well.

But when your fortunes ſhall ſtand paralell
With thoſe you enuy now all will be well.
For you great men, I ſee, are neuer more
Your endes attaind, the ſame you were before.
You with a finger can point out the ſtames
Of others errors now, and now condemne
The traine of ſtate, whilſt your deſire remaines
Without but once got in, you iumpe with them,
And inter league ye with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize,
And onely ſerue your owne commoditie,
Your fortune then, viewes things with other eies:
For either greatneſſe doth transforme the heart
Into other ſhapes of thoughts, or certainly
This vulgar honeſty doth dwell apart
From power, and is ſome priuate qualitie.
Or rather thoſe faire parts which we eſteeme
In ſuch as you, are not the ſame they ſeeme,
You double with your teires, or els with vs,
And therefore now *Philoctet*, euen as good
T'imbrace the time, as ſwell, and doe no good.

Ph. Alas *Cabalexes*, you haue not laid
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within; all you haue ſaid
Shall neuer make me of another ſide
Then that I am, and I doe ſcorne to clime
By ſhaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Ch. The time *Philoctet* then will breake thy necke.

Ph. They dare not, friend my faith wil keep my neck,
My ſeruice to the ſtate hath cautioned
So ſurely for mine honor, as it ſhall
Make good the place my deeds haue purchaſed
With danger, in the loue, and hearts of all.

Ch. Thoſe ſeruices, will ſerue as weights, to charge
And preſſe you vnto death, if your foot faile

Neuer

Neuer ſo little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done, for your owne auaile:
And who haue ſpirits to doe the greateſt good,
May doe moſt hurt if they remaine not good.
Ph. Tuſh. They cannot want my ſeruice in the ſtate.
Ch. Theſe times want not men to ſupply the ſtate.
Ph. I feare not whilſt *Parmenius* forces ſtand.
Ch. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faine diſpatch'd, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore doe not build vpon ſuch ſand,
It will deceiue your hopes, when all is done:
For though you were the minion of the land,
If you breake out, be ſure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the ſtate,
Were you the weakeſt man of men aliue,
And in conuentions, and in Counſell fate,
And did but ſleepe or nod, yet ſhould you thriue:
Theſe motiue ſpirits are neuer fit to riſe,
And tis a danger to be held ſo wiſe.
Ph. What call you running with the ſtate? ſhall I
Combine with thoſe that doe abuſe the ſtate?
Whoſe want of iudgement, wit, and honeſtie,
I am aſham'd to ſee, and ſeeing hate.
Ch. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, thinke not of what were fit,
The world is gouernd more by forme, then wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himſelfe in vaine.
Cannot you great men ſuffer others to
Haue part in rule, but muſt haue all to doe?
Now good my Lord, conforme you to the reſt,
Let not your wings be greater then your neſt.
Ph. ſolus. See how theſe vaine diſcurſiue Book-men
Out of thoſe ſhadows of their aierie powers, talke,
And doe not ſee how much they muſt defalke

Of their accountes, to make them gree with ours
They little know to what neceſſities,
Our courſes ſtand allyed, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation other-wiſe
To be our ſelues in our particulare,
They thinke we can commaund our harts to lye
Out of their place: and ſtill they preach to vs,
Pack bearing patience, that baſe property,
And ſilly gift of th'all enduring Aſſe,
But let them talke their fill, it is but wind,
I muſt ſayle by the compaſſe of my minde.

Enters a Meſſenger.

My Lord, the King cals for you, come my Lord away.

Ph. Wel then, I know there's ſome new ſtratagem
In hand, to be conſulted on to day.
That I am ſent for with ſuch ſpeed to him
Whoſe youth and fortune cannot brooke delay,
But here's a ſutor ſtands to impeach my haſte,
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we eſcape th'attending multitude,
Though I confeſſe, that in humanity
Tis better to deny, then to deiude.

Enter Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas* I am come with newes
Of great importance that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who beſt can heare, and beſt diſcharge my care.

Ph. Say what it is, and pray thee friend be briefe.

Ceb. The caſe requires your patience good my lord
And therefore I muſt craue your eare a while.

Ph. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnleſſe you heare, and therefore know, the newes
I bring concernes his life: and this it is,
There is one *Dymnus* here within the campe,

Whoſe

Whose low estate, and high affections, seeme
I, haue thrust him in t'outragious practises.
This man affecting one *Nichomachus*
A youth, my brother, whome one day h'allures,
In t'a temple where being both alone,
He breakes out in this sort: *Nichomachus*
Sweet louely youth, ah should I not impart
To thee the deepest secrets of my hart,
My hart that hath no locke shut against thee,
Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me.
But as it issues from my faithfull loue,
So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast,
Sweare to be secret deere *Nichomachus*.
Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place
To keepe my counsell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greatest consequence,
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and desire drawne with a loue to know,
Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close,
When *Dymnus* tels him, that within three dayes,
There should be effected a conspiracie
On *Alexanders* person by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours and redeeme them home,
Which when *Nichomachus* my brother heards
Is this your tale saith he? O God forbid
Mine oath should tie my tong to keepe in this,
This ougly sinne of treason, which to tell
Mine oath compels me, faith against my faith
Must not be kept. My falihood here is truth
And I must tell, friend or friend not, ile tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceipt,
The selfe-willd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts,

Buſie with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leiſure now to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before,
And at misfortune ere ſhee came to him.
At length, when as his reaſon had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to ſome certaine ſtand,
(Perceiuing yet ſome diſtance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,)
With his returning ſpirits, he drew his ſword,
Puts it t'his owne, then to my brothers throate,
Then laies it down, the wrings his hands, then kneeles,
Then ſted'faſt lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weepes on his necke, no word, but O wilt thou?
Wilt thou be the deſtruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miſerie grew furious, and againe
He takes his ſword, and ſweares to ſacrifice
To ſilence, and their cauſe, his deereſt blood.
The boy amaz'd, ſeeing no other way,
Was faine to vowe and promiſe ſecrecie.
And as if wonne t'allow and take that part,
Praies him to tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was don,
Yet thinking now t'haue gaind him to his ſide,
Dymnus replies; no worſe then *Lœtus*,
Demetrius of the priuie Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelepis*,
Droetnus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th'aſſociats of *Nichomachus*.
This when my brother once had vnderſtood,
And after much adoe had got away,
He comes and tels me all the whole diſcourſe,
Which here I haue related vnto you:
And here will I attend t'auouch the ſame,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,

Whom

Whom now I left behind, leaſt the conſpirators
Seeing him here, vnuſing to this place,
Suſpecting t'b'appeacht, might ſhift away.
Ph. Well fellow, I haue heard thy ſtrange report,
And will find time t'acquaint the king therewith.

SCENA II.

Antigona and *Thais.*

WHat can a free eſtate affoard me more
Then my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?
Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens ſight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within.
My loue was then aboue me, I am now
Aboue my loue. The King had thouſands more,
Philotas hath but me, as I doe know:
Nor none els will he haue, and ſo he ſwore.
Tha. Nay then, you may beleeue him, if he ſwore.
Alas poore ſoule, ſhee neuer came to know
Her libertie, nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, then with thoſe powers,
Who out of all proportion muſt b'aboue,
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And gentle *Thais*, tho thou a Grecian be,
And I a Perſian, doe not enuie me
That I imbrace the onely gallant Lord

Thy

Thy *Greece*, or all our *Perſia* doth affoard.
Thou, who art intertain'd and grac'd by all
The flower of honour els, doe not deſpiſe,
That vnto me (poore captiue) ſhould befall
So great a grace in ſuch a worthies eies.
Tha. Antigona I enuie not thy loue,
But thinke thee bleſt t'enioy him in that ſort,
But tell me truly didſt thou euer preue,
VVhether he lou'd in earneſt or in ſport?
Ant. Thais, let m'a little glorie in my grace,
Out of the paſſion of the ioy I feele?
And tell the'a ſecret, but in any caſe,
As y'are a woman do not it reueale.
One day as I was ſitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victorie,
All blood and duſt, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glorie of the day moſt gallantly.
And warm'd with honor of his good ſucceſſe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnes.
Faith wench, ſaies he, thus muſt we fight, toile, winne,
To make that young man prowd, thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deſerts, our blood
Sets him aboue himſelfe, and makes him ſkorne
His owne, his countrey, and the Authors of his good.
My father was the firſt that out from *Greece*,
Shew'd him the way of *Aſia*, ſet him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greateſt peece
Of this prowd worke, which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio *without* Alexander *much hath wrought*,
Without Parmenio, Alexander *hath done nought*.
But let him vſe his fortune whilſt he may,
Times haue their change, we muſt not ſtill be lead,
And ſweete *Antigona*, thou maieſt one day
Yet, bleſſe the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed.

Where-

Wherewith he ſweetly kiſt me, and now deeme,
If that ſo great a man, whoſe parts were ſuch,
Would, if he held me not in deare eſteeme,
T'a captiue *Perſian* haue reueal'd ſo much.
But *Thais* I may no longer ſtay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
Whoſe eyes yet neuer ſaw me any where,
But in his chamber where I ſhould haue beene,
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Fare well *Antigona*.

Now haue I that which I deſired long,
Laid in my lap by this fond woman here,
And meanes t'auenge me of a ſecret wrong,
That doth concerne my reputation nere.
This gallant man, whom this toole in this wiſe,
Vaunts to be hers, I muſt confeſſe t'haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'ingines of theſe conquering eyes
Affections in his hy-built heart t'haue mou'd
Yet neuer could: for what my labour ſeeks
I ſee vpon vaine ignorance, is ſpent,
Whilſt he that is the glory of the *Greekes*,
Vertues vpholder, honors ornament,
Out of this garniſh of his worthy parts
Is falne vpon this fooliſh *Perſian* here,
To whom his ſecrets gtauely he imparts,
Which ſhe as wiſely gouerns, as you heare.
Tis ſtrange to ſee the humor of theſe men,
Theſe great aſpiring ſpirits, that ſhould be wiſe,
We women ſhall know all: for now and then
Out of the humor of their iollities,
The ſmoake of their ambition muſt haue vent,
And out it comes what rackes ſhould not reueile,
For this hie humor hath ſo much of wind,
That it will burſt it ſelfe if to cloſe pent,
And none more fit then vs their wiſdoms find,

Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For beeing the nature of great ſpirits, to loue
To be, where they may be moſt eminent.
And rating of themſelues ſo farre aboue
Vs; in conciept and in their management.
Imagin how we wonder and eſteeme,
All that they doe or ſay, which makes them ſtriue,
(To make our admiration more extreeme)
To tell vs all they know or doe contriue,
And then th'opinion that we loue them too,
Begets a confidence of feereſie,
VVhereby what euer they intend to doo,
VVe ſhall be ſure to know it preſently.
But faith, I ſcorne that ſuch a one as ſhee,
A ſilly witted wench, ſhould haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but onely beautie, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallanſt Peeres and Princes of the Eaſt,
VVhom *Alexander* in the greateſt ſtate
The earth did euer ſee him, made his gueſt.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternitie of fame; there where theſe hands
Did write in fire the glorie of my ſpirit,
And ſet a trophey that for euer ſtands.
Thais Action with the *Grecian* acts ſhall be
Inregiſtred alike. *Thais* ſhe that fir'd
The ſtateſieſt Pallace th'earth did euer ſee,
Darius houſe that to the clouds aſpir'd,
She is put back behind *Antigona*,
But ſoone *Philotas* ſhall his error ſee,
VVho thinkes that beautie beſt, mens paſſions fits,
For that they vſe our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Craterus* will I preſently,
And him acquaint with all this whole diſcourſe.

Who

Who I am ſure will take it well of vs,
For theſe great minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatneſſe, will be glad,
In ſuch a caſe of this importancie,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

WE as the Chorus of the Vulgar, ſtand
Spectators here, to ſee theſe great men play
Their parts, both of obedience and commands,
And cenſure all they doe, and all they ſay.
For though we be eſteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they doe well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the beſt in ſhow.
And though we know not, what they doe within,
Where they attire their miſteries of ſtate:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without doe perſonate.
We ſee, who well a meaner part became,
Faile in a greater, and diſgrace the ſame.
We ſee ſome worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it ſome againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well eſteem'd
In place of greatneſſe, which before were not.
We ſee affliction act a better ſcene,
Then proſperous fortune, which hath marr'd it cleane.
We ſee that all which we haue prais'd in ſome,
Haue onely beene their fortune not deſart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become.

And

And luſtfull eaſe hath blemiſht all their part.
We ſee Philotas *alls his goodnes ill,*
And makes his paſſions to report of him.
Worſe then he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them,
For ſure there is ſome ingine cloſely laid,
Againſt his grace and greatnes with the King:
And that vnleſſe his humors proue more ſtaid,
We ſoone ſhall ſee his fetter ruining.
And his affliction our compaſsion drawes,
Which ſtill lookes on mens fortunes not the cauſe.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander. Epheſtion. and Craterus.

EPheſtion thou dooſt *Alexander* loue,
And *Craterus* thou the King: yet both you meet
In one ſelfe point of loyaltie and loue,
And both I finde like careſull, like diſcreet.
Therefore my faithfull Counſellors to you
I muſt a weighty accident impart,
Which lies ſo heauie, as I tell you true,
I finde the burthen much t'oppreſſe my hart.
Ingratitude and headſtrong ſtubbornnes,
In one of whome my loue deſeru'd reſpect
Makes me the more ſo ſenſible of this,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You ſee how I *Philotas* raiſed haue
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme:
You ſee the place, the offices I gaue,
As th'earneſt of my loue, to bind his firme,
But all he deeming rather his deſerts

Then

Then the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play moſt peremptory parts,
As fitter to controule, then to obay.
And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too,
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would runne backe from glory, and vndoo,
All the whole wonder of our enterprize,
And one day to our ſelfe he dares to write,
(Seeming our ſtile and title to vpbraid,
Which th'oracles themſelues held as requiſite
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And ſaid he pitied thoſe who vnder him ſhould liue.
Who held himſelfe the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,
Could make mine own thoughts other then they are.
I that am arbiter betwixt my hart
And their opinion, know how it ſtands within
And find that my infirmities take part,
Of that ſame frailetie, other men liue in.
And yet what if I were diſpoſ'de to winke,
At th'intertaind opinion ſpred ſo far.
And rather was content the world ſhould thinke
Vs other then we are, then what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, ſéeing that Maieſtie,
Needes all that admiration can lay on
To giue it grace, and beare it vp on hie,
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needes all the complements to reſt vpon,
That reuerence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wiſe man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to inſtruct vs what to do
But theſe are but the flouriſhes he makes,
Of greater malice he is bent vnto,

For

For sure me thinkes I wiew within his face,
The mappe of change, disturbance and vnrest,
I see his pride contented with no place,
Vnles it be the throne whereon I rest.
Eph. Had I not heard this from your sacred tongue,
Deare souerayne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
This owne worth, and th'honors he receiued,
And yet me thought his carriages of late
In such exceeding pompe and gallantrie,
Attended with such troupes did intimate,
That he affected popularitie.
Especially since for his seruice done,
He was adiudgd to haue the second place
In honour with *Antigonus*, which wonne,
To some th'opinion to be high in grace.
Then this last action leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue might hap inlarge
Th'opinion of himselfe considering,
Th'especiall grace and honor of his charge.
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-ualew that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fortune suting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not so vnwise,
Although his fauor, youth and iollity,
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprize
Ought against course, his faith and loyalty.
And therefore if your grace did but withdraw,
Those beames of fauor which doe daze his wittes:
He would be soone reduc'd t'his rank of awe,
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.
Alex With-draw our grace, and how can that be
Without some sulliuation to insue. (done?
Can he be safe brought in, being so farre gone,
I hold

I hold it not. Say *Craterus* what thinke you?
Cra. Soueraigne, I know the man, I find his ſpirit,
And malice ſhall not make me I proteſt,
Speake other then I know his pride doth merit,
And what I ſpeake is for your intereſt.
Which long ere this my conſcience vttred had,
But that I fear'd your maieſty would take,
That from ſome priuate grudge it rather bred,
Then out of care for your deare ſafties ſake.
Or rather that I ſought to croſſe your grace,
Or to confine your fauour within bounds,
And finding him to hold ſo high a place:
In that diuine conceipt which ours confounds,
I thought the ſafeſt way to let it reſt,
In hope that time ſome paſſe open would,
To let in thoſe cleere lookes into that breſt,
That doth but malice and confuſion hold.
And now I ſee you haue diſcernd the man,
Whom I proteſt I holde moſt dangerous,
And that you ought with all the ſpeed you can
Worke to repreſſe a ſpirit ſo mutinous:
For eu'n already he is ſowlne ſo high,
That his affections ouer-flow the brim
Of his owne powers, not able to deny
Paſſage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him.
For but euen now I hard a ſtrange report
Of ſpeeches he ſhould vſe t'his Curtizan:
Vaunting what he had done, and in what ſort,
He labourd to aduance that proud youg man.
(So termed of your Sacred Maieſtie)
VVith other ſuch extrauagant diſcourſe:
Whereof we ſhall attaine more certaintie,
I doubt not ſhortly and diſcry his courſe.
Meane while about your perſon I aduiſe,
Your grace ſhould call a more ſufficient guard:

And on his actions set such wary eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regard.
And note what persons chiefly he frequents:
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents,
The large reuenue of his bounteousnes,
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shall be wrought t'apply her visuall charmes,
And I wil make her my discouerer,

Alex. This counsell *Craterus* we do well allow,
And giue thee many thanks for thy great care,
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are,
For that you see he holds a side of power,
Which might perhaps call vp some mutiny.
His father old *Parmenio* at this howre,
Rules *Medea* with no lesser powers then I.
Himselfe you see gallantly followed here
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment:
Canus that with his sister match'd, doth beare
Next vnder him a chiefe commandement:
Amintas and *Symanus* his deare friends,
With both their honorable offices,
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduise vs to conceale
The worke in hand, and with great care to deale.

Crat. Your grace saies true, but yet these cloudes of (smoake
Vanish before the Sunne of that respect,
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a natiue zeale, and so affect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises,
Of no such giddy traytor (if the thing

Be

Bee tooke in time with due aduisednes)
Shall the least shew of any feeling bring.
Alex. VVel then, to thee deere *Craterus* I refer,
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA II.

Philotas. Ceballinus. Seruus.

Ceb. MY Lord, *I* here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be cald t'auouch my newes.
Ph. *In* troth my friend *I* haue not found the King
At any leisure yet to heare the same.
Ceb. No, not at leisure to preuent his death?
And is the matter of no more import?
Ile trie another: yet me thinke such men,
As are the eyes and eares of princes, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.
Ser. My Lord the summe you willed me to giue,
The Captaine that did visite you to day,
To tell you plaine your coffers veeld it not.
Phi. How? if they yield it not; haue *I* not then
Apparell, plate, iewels, why sell them:
And go your way, dispatch and giue it him.
Phil. alone.
Me thinkes *I* find the King much changde of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great.
Although they seeme in show all of one rate,
Yet by the touch *I* find them counterfeite.
For when *I* speake, although *I* haue his eare,
Yet do *I* see his mind is otherwhere.
And when he speakes to me, *I* see he striues,
To giue a colour vnto what is not:

Plutarch in the life of Alexander.

For he muſt think that we whoſe ſtates, whoſe lines
Depend vpon his grace, learne not by rote,
T'obſerue his actions, and to know his trym,
And though indeed princes be manifold,
Yet haue they ſtill ſuch eyes to wait on them,
As are ſo piercing that they can behold
And penetrate the inwards of the hart:
That no deuice can ſet ſo cloſe a dore,
Betwixt their ſhewes and thoughts, but that their art:
Of ſhadowing it, makes it appeare the more,
But many making my ſtate of grace,
I know do worke, with all the powers they haue
Vpon that eaſie nature, to diſplace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue:
And though I know they ſeeke t'incloſe him in,
And faine would loke him vp, and chamber him:
Yet will I neuer ſtoope and ſeeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them.
And ſcorne to ſtand on any other feet
Then theſe of mine own worth: and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Baſenes and ſoothing them ſhall neuer gaine,
And yet I know my preſence and acceſſe,
Cleers all theſe miſts, which they haue rais'd before:
Though with my back ſtreight turnes that happines.
And they againe blow vp as much or more,
Thus do we roſe the ſtone of our owne toyle,
And men ſuppoſe our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Craterus. Antigona.

Antigona., there is no remedie,
You needs muſt iuſtifie the ſpeech you held,
With *Thais*, who will your conſtrence verifie,
And therefore now it cannot be conceald.
Anti. O my good Lord I pray you vrge me not,
Thais onely of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a ſtranger ſhould haue ſuch a lott,
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (ſhow,
Cra. Why then ſhall rackes and tortures force thee
Both this and other matters which we know.
Thinke therefore if t'were not a wiſer part,
T'accept of reſt, rewards preferment, grace,
And being perhaps ſo beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, then to be obſtinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who in his dangerous and concuſſed ſtate,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Reſolue thee of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning back.
Ant. What ſhall I do, ſhall I betray my loue,
Or dye diſgrac'd? what do I make a doubt
Betray my loue? O heauenly powers aboue
Forbid that ſuch a thought ſhould iſſue out
Of this confuſed breſt: nay rather firſt
Let tortures, death, and horror do their worſt.
But out alas, this inconſidrate tongue,
Without my hearts conſent and priuitie,

Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdome to deny.
No wisdome to deny? yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytor to my hart,
Shall either powerfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath imparte.
Yet what can my deniall profit him,
VVhom they perhaps whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be accessarie in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame, in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore:
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thine honour to forsake
Thy loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort,
Alas what notice will the world take,
Of such respects in women of my sort?
This act may yet put on so faire a coate
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blush t'appeare with those of cleanest note,
And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
what do I talke of fame? do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred, and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life to batter downe my truth.
O my subdued thoughts what haue you done,
To let in feare and falshood to my heart,
whom thogh they haue surprizd they haue not won
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.
Erat. Antigona what are you yet resolu'd?

An-

Ant. Reſolu'd my Lord t'indure all miſerie.
Crat. And ſo be ſure you ſhal if that b'your choice.
Ant. VVhat will you haue me do my Lord, I am
Content to ſay what you will haue me ſay.
Crat. Then come, goe in with me to *Alexander.*

CHORVS.

HOw doſt thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Reſtles ambition neuer at an end:
Whoſe trauailes no hercuſean pillar ſtaies,
But ſtill beyond thy reſt thy labours tend.
Aboue good fortune, thou thy hopes doſt raiſe,
Still climing and yet neuer canſt aſcend:
For when thou haſt attaunde vnto the top,
Of thy deſires thou haſt not yet got vp.
That height of fortune, either is controulde,
By ſome more powerfull ouerlooking eye,
(That doth the fulnes of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with ſome concurrency:
As it doth coſt farre more adoe to hold,
The height attaind, then was to get ſo hie.
Where ſtand thou canſt not, but with carefull toile,
Nor looſe thy hold, without thy vtter ſpoile.
There doeſt thou ſtruggle with thine owne deſtruct,
And others iealouſies, there conterplot
Againſt ſome vnderworking pride, that muſt
Supplanted be, or els thou ſtandeſt not.
There wrong is paid with wrong, and he that thruſt
Downe others, comes himſelfe to haue that lot.
The ſame conculsion doth afflict his breaſt
That others ſhooke, oppreſſion is oppreſt.

That either happineſſe dwells not ſo hie,
Or els aboue, where to pride cannot riſe:
And that the higheſt of mans felicitie,
But in the region of affliction lies.
And that we clime but vp to miſerie,
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue,
Reſt dwels below it, happines aboue.
For in this highth of fortune are imbred,
Thoſe thundring frapors that affright the earth,
From thence haue all diſtempratures their head:
That brings forth deſolation, famine, dearth:
There certaine order is diſordered,
And there it is confuſion hath her birth.
It is that high of fortunne doth vndoe,
Both her owne quietnes and others too.

ACTVS. TERTINS.

Alex. Metron. Ceballinus. Craterus Perdiccas, Epheſt.

COme *Metron*, ſay of whom haſt thou receiued,
Th'intelligence of this conſpiracie?
Contriu'd againſt our perſon, as thou ſayſt,
By *Dymnus* and ſome other of the Campe.
Is't not ſome vaine report borne without cauſe,
That enuie or imagination drawes
From priuate ends to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were?
Met Here may it pleaſe your highnes is the man.
One *Ceballinus* that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O *Alexander*, I haue ſau'd thy life,

I am

I am the man that hath reueal'd their plot.
Alex. And how camſt thou to be informd thereof?
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomachus*,
Whom *Dymnus* chiefe of the conſpirators,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.
Alex. How long ſince is it, this was told to thee?
Ceb. About ſome 3. daies ſince, my Soueraign Lord.
Alex. What three daies ſince? and haſt thou ſo long
The thing conceald frõ vs, being of that waight? (kept
Guard, take him hence, and giue him his reward.
Ceb. O, may it pleaſe your grace, I did not keepe
The thing conceald one houre, but preſently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Suppoſing him a man ſo neere in place,
Would beſt reſpect a caſe that toucht ſo neere,
And on him haue I waited theſe two daies,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace,
And ſeeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Graces leiſure ſeru'd not fit to heare.
I, to the maſter of your armorie
Addreſt my ſelfe forthwith, to *Metron* here,
Who without making any more delay,
Preſt in vnto your Grace, beeing in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armorie.
And all what I could ſhew, reuealed hath.
Alex. If this be ſo then, fellow I confeſſe
Thy loyall care of vs was more then theirs,
Who had more reaſon theirs ſhould haue bin more
Cauſe *Dymnus* to be preſently brought forth,
And call *Philotas* ſtraight, who now I ſee
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one whom I held ſo neere,
Would from my ſafetie haue bin ſo farre off,
When moſt it ſhould and ought import his care?
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe

Of

Of thoſe effects my fauours had deſeru'd,
And ought t'haue claim'd more duly at his hands
Then any of the reſt? but thus w'are ſeru'd,
when priuate grace out of proportion ſtands,
And that we call vp men from off below,
From th'Element of baſer propertie,
And ſet them where they may behold and know
The way of might, and worke of Maieſtie.
VVhere ſeeing thoſe raies, which beeing ſent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and reſpect,
To faile neere hand, and not to ſhew that proofe,
The obiect onely working that effect,)
(Thinke, ſeeing themſelues (though by our fauor) ſet
whithin the ſelfe ſame orbe of rule with vs,
Their light would ſhine alone, if ours were ſet,
And to preſume t'obſcure or ſhadow vs.
But he ſhall know, although his neerenes hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too.
And grace that ſhines, can kindle vnto wrath:
And *Alexander* and the king are two.
Put here they bring vs *Dimnus*, in whoſe face
I ſee is guilt, deſpaire, horror, and death.

Guar Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He ſtab'd himſelfe ſo deadly to the heart,
As tis impoſſible that he ſhould liue.

Al. Say *Dimnus* what haue I deſeru'd of thee,
That thou ſhouldſt thinke worthies to be thy king.
Philotas then our ſelfe. Hold, hold, he ſinkes:
Guard keep him vp, get him to anſwer vs.

Gua H'hath ſpoke his laſt, h'wil neuer anſwer more.

Al. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp in his breaſt all th'others hearts:
Put yet this deed argues the truth in groſſe,
Though we be bard it in parũcular.

Philotas

Philotas, are you come? looke here this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceald,
Th'intended treason from vs these two daies,
Wherewith he saies, he streight acquainted thee:
Thinke the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence.
And which had beene lesse fowle in him then thee.
Phil. Renouned Prince, for that my heart is cleare,
Amazement cannot ouercast my face,
And I must boldly with th'assured cheare,
Of my vnguiltie conscience tell your grace,
That this offence (thus happning) was not made,
By any the least thought or ill in me:
And that the keeping of it vnbewraid,
Was that I held the rumor vaine to be.
Considering some, who were accus'd, were knowne,
Your auncient and most loyall seruitors;
And such as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood I know, then once indanger yours:
And for me then vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
T haue told an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In you distrust, and wrong to others truthes,
And to no end, but onely to haue made
My selfe a skorne, and odious vnto all,
(For which, I rather tooke the baite was laid,
Then els for any trechery at all.)
I must confesse, I thought the safest way,
To smoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If such a thing could be, some proofes bewray,
That might yield probabilitie of right:
Protesting that mine owne vnspotted thought
Alike beliefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought

T imagine

T'imagine ſuch a deteſtable deed.
And therefore, O dread Sou'raigne, doe not waye
Philotas faith by this his ouer-ſight,
But by his actions paſt, and onely lay
Error t'his charge, not malice nor deſpight.
Al. Well, loe thou haſt a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou haſt not power to cleere thy blame
Yet hath he power to pardon thee the ſame.
Which, take not as thy right, but as his Grace,
Since here the perſon alters not the caſe,
And here *Philotas*, I forgiue th'offence,
And to confirme the ſame, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O ſacred hand, the witneſſe of my life,
By thee I hold my ſafetie as ſecure,
As is my conſcience free from treacherie.
Alex. Wel go t'your charge, & looke to your affaires,
For we to morrow purpoſe to remooue. *Exit.*
In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes the man ſeemes ſurely cleare in this,
How euer otherwiſe his hopes haue bin
Tranſported by his vnaduiſedneſſe:
It cannot be a guilty conſcience ſhould
Put on ſo ſure a brow, or elſe by arte
His lookes ſtand newtrall, ſeeming not to hold
Reſpondencie of int'reſt with his heart.
Sure for my part, he hath diſſolu'd the knot
Of my ſuſpition, with ſo cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of miſchiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he ſhewes,
Who is ſuſpected ſhould be feard the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes,
Who muſt diſturbe the world, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd that nothing feares,
And malice moſt effects, that leaſt appeares.

Pre.

Preſumption of mens powers as well may breed
Aſſuredneſſe, as innocency may:
And miſchiefe ſeldome but by truſt doth ſpeed,
Who kings betray firſt their beliefe betray.
I would your grace had firſt conferd with vs,
Since you would needes ſuch clemencie haue ſhown,
That we might yet but haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue known.
In faults wherein an after ſhame will liue,
Tis better to conceale, then to forgiue.
For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue paſt,
Then on that grace which hath preſerued their breath,
And more their ſufferings, then their mercie taſte:
He now to plot your danger ſtill may liue,
But you his guilt not alwaies to forgiue.
Know that a man ſo ſwolne with diſcontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can reſtore:
He knowes how thoſe who once haue mercie ſpent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But ſay that through remorce he calmer proouez
Will great *Parmenio* ſo attended on
With that braue Armie foſtred in his loue:
Be thankfull for this grace you doe his ſonne?
Some benefits are odious, ſo is this:
Where men are ſtill aſhamed to confeſſe,
To haue ſo done, as to deſerue to die:
And euer doe deſire that men ſhould geſſe,
They rather had receiu'd an iniurie,
Then life, ſince life they know in ſuch a caſe,
May be reſtor'd to all, but not to grace.
Perd And for my part my liege, I hold this mind,
That ſure he would not haue ſo much ſuppreſt,
The notice of a treaſon in that kind,
Vnleſſe he were a partie with the reſt:

Can

Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* ſonne,
The generall commander of the horſe:
The minion of the campe, the onely one
Of ſecret counſell, and of free recourſe,
Should not in three daies ſpace haue found the King
At leiſure t'heare three words of that import:
Whilſt he himſelfe in idle lauiſhing,
Did thouſands ſpend t'aduance his owne report?

Cra. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two daies ſpace delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,
To hinder his addreſſe to other men
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not diſmiſt him ſtreight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be ſtout,
But in th'occaſions and the feares of Kings,
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vaineſt things:

A. Well howſoeuer, we will yet this night,
Diſport and banquet in vnuſuall wiſe,
That it may ſeeme we weigh this practiſe light,
How euer heauy here within it lies.
Kings may not know diſtruſt, & though they feare
They muſt not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA II.

Antigona. Thais.

O Y'are a ſecret councell-keeper *Thais*,
In troth I little thought you ſuch an one.

Tha. And why *Antigona*, what haue I done?

Ant.

Ant. You know full well, your cõscience you bewraies.
Tha. Alas good soule, would you haue me conceale,
That which your selfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, then you can be,
whom it imports: will others hold them true.
when you proue false to your owne secrecie?
But yet this is no wonder, for we see,
wiser then we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a propertie belongs
Especially to vs, and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue beene,
In cases of the greatest plots of men.
And tis the Scene on this worlds stage we play,
whose revolution, we with men conuert,
And are to act our part as well as they:
Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a state we see,
Both turne on many wheeles, and some, though smal,
Doe yet the greater moue, who in degree
Turre those, who likewise turne the great'st of all.
For though we are not wise, we see the wise,
By vs are made, or make vs parties still,
In actions of the greatest qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I cannot tell, but you haue made me doe
That which must euermore afflict my heart,
And if this be my wofull part t vndoe
My dearest loue, would I had had no part.
How haue I fiely woman fisted beene,
Examin'd, tride, flattred, terrifide,
By *Craterus* the cunningest of men,
That neuer left me till I had discride
what euer of *Philotas* I had knowne,

That

Tha. What is that all: perhaps I haue thereby
Done thee more good, then thou canst apprehend.
Ant. Such good I rather you should get then I
If that can be a good, t'accuse my friend.
Th. Alas thy accusation did but quote
The mergin of some text of greater note.
Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.
Th. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it wel,
For be thou sure, that alwaies those who seeke
T'attacke the Lyon so prouide that still,
Their toyles be such, as that he shall not scape,
To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.
Philotas neither was so strong nor high
But malice ouerlookt him, and discride,
Where he lay weake, where was his vanitie,
And built her countermonts vpon that side.
In such sort, as they would be sure to raze
His fortnues with the ingins of disgrace.
And now maist thou perhaps come great hereby,
And gratious with his greatest enemie.
For such men thinke they haue no full successe,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place,
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.
Ant. Loues, out alas, loue such a one as he,
That seekes t'vndoe my loue, and in him me?
Th. Tush, loue his fortnnes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.
Ant. I weigh not greatnes, I must please mine eie,
Th. Th'eye nothing fairer sees then dignitie.
Ant. But what is dignitie without our loue?
Th. If we haue that we cannot want our loue.
Ant. Why that giues but the outside of delight:
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?
Th. If power procure not that, what can it doe?

Ant.

Ant. I know not how that can b'attaind vnto,
Th. Nor will I teach thee, if thou knoweſt it not.
Tis vaine I ſee, to learne an *Aſian* wit. *Exit,*
Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill
You *Greekes* profeſſe, let me be fooliſh ſtill,
So I be faithfull And now beeing alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone. *Cantat.*

SCENA III.

Craterus. Epheſtion. Clitus. &c.

MY Lords, you ſee the flexible conceit
Of our indangered ſoueraigne, and you know
How much his perrill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the ſtate and vs, and therefore now
We either muſt oppoſe againſt deceipt,
Or be vndone. For now hath time deſcride,
An open paſſage to his fartheſt endes,
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And good my Lords, ſince you conceiue as much,
And that we ſtand alike, make not me proſecute
The cauſe alone, as if it did but touch
Onely my ſelfe, and that I did both breed,
And vrge theſe doubts out of priuate griefe.
Indeed I know, I might with much more eaſe
Sit ſtill like others, and if dangers come,
Might thinke to ſhift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the dutie and reſpect,
We owe both to our ſoueraigne and the ſtate,
My Lords, I hold, requires another care.

Eph. My Lord assure you, we will take a time
To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Cra. My Lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,
You will apply your knifeke after death.
You see the king inuited hath this night
Philotas with the rest, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an visage to our sight,
As euer: and you see the cunning straines
Of sweet insinuation that are vs'd,
T'allure the eare of grace with false reports,
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue, one action quite transports
The kings affections ouer to his hopes:
And ties him so beyond the due regard
Of his owne safetie, as one enterprize,
May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.
Cle. But now since things thus of themselues break
We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, (out,
And euery day will yeeld vs more no doubt,
For they are sau'd that thus are warned first.
Cra. So my Lord *Clitus* are they likewise warn'd.
T'accelarate their plot, being thus bewraide.
Cle. But that they cannot now it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Cra. You doe not know how far it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how far is spred
Already the contagion of this ill,
Cle. Why then there may some one man torture'd be
Of those whom *Cebellinus* hath reuald
Cra. That one must bee *Philotas* from whose head
All this corruption flowes, take him, take all.
Cle. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot,
Cra. That his concealing of the plot bewrayes.

And

And if we do not caſt to finde him firſt,
His wit be ſure hath layd ſo good a ground,
As he will be the laſt that will be found.
Cle. But if he be not found: then in this caſe,
We do him more by blemiſhing his grace.
Cra. If that he be not found t haue delt in this,
Yet this will force out ſome ſuch thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him, for you ſeldom ſee,
Such men araign'd that euer guiltleſſe be:
Eph. Well my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his grace
(Though it it be late) before he take his reſt,
That ſome courſe may be taken in this caſe,
And God ordaine it may be for the beſt.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

SEE how theſe great men cloth their priuate hate
In thoſe faire coulours of the publique good:
And to effect their ends pretend the ſtate,
As if the ſtate by their affections ſtood.
And arm'd with powre and princes iealouſies,
Will put the leaſt conceipt of diſcontent:
Into the greateſt ranke of treacheries.
That no one action ſhall ſeeme innocent.
Yea, valour, honor, bounte, ſhall be made,
As acceſſaries vnto endes vniuſt:
And euen the ſeruice of the ſtate muſt lade,
The needfull'ſt vndertaking with diſtruſt.
So that baſe vilneſſe idle luxurie,
Seeme ſafer far, then to do worthily.
Suſpition full of eyes and full of eares,
Doth thorow the tinſture of her owne conceit

See all things in the colours of her feares,
And truth it selfe muſt looke like to deceipt.
That what way ſeuer the ſuſpected take,
Still enuie will moſt cunningly forelay
The ambuſh of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themſelues to take that way.
But this is ſtill the fate of thoſe that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent:
Who either carried in conceipt too farre,
Doe worke their owne or others diſcontent:
Or elſe are deemed fit to be ſuppreſt,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since ſtates haue euer had farre more vnreſt,
By ſpirits of worth, then men of meaner skill:
And find that thoſe doe alwaies better prooue,
Who are equall to employment not aboue.
For ſelfe opinion would be ſeene more wiſe
Then preſent counſels, cuſtomes, orders, lawes,
And to the end to haue them otherwiſe.
The common wealth into combuſtion drawes.
As if ordaind t' imbroyle the world with wit,
As well as groſſeneſſe to diſhonor it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Attarras. Softratus.

Soft. CAn there be ſuch a ſuddaine change in Court,
As you report? is it to be believ'd
That great *Philotas* whom we all beheld
In grace laſt night, ſhould be arraigned to day?
Att It can be; and it is as I report,

For

For ſtates of grace are no ſure holds in court.
Soſt. But yet tis ſtrange they ſhould be ouerthrown
Before their certaine forfeitures were knowne.
Att. Tuſh it was breeding long, though ſuddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.
Soſt. The time I waited, and I waited long
Vntill *Philotas* with ſome other Lords
Depart the preſence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer ſaw the king in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can ſuch ſtormes growe, and yet no clouds appeare?
Att. Yea court ſtormes grow, when skies there ſeem moſt cleare.
It was about the deepeſt of the night,
The blackeſt houre of darkneſſe, and of ſleepe.
When with ſome other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falls downe before the King, intreats, implores,
Coniures his grace, as euer he would looke
To ſaue his perſon, and the ſtate from ſpoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practiſes:
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the deſtruction of them all.
The King would faine haue put them off to time,
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne,
Which they perceiuing, preſt him ſtill the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers, and their owne.
And neuer left him till they had obtaind
Commiſsion t'apprehend *Philotas* ſtreight.
Now to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els but to beget it out of forme,
And carefull preparations of diſtruſt:
About the Palace men in armour watch,
In armour, men about the King attend,
All paſſages and iſſues were forelaid
With horſe, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.

I with three hundred men in armour charg'd
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt ſleepe
That euer man could be. where neither noice
Of clattering weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling rumour could diſſolue
The heauie humour of that drowſie brow
Which held perhaps his ſences now more faſt
As loath to leaue, becauſe it was the laſt.
Soft: Attarras, what can treaſon ſleepe ſo ſound?
Will that lowd hand or horror that ſtill beats
Vpon the guiltie conſcience of diſtruſt,
Permit it t'haue ſo reſolute a reſt?
Att. I cannot tell, but thus we found him there,
Nor could wee I aſſ re you waken him:
Till thrice I calld him by his name, and thrice
Had ſhooke him hard, and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a ſetled cheere,
Deare f iend *Attarras*, what's the newes ſaid he?
What vp ſo ſoone to haſten the remoue,
Or rais'd by ſome al'arme, or ſome diſtruſt?
I told him that the king had ſome diſtruſt.
Why what will *Nabarzanes* play faith he
The villaine with the king, as he hath done
Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would, or did not vnderſtand
His owne diſtreſſe: told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing vs'd theſe words:
O *Alexander*, now I ſee my foes,
Haue got aboue thy goodnes, and preuail'd
Againſt my innocency, and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fetred him,
Looking on that baſe furniture of ſhame,

Poore

Poore body, ſaid he, hath ſo many alarmes
Rays'd thee to blood and danger from thy reſt,
Tinueſt thee with this armour now at laſt,
Is this the ſeruice I am cald to now?
But we that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a diſgraceſull weed:
Tooke and conuaid him ſuddenly to ward.
From whence he ſhall be inſtantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraind before the king, who ſits,
(According to the Macedonian vſe)
Incates capitall, himſelfe, as iudge.
Soſt. Well then, I ſee, the ſtatall fortunes proue,
Thoſe are neere lightning, who are neere to *Ioue*.

SCENA II.

Alexander *with all his Counſell, the dead body of* Dymnus: *the reuealers of the conſpiracie,* Philotas.

THe haynous treaſon of ſome few had like,
Thaue rent me from you, worthy followers,
But by the mercie of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your ſight, your reuerend ſight,
Which makes me more abhorre thoſe parracides,
Not for mine owne reſpect, but for the wrong,
You had receiued if their deſigne had ſtood,
Since I deſire but life to doe you good.
The ſoldiers murmure.
But how wil you be griou'd when you ſhal know,
Who were the men, that did attempt the ſhame?
When I ſhall ſhew that which I grieue to ſhow:
And name ſuch as would God I could not name.

But that the fowleneſſe of their practiſe now,
Blots out all memorie of what they were,
And though I would ſuppreſſe them, yet I know,
This ſhame of theirs, will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man you ſee
Bound by ſo many merits both to me
And to my father, and our auncienſt friend,
A man of yeares, experience, grauitie,
Whoſe wicked miniſter *Philotas* is,
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Luculaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whoſe dead body yeu behold,
With others, hath ſuborn'd to ſlaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*
To whom, this murthred wretch at firſt reueald,
The proiect of this whole conſpiracie
T'auerre as much as was diſcloſd to him.
Nichomacus looke here, aduiſe thee well,
What doeſt thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My ſoueraigne Lord: I know him very well,
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three daies ſince
Bewray to me a treaſon practiſed
By him and others, to haue ſlaine your grace.
Al. Where, or by whom, or when did he report
This wicked acte ſhould be accompliſhed?
Nic. He ſaid within three daies your maieſtie
Should be within your chamber murthered
By ſpeciall men of the nobilitie
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were theſe:
Locus, *Dimetrius*, and *Archelepis*
Nicanor, and *Amyntas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceus, with *Aphebetus* and himſelfe.
Met. Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.
Ceb. And ſo much with the circumſtance of all
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex.

Alex. Then what hath been his mind, who did ſup-
The information of ſo foule a traine, (preſſe
Your ſelues my worthy ſouldiers well may geſſe,
Which *Dimnus* death declares not to be vaine,
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment ſtayes,
To rediſcharge himſelfe of ſuch a waight,
Philotas careles, feareles nothing weighes
Nor ought reuales. His ſilence ſhews deceipt,
And tels he was content it ſhould be done,
Which though he were no partie makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what power he ſtood,
And ſaw his fathers greatnes, and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way which now withſtood
His vaſt deſires, but onely this my crowne:
Thought in reſpect that I am iſſu'leſſe,
The ſame was eaſie to haue been attain'd
But yet *Philotas* is deceiud in this
I haue who ſhall inherit all I gain'd,
In you I haue both children, kindred friends,
You are the heires of all my purchaſes,
And whilſt you liue, I am not iſſuleſſe.
And that theſe are not ſhadowes of my feare,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies,)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his ſonnes aduiſe:
This ſhowes their ends, hold read it *Craterus.*

Crat. reads it. My ſons, firſt haue a ſpeciall care vnto your ſelues,
Then vnto thoſe which do depend on you.
So ſhall you do what you intend to do.

Alex. See but how cloſe he writes, that if theſe lines
Should come vnto his ſonnes, as they are ſent,
They might incourage them in their diſſeignes,
If interpris'd, might mock the ignorant.
But now you ſee what was the thing was ment,
You ſee the fathers care, the ſonnes intent.

And

And what if he as a conſpirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the reſt:
That thewes not his innocencie but his powre,
Whom they accouut too great to be ſuppreſt,
And rather will accuſe themſelues then him,
For that whiles he ſhall liue, there's hope for them,
And how h'hath borne himſelfe in priuate ſorte,
I will not ſtand to vrge, it's too well knowne,
Nor what hath been his arrogant report
T'imbaſe my actions, and to bragge his owne.
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote,
To ſhew him of the ſtile beſtow'd on mee,
By th'Oracle of *Iowe*, theſe things I thought
But weakneſſes, and words of vanity:
(Yet words that read the vleers of his hart)
Which I ſuppreſt, and neuer ceaſt to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and ſtill compart.
The beſt degrees and honors of the field.
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,
There haue I danger where I lookt for ſtrength:
I would to God my blood had rather bene
Powrd out the offring of an enemie;
Then practizd to be ſhed by one of mine,
That one of mine ſhould haue this infamy
Haue I bene ſo reſeru'd from feares to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all?
Haue you ſo oft aduis'd me to regard
The ſafety, which you ſaw mee running from,
When with ſome hote purſute I preſſed hard
My foes abrode, to periſh thus at home?
But now that ſafty only reſts in you
Which you ſo oft haue wiſht me looke vnto,
And now vnto your boſomes muſt I flie,
Without whoſe will I will not wiſh to liue:
And with your wills I cannot, leſſe I giue

Due

Due puniſhment vnto this treacherie.
Amin, *Attarras*, bring the hatefull priſoner forth:
This traitor which hath ſought t vndo vs all,
To giue vs vp to ſlaughter, and to make
Our blood a ſkorne, here in a barberous land,
That none of vs ſhould haue returned back,
Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues
Our aged parents, kinred, and our friends,
To make the body of this glorious hoſt,
A moſt de ormed trunke without a head,
Without the life or ſoule to guide the ſame.
Canus. Thou baſe traitor impious parracide,
Who mak'ſt me loath the blood that match'd with
And if I might but haue my will I vow (thine
Thou ſhouldſt not dye by other hand then mine.
Alex. I le *Canus* what a barbarous courſe is this
He firſt muſt to his accuſation pleade.
And haue his tryall formall to our lawes
And let him make the beſt of his bad cauſe.
Philotas, here the *Macedonians* are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vſe?
Phi. The *Perſian* language, if it pleaſe your grace,
For that beſide the *Macedonians* here
Are many that will better vnderſtand,
If I ſhall vſe the ſpeach your grace hath vs'd,
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the moſt men here might vnderſtand.
All. See how his natiue language he diſdaines:
But let him ſpeake at large as he deſires,
So long as you remember he doth hate
Beſides the ſpeech, our glore, and the ſtate. *Exit*
Phi. Black are the colours laid vpon the crime,
Wherwith my faith ſtands charg'd my worthy lords:
That as behind in fortune, ſo in time,
I come too late to cleere the ſame with words,

My

My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency, and my iuſt defence;
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no dore
For mine excuſe, to haue an enterance.
That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an vpright conſcience of deſart,
And an vniuſt diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatisfie the time, and mine owne hart.
Authoritie lookes with ſo ſterne an eye
Vpon this wofull Bar, and muſt haue ſtill
Such an aduantage ouer miſery,
As that it will make good, all that it will.
He who ſhould onely iudge my cauſe, is gone,
And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when the ſame were heard, his powre alone,
As well might then condemne, as ſet mee free:
Nor can I by his abſence now be clear'd,
Whoſe preſence hath condemn'd me thus unhard.
And though the greeuance of a priſoners tongue,
May both ſuperfluous, and diſgracefull ſeeme,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhews the iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon mee, I muſt not diſeſteeme
My rightfull cauſe for being diſpiſd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelfe, though I am left of all,
Feare cannot make my innocence vniuſt
Vnto it ſelfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather, ſeeing how my fortune drawes,
My words ſhould be deformed then my cauſe.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Then is the ſence and feeling of a ſtate:
The clappe, the briut, the feare but of a hurt
In kings behalfes, thruſts with that violence
The ſubiects will to proſecute report,
As they condemne, ere they diſcerne th'offence.
Eph. Philotas, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,

That

That thinke to win compaſſion, and beliefe
Bimpugning iuſtice and to make men geſſe
We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe,
Or that our place or paſsions, did lay more
On your miſfortunes, then your owne deſeart,
Or haue not well diſcernd your fact before.
Or would without due proofes your ſtate ſubuert;
These are the vſuall theames of traytors tongues,
Who practiſe miſchiefs, and complaine of wrongs.
Your treaſons are too manifeſtly knowne
To maske in other liuery then their owne.

Cra. Thinke not, that we are ſet to charge you here
With bare ſuſpicions, but with open fact,
And with a treaſon that appeares as cleere
As is the ſunne, and knowne to be your act.

Phi. What is this treaſon? who accuſes me?

Cra. The proceſſe of the whole conſpiracie.

Ph. But wher's the man that names me to be one?

Cra. Here, this dead traitor ſhews you to be one.

Ph. How can he dead accuſe me of the ſame,
Whom liuing he nor did, nor yet could name?

Cra. But we can other teſtimonie ſhow
From thoſe who were your chiefeſt complices.

Ph. I am not to be adiudgd in law you know
By teſtimonie, but by witneſſes.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,
That can auouch m'a party in this caſe.
My Lords and fellow ſoldiers, if of thoſe
Whom *Dimnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word diſcloſe,
To ſhew I was a partie: I haue done.
Thinke not ſo great a number euer will
Endure their torment. and themſelues accuſe,
And leaue me out. Since men in ſuch caſe, ſtill
Will rather ſlander others then excuſe,

Non teſtimoniis ſed teſtibus.

Calumi-

Calamity malignant is, and he
That ſuffers iuſtly for his guiltineſſe
Eaſes his one affliction, but to ſee
Others tormented in the ſame diſtreſſe,
And yet I feare not whatſoeuer they
By rackes and tortures can be forc'd to ſay.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceald,
My name being held to be the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueald
The beſt to him to whom he muſt tell all?
Nay if he falſly then had nam'd me one?
To grace himſelfe muſt I of force be one?
Alas if *Ceballinus* had not come to me
And giuen me note of this conſpiracy,
I had not ſtood here now, but bin as free
From queſtion, as I am from treachery.
That is the onely cloud that thundereth
On my diſgrace. Which had deemed true,
Or could but haue reuind of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas, had my Lords, ſat there with you.
My fault was to haue been too credulous,
Wherein I ſhewd my weakeneſſe I confeſſe.
Cra. *Philotas* what a monarch and confeſſe
Your imperfections and your weakeneſſe?
Phi. O do not ſo inſult vpon calamity,
Tis a barbarous groſenes to lay on
The weight of skorne, where heauy miſery
To much already wayes mens fortunes downe.
For if the cauſe be ill I vndergo,
The law and not reproch muſt make it ſo.
Can. Ther's no reproch can euer be to much
To lay on traytors, whoſe deſearts are ſuch.
Phi. Men vſe the moſt reproches where thy feare,
The cauſe will better proue then their deſire
Cen. But ſir, a traitors cauſe that is ſo cleere,

As

As this of yours will neuer need that feare.
Phi. I am no traytor but ſuſpected one,
For not beleiuing a conſpiracy.
And meere ſuſpect by law condemneth none,
They are approued facts for which men die.
Cra. The law in treaſons doth the will correct,
With like ſeuerenes as it doth th'effect.
Th'election is the eſſence of th'offence,
The execution one ſ e but th'accidence,
To haue but wil'd it is t'haue done the ſame.
Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beleife,
And if that be a traitor, then am I thee cheife.
Cra. Yea but your will made your beleife conſent
To hide th'practiſe till th'accompliſhment.
Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuſe though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare,
To be to forward to relate things heard.
Who writing to the King wiſht him forbeare,
The potion his ' hiſition had prepard.
For that he hard *Darius* tempted had,
His faith, with many t.llents, to b'vntrue.
And yet his druggs in th'end not proouing bad,
Did make my fathers care ſeeme more then due.
For oft by an vntimely dilligence,
A buſy faith may giue a prince offence,
So that, what ſhall we do? if we reueale,
Wee are diſpiſ'd, ſuſpected if conceale.
And as for this where euer now thou be
O Alexander thou haſt pardon'd me,
Thou haſt already giuen me thy hand,
The earneſt of thy reconciled hart.
And therefore now O let thy goodneſſe ſtand,

Vnto

Vnto thy word, and be thou what thou wert,
If thou beleiuidſt me then, I am abſolu'd,
If pardon'd me, theſe fetters are diſſolu'd.
What haue I els deſeru'd ſince yeſter night,
When at thy table I ſuch grace did finde,
What hainous crime hath ſince bin brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy minde?
That from a reſtfull quiet moſt profound,
Sleeping in my misfortunes, made ſecure
Both by thy hand, and by a conſcience ſound,
I muſt be wak't for Gyues, for robes impure,
For all diſgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And ſee the worſt of ſhame, ere I ſaw day.
When I leaſt thought that others crueltie,
Shold haue wrought more then thine own clemencie.

Cra. Philotas whatſoeuer gloſſe you lay,
Vpon your rotten cauſe, it is in vaine,
Your pride, your cariage euer did bewray
Your diſcontent, your malice and diſdaine.
You cannot palliat miſchiefe but it will,
Th'row all the faireſt couerings of deceipt
Be alwayes ſeene; we know thoſe ſtreames of ill,
I low'd from that head that ſeed them with deceipt,
You foſter malcontens, you intertaine
All humors, you all factions muſt imbrace:
You vaunt your owne exployts, and you diſdaine
The kings proceedings, and his ſtile diſgrace,
You promiſe mountaines, and you draw men on,
With hopes of greater good then hath been ſeen.
You brag'd of late that ſomething would be done,
Whereby your Concubine ſhould be a Queene.
And now we ſee the thing that ſhould be done:
But God be prais'd we ſee you firſt vndone.

Ph. Ah do not make my nature, if it had,
So pliable a ſterne of diſpoſition,

To

To turne to euery kindnes, to be bad,
For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not you charity to interpret all,
Is done for fauour, to be done for ſhow,
And that we in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends not on mens needs beſtow.
Let not my one dayes error make you tell,
That all my life time I did neuer well.
And that becauſe this falles out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniuſt to ioyne to a preſent fact.
More of time paſt then it hath euer had
Before to doo withall, as if it lackt
Suficient matter elſe to make it bad.
I doo confeſſe indeed I wrote ſomthing,
Againſt this title of the ſonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the king but to the king.
I freely vs'd theſe words out of my loue,
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of ſpeaking truth, with truſt one former grace
Betraid my meaning vnto emnity
And drawen an argument of my diſgrace.
So that I ſee though I ſpake what I ought,
It was not in that maner as I ought.
And God forbid that euer ſoldiers words,
Should be made liable vnto miſdeedes.
When fainting in their march, tird in the fight,
Sicke in their tent, ſtopping their wound that bleeds,
Or haute and iollie after conqueſt gote,
They ſhall out of their heate vſe words vnkind,
Their deedes deſerue to haue them rather thought,
The paſſion of the ſeaſon, then their mind.
For ſoldiers ioy, or wrath is meaſureleſſe,
Rapt with an inſtant motion and we blame,
We hate, we praiſe, we pitty in exceſſe,

According as our preſent paſſions frame.
Sometimes to paſſe the Ocean we would faine
Sometimes to other worlds, and ſometimes ſlacke,
And idle, with our cõqueſts, intertaine
A ſullen humor of retourning backe.
All which conceipts on trumpets ſound doth end,
And each man running to his ranks doth looſe
What in our tents diſlikt vs, and we ſpend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words if they proceed of leuitie
Are to be skorn'd, if out of madneſſe fall
They muſt be pitied, if of iniurie
Remitted quite, or els not felt at all.
For of themſelues they vaniſh by diſdaine,
But if purſude they will be thought not vaine.

Cra. But words according to the perſon weigh,
If his deſignes are hainous ſo are they,
They are the tinder of ſedition, ſtill
Wherewith you kindle fiers, inflame mens will.

Phi. Craterus you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours to ſay what you will ſay,
And yet doth all your Gloſſe but beare the ſence,
Onely of my miſfortune not offence.
Had I pretended miſchiefe to the king,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus t' did not my free acceſſes bring
Continuall meanes to haue brought the ſame about?
Was not I ſince I heard the thing diſcride,
Alone, and arm'd in priuat with his grace,
What hindred me that then I had not tride
T'haue done that miſchiefe hauing time and place,

Cra. Philotas euen the providence aboue,
Protectreſſe of the ſacred ſtate of kings,
That neuer ſuffers trechery to haue
Good counſell neuer in this caſe but brings.

Confuſion

Confuſion to the actors, did vndo
Your harts, in what you went about to do.
Phi. But yet deſpaire we ſee doth thruſt men on,
Seeing no way els t'vndoo or be vndon.
Cra. That ſame deſpaire doth likewiſe let men fall
In that amaze they can do nought at all.
Phi. Well, well, my Lords my ſeruice hath made
The faith I owe my ſoueraigne and the ſtate (known
Philotas forwardneſſe hath euer ſhowne
Vnto all nations at how high a rate
I prizd my king, and at how low my bloud,
To do him honor and my country good. (are
Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you
We accuſe not here your valor, but your fact,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill ſubiect, in a wicked act.
Although we know thruſt rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, then with duty lead
You haue don much, yet all your courſes proue
You tide ſtill your achieuements to the head
Of your owne honor, when it had bin meete,
You had them laid, downe at your ſoueraignes feet.
God giues to kings the honor to command,
To ſubiects all their glory to obay:
Who ought in time of warre as rampiers ſtand,
In peace as th'ornament of ſtate aray.
The king hath recompenſd your ſeruices
With better loue then you ſhew thankefulneſſe.
By grace, he made you greater then you were
By nature; you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his guift was far more deere
Then all you did, in making you imploid.
But ſay your ſeruice hath deſeru'd at all,
This one offence hath made it odious all.
And therefore here in vaine, you vſe that meane

To plead for life which you haue canceld cleane.
Phi. My lord you far miſtake mee if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blaſt of breath,
From which ſo oft I ran with light eſteme
And ſo well haue acquainted me with death,
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare
It is mine honor that I ſeeke to cleare:
And which if my diſgraced cauſe would let
The language of my heart be vnderſtood,
Is all which euer I haue ſought to get.
And which (o leaue me now) and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you ſeeke: my life ſtands in your way
That is your ayme, take it and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the ſacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings but only blood ſuffize,
Yet let me haue ſomething left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues
But firſt to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatneſſe giues
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne:
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours:
The trophies that our blood erects vnto
Their memorie, to glorifie their powers
Let them enioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that he vndone.
Let that high ſwelling riuer of their fame (name.
Leaue humble ſtreames that feed them, yet their
O my deare father, didſt thou bring that ſpirit
Thoſe hands of valour, that ſo much haue done,
In this great worke of *Aſia*, this to merit
By dooing worthily to be vndone?

And

And haſt thou made this purchaſe of thy ſword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy Lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguiſh by thy ſeruice all thy line?
One of thy ſonnes by being too valourous
But fiue dayes ſince, yet o well, loſt his breath,
Thy deere *Nicanor* th'half arch of my houſe,
And here now th'other at the barr of death
Stands ouerchargd with wrath in far worſe caſe,
And is to be confounded with diſgrace.
Thy ſelfe muſt giue th'acquittance of thy blood
For others debts to whom thou haſt done good.
Which if they would a little time afford
Death would haue taken it without a ſword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune ſpares in war.
And this is that high grace of Kings we ſeeke,
Whoſe fauour, and whoſe wrath conſumes a like,
Eph. Lo here the miſery of kings, whoſe cauſe
How euer iuſt it be, how euer ſtrong,
Yet in reſpect they may, their gratneſſe drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours you ſtand vpon
Philotas ſhall beſide th'apparancy
Which all the world ſees plaine'ere we haue done
By your owne mouth be made to ſatiſfie,
The moſt ſtiffe partialiſt that will not ſee.
Phi. My mouth will neuer proue ſo falſe I truſt
vnto my heart, to ſhew it ſelfe vniuſt:
And what I heare doe ſpeake I know my lords
I ſpeake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be ſayd I ſay, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre.
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who if it ſhall be true.

Will neuer ſuffer thoſe who haue conſpir'd
Againſt *Ioues* ſonne t'ſcape without their due:
But will reueale the truth, or if this ſhall
Not ſeeme conuenient: why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tong to tell,
The ſecret'ſt thought that could imagin ill. (know
Bel. What need wee ſend to know more then wee
That were to giue you time t'acquaint your friends
With your eſtate, till ſome combuſtion grow
Within the campe to haſten on your ends:
And that the gold and all the treaſurie
Committed to your fathers cuſtody
In *Media*, now might arme his deſperate troupes.
To come vpon vs and to cut our throtes.
What ſhall we aske of *Ioue* that which he hath
Reueald already? but lets ſend to giue
Thanks that by him, the king hath skapt the wrath,
Of thee diſloyall traytor and doth liue.
Guar. Lets teare the wretch in peeces, let vs rend
With our owne hands, the traytrous paracide.
Alex. Peace *Belon*, ſilence louing ſouldiers.
You ſee my lords out of your iudgements graue
That all excuſes ſickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus falſe and faithleſſe beene
Muſt find out other gods and other men
Whom to forſweare, and whom he may deceiue,
No words of his can make vs more beliue,
His impudence, and therefore ſeeing us late,
We till the morning do diſmiſſe the court,

ACTVS

ACTVS V.

Chorus. Grecian and Perſian.

Per. WEll then we ſee there is ſmall differẽce newe,
Betwixt your ſtate & ours you emil Greeks
You great contrivers of free gouernments,
Whoſe skill the world from out all countries ſeeks.
Thoſe whom you call your Kings are but the ſame
As are our ſouerayne tyrants of the Eaſt,
I ſee they onely differ but in name;
Th'effects they ſhew agree, or neare at leaſt.
Your great men here as our great Satrapas
I ſee laid proſtrate are with baſeſt ſcame,
Vpon the leaſt ſuſpect, or ielouſies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame,
Onely herein they differ, that your Prince
Proceedes by forme of law t'effect his end,
Our Perſian *Monarch makes his frowne commence*
The ſtrongeſt truth: his ſword the proceſſe endes
With preſent death, and makes no more adoe,
He neuer ſtandes to giue a gloſſe vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hewe, then that it ought to beare.
Wherein plaine dealing beſt his courſe commends,
For more h'offends who by the law offends:
What need hath Alexander *ſo to ſtriue*
By all theſe ſhewes of forme to find this man
Guiltie of treaſon, when he doth contriue
To haue him ſo adiudg'd, doe what he can,
He muſt not be acquit though he be cleere,
Th'offendor not th'offence is puniſht here.
And what auailes the fire-conſumed toſpeake

How euer ſtrong his cauſe, his ſtate is weake.
Gre. *Ah but it ſatisfies the world, and wee*
Thinke that well done, which done by law we ſee.
Per. *And yet your law ſerues but your priuate ends,*
And to the compaſſe of your power extends.
But is it for the maieſty of kings.
To ſit in iudgements thus themſelues with you?
Gre. *To do men iuſtice is the thing that brings*
The greateſt maieſtie on earth to Kings.
Per. *That by their ſubalternate miniſters*
May be performed as well, and with more grace
For to command it to be done infers
More glory then to doo. It doth embaſe
Th'oppinion of a power t'inuulgar ſo
That ſacred preſence, which ſhould neuer go
Neuer beſeene, but euen as Gods below,
Like to our Perſian Kings, in glorious ſhow:
And who as ſtarres affixed to their Sphere
May not deſcend to be from what they are. (not men,
Gre. *Where kings are ſo like Gods, there ſubiects are*
Per. *Your king begins this courſe, & what wil you be thē?*
Gre. *Indeed ſince proſperous fortune gaue the vaine*
To head ſtrong power and luſt, I muſt confeſſe
We greacians haue loſt deepely by our gaine,
And this our greatnes makes vs much the leſſe.
For by th'acceſſion of theſe mighty ſtates
VVhich Alexander *wondrouſly hath got,*
He hath forgot himſelfe, and vs, and rates
His ſtate aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe ô feeble Aſia *wrought:*
Thy baſe adorings hath transformd the King
Into that ſhape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatneſſe ſprings,
And that it was our ſwords that wrought theſe things.

How

How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our ſufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings enlarged them with our wounds
And made theſe ſallies, of ambition?
Before they came to giue the regall law
To thoſe free ſtates, which kept their crownes in awe.
They by theſe large dominions are made more
But we become farre weaker then before.
VVhat get we now by winning but wide mindes
And weary bodyes with th'expence of bloud?
VVhat ſhould ill doo, ſince happy fortune findes,
But miſery, and is not good, though good?
Action begets ſtill action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wiſhes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of our paines
That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
VVhat can giue bounds to Alexanders ends:
who counts the world but ſmall, that calles him great:
And his deſires beyond his pray diſtends
Like beaſts that murther more then they can eate?
VVhen ſhall we looke his trauailes will be donne,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
VVhat diſcontentments will there ſtill ariſe
In ſuch a Campe of kings, to inter-ſhock
Each others greatneſſe, and what mutinies,
VVill put him from his comforts, and will mock
His hopes, and neuer ſuffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *blood (ô worthy man)*
VVhoſe body now rent on the torture lyes
VVill flow that Gaine of freſh conſpiracies,
As ouer-flow him will, do what he can.
For cruelty doth not imbetter men
But them more wary makes, then they haue ben.
He. *Are not your great men free from tortures then*

Muſt

Muſt they be likewiſe racke, as other men?
Gre. *Treaſon affoards a priuiledge to none,*
Who like offends, hath puniſhment all one.

SCENA II.

Polidamas, Soſtratus.

FRiend *Soſtratus*, come, haue you euer knowne
Such a diſtracted face of Court as now,
Such a diſtruſtfull eie, as men are growne
To feare themſelues and all: and doe not knowe
Where is the ſide that ſhakes not, who lookes beſt
In this fowle day, th'oppreſſor or th'oppreſt.
What poſting, what diſpatches, what aduice,
What ſearch, what running, what diſcoueries?
What rumors, what ſuggeſtions, what deuice
To cleere the King, pleaſe people, hold the wiſe,
Retaine the rude, cruſh the ſuſpected ſort
At vnawares, ere they diſcerne th'are hurt,
So much the fall of ſuch a weigtie Peere
Doth ſhake the ſtate, and with him tumble downe,
All whom his beame of fauour did vpbeare,
All who to reſt vpon his baſe were knowne.
And none that did but touch vpon his loue,
Are free from feare to periſh with his loue.
My ſelfe, whom all the world haue knowne t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intireneſſe of my heart,
And euer in all battailes, euery chace
Of danger, fought ſtill next him on that parte
Was ſeiz'd on this laſt night, late in my bed,
And brought into the preſence of the King.
To pay I thought, the tribute of my head,
I ut O 'twas for a more abhorred thing:

I muſt

I muſt redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenios* blood,
His life muſt pay for mine, theſe hands muſt gore,
That worthy heart, for whom they fought before.
Soſt. What hath the King commanded ſuch a deed,
To make the hearts of all his ſubiects bleed?
Muſt that old worthy man *Parmenio* die?
Pol. O *Soſtratus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we muſt yield vnto neceſsitie.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Poliadamas, we both haue beene deceiud
In holding friendſhip with that faithleſſe man
Parmenio, who for all his glozing mine
Thou ſeeſt hath ſought to cut my throat and thine.
And thou muſt worke reuenge for thee and me,
And therefore haſte to *Media* ſpeedely,
Take theſe two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my ſure and truſtie ſeruants there,
The other ſigned with *Philotas* ſeale,
As if the ſame t'his father written were:
Carrie them both, effect what I haue ſaid,
The one will giue th'acceſſe, the other aide,
I tooke the letters, vowd t'affect the ſame,
And here I goe the inſtrument of ſhame.
Soſt. But wil you charge your honor with this ſhame?
Pol. I muſt or be vndone with all my name,
For I haue left all th'adamantiue ties
Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart
Chaind to the world, my brethren and allies
The Oſtages to caution for my part.
And for their liues muſt I diſhonor mine.
Els ſhould the king rather haue turnd his ſword
Vpon my heart, then forſt it impiouſly,
(Hauing done all faire ſeruice to his Lord)

Now

Now to b'imployd in this foule villanie.
Thus muſt we do who are inthral'd to kings,
Whether they will iuſt or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*, O me thinkes I ſee
Thee walking in th'artificiall Groue
Of pleaſant *Suſis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue
Haſtes to imbrace me, ſaying, O my friend,
My deare *Polidamus*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may ſit and chatt
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamas* ſince we two met,
How doth my ſoueraigne Lord how doth my ſonne?
When I vile wretch, whilſt m'anſwere he attends
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His ſpeaking ioy, and ſtabbs him to the hart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy ſeruice, thou that didſt agree
For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*
For *Alexander* I muſt now kill thee.
Such are the iudgments of the heauenly powr's,
We others ruynes worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. *Why this is right now* Alexander *takes*
The courſe of powre, this is a Perſian *trick,*
This is our way, here publike triall makes
No doubtfull noyſe, but buries clamor quick.

Gre. indeed now *Perſia* hath no cauſe to rue.
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS

NVNTIVS.

THis worke is done, the sad Catastrophe
Of this great act of blood is finisht now.
Philotas ended hath the Tragidie.
Cho. Now good my friend, I pray thee tell vs how.
N. As willing to relate as you to heare,
Aful c'argd hart is glad to find an eare.
The Counsell being dimist, from hence and gone
Still Craterus plyes the king, still in his eare,
Still whispering to him priuately alone,
Vrging it seem'd a quick dispatch of feare:
For they who speake but priuately to Kings,
Do sildome speake the best and fittest things.
Some would haue had him forth-with stou'd to death,
According to the Macedonian course:
But yet that would not satisfie the breath
Of busie rumour, but would argue force,
There must be some confessions made within,
That must abrode more satisfaction winne.
Craterus with Cænus and Ephestion,
Do mainely vrge to haue him tortured,
Whreto the king consents, and there vpon
They three are sent to see't accomplished.
Racks, Yrons, Fires, and the grisely torturers
Stand hideously prepard before his face.
Philotas all vnmon'd, vnchangd appeares,
As if he would, deathes vgliest brow out-face,
And skornd the worst of force, and askt them why
They staid to torture the kings enimy.
Cho. That part was acted well God grant we heare,
No worse a Scene then this, and all goes cleere,

So

So ſhould worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted times ſhould dye vpright:
Such hearts kings may diſſolue but not defeat,
A great man where he falles he ſhould lie great,
Whoſe ruine (like the ſacred carkaſes
Of ſhattered temples) ſtill do reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no leſſe,
Then if they ſtood in all their maieſtie.
But on with thy report.

Nu. Straight were hote yrons applí'd to ſere his fleſh
Then wreſting racks, his comely body ſtraine,
Then yron whips, and then the rack a-freſh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe:
Which he indures with ſo reſolu'd a looke,
As if his mind were of another ſide
Then of his body, and his ſence forſooke
The part of nature, to be wholy tride
To honor, that he would not once conſent
So much as with a ſigh this puniſhment.

Ch. Yet doth he like himſelfe, yet all is well.
This Argument no tyrant can refell,
This plea of reſolution winnes his cauſe
More right then all more admiration drawes,
For we loue nothing more then to renowne,
Men ſtoutely miſerable, highſie downe.

Nu. But now.

Ch. We feare that but. O if he ought deſcend
Leaue ſo and let the Tragedie here end:
Let not the leaſt act now of his at laſt.
Marre all his act of life and glories paſt.

Nu. I muſt tell all and therefore giue me leaue,
Swolne with raw tumors, Vlcered with the ſtrokes
Of yron whips, that fleſh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds: it irkes
His ſoule to ſee the houſe ſo foule defac'd,

VVherein

VVherein his life had dwelt ſo long time clene,
And therfore craues he they would now diſmiſſe
His greiuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein he had done amiſſe.
Streight were his tortures ceaſt, and after they
Had let him to recouer ſence, he ſaide
Now Craterus *ſay, what you will haue me ſay?*
VVherewith as if deluded, or delaid
Craterus *in wrath calles preſently againe,*
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
VVhen what ſoeuer ſecret of his heart
VVhich had bin fore-conceiu'd but in a thought,
VVhat freind ſoeuer had but tooke his part
In common loue he accus'd, and ſo forgot
Himſelfe that now he was more forward to
Confeſſe then they to vrge him thereunto,
VVhether affliction had his ſpirits vndonne,
Or ſeeing to hide or ſtirre was all one,
Both waies lay death, and therefore he would die,
Now to be ſure to ſay enough to die.
And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly beſought them whom he ſtorm'd before,
That Alexander *where he ſtood behind*
Trauers, out of ſight, was hard to ſpeake,
I neuer thought a man that had a mind
T'attempt ſo much, had had a heart ſo weake.
There he confeſt that one Hegelochus,
VVhen firſt the king proclaimd himſelfe loues ſonne,
Inceme'd his father's heart againſt him thus,
By telling him that now we were vndone,
If we indur'd, that he which did diſdaine
To haue bin Philips *ſonne, ſhould liue and raigne,*
He that aboue the Hate of man will ſtraine
His ſtile, and will not be that which we are,
Not onely vs contemnes but doth diſdain

The

The Gods themſelues with whome he would compare,
We haue loſt Alexander, loſt (ſaid he)
The king, and falne one pride and Gamity:
And we haue made a God of our owne blould,
That glorifies himſelfe neglects our good
Intollerable is this impious deede
To Gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed,
That hauing ouer-night Hegelochus
Diſcourſd my father ſends next day
For me to heare the ſame: and there to Gs
All he had ſaide to him made him re-ſay.
Suppoſing out of wine the night before
He might but idle raue. When he againe
Far more inrag'd, in heat and paſſion more
Vrgd Gs to cleere the ſtate of ſuch a ſtaine,
Conjurd Gs to redeeme the common-weale
And do like men or elſe as men conceale.
Parmenio thought whilſt yet Darius ſtood
This courſe was out of ſeaſon, and thereby
Th'extinquiſhing of Alexanders bloud
Would now not profit Gs but th'enimy.
But he once dead, we ſeizing the others powers
Might make all the orient and Aſia ours.
That courſe we like, to that our counſell ſtands,
Thereto we tide our oathes and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he ſaide, for Dymnus plot,
Though he were cleer, yet now it cleerd him not.
And yet the force of racks at laſt could do
So much with him, as he confeſt that too.
And ſaid that fearing Bactra would detaine
The King to long, he haſtned on his endes,
Leaſt that his father Lord of ſuch a traine,
And ſuch a wealth on whome the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death prevent
Theſe his deſignes and fruſtrate his intent,

Dum inficiatus eſt facinus crudeliter torqueri videbatur

Cho.

Cho. *O would we had not heard this latter iarre,*
This all his former ſtraines of worth doth marre:
Before this laſt his foes his ſpirit commends,
But now he is vnpittied of his friends.
Num. *Then was* Demetrius *likewiſe brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denyes the deed,
Philotas *he auerres it to his face.*
Demetrius *ſtill denies: then he eſpide*
A youth one Calin *that was ſtanding by:*
Calin *ſaid he, how long wilt thou abide,*
Demetrius *vainely to auouch a lie.*
The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
In all his tortures, gaue them cauſe to geſſe
Philotas *car'd not now to vtter more*
Then had been priuie to his practiſes.
And ſeeing they had as much as they deſir'd,
They with Demetrius *ſtow'd him vnto death,*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conſpir'd,*
With greeuous tortures now muſt looſe their breath:
And all that were allide which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iuſtice now to dye.
Ch. *VVhat muſt the puniſhment ariue beyond*
Th' offence, not with th' offender make an end?
Nu. *They all muſt dye who may be fear'd in time*
To be the heires vnto their kinreds crime.
All other puniſhments end with our breath,
But treaſon is purſu'de beyond our death.
Ch. *The wrath of kings doth ſeldome meaſure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deep:
VVhen puniſhment like lightning ſhould appeare,
To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare.
Great Elephants, and Lyons wot ther leaſt,
Th' ignoble beaſt is the moſt cruell beaſt,
But all is well of by the mightie fall
Of this great man, the King be ſafely freed

post confeſſionem *Philotæ* ne amicorum quidem miſericordiam meruit.

But if this Hydra *of ambition ſhall*
Haue other heades to ſpring vp on his ſteed,
Then hath he made but way for them to riſe
Who will aſſault him with freſh treacheries.
The which may teach vs to obſerue this ſtraine,
T'admire high hills, but liue with in the plaine.

FINIS.

A LETTER

SENT FROM
Octauia to her husband
Marcus Antonius
into Egypt.

LONDON
Printed by I.W. for *Simon Waterſon.*
1607.

To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady *Margaret* Counteſſe of Cumberland.

ALthough the meaner ſort (whoſe thoghts are plac'd
As in another region farre belowe
The Sphere of greatneſſe) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to beſtow
VVords vpon griefes, as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Lady ſhow
Out of my feelings, what ſhee might haue pend.
And here the ſame, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent waine, to liue with thee
Moſt Vertuous Ladie, that Vouchſaf'ſt to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto me,
That one day may thine owne faire Vertues ſpread
Being Secretarie now, but to the dead.

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A LETTER

SENT FROM
Octauia to her husband
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Printed by I.W. for Simon Waterson.
1607.

To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady Margaret Counteſſe of Cumberland.

Although the meaner ſort (whoſe thoughts are plac'd
As in another region farre belowe
The Sphere of greatneſſe) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to beſtow
VVords vpon griefes, as my griefes comprehend,
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Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
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Being Secretarie now, but to the dead.

The Argument.

VPon the second agreement (the first being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuirs Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a linke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of nature, or any power of neerest respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others endes; and deliuered vp as an Ostage to serue the opportunitie of aduantages, met not with that integritie she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction encountred with all the grieuances that beat vpon the miserie of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humors of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beautie, could admit no new lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the point of his desires were directed, touch't with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignitie could draw a man vnto could not truely descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modestie, and the nature of her education knew not to cloth her affections in any other colours then the plain habit of truth; wherein shee euer suted all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of honestie, to winne the

good liking of him that held her but as a curtain drawne between him and Octauius, *to shadow his other purposes withall, which the sharpe sight of an equally zealous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorowe and ouer blood and nature, as he to abuse it. And therefore to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces either to reduce* Anthony *to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of Rate and all. When* Octauia *by the employment of* Anthony *(as beeing not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation; taking her iourney from the farthest part of* Greece *to find* Octauius, *with whom her care and teares were so good Agents, that they effected their commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For* Anthonius *falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunities got ouer again into* Egypt, *where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Countrey, blood, and alliance, which gaue to* Octauia *the cause of much affliction, and to me the Argument of this letter.*

A Letter

A Letter ſent from *Octauia* *to her husband* Marcus Antonius *into Egypt.*

TO thee (yet deare) though moſt diſloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keepes in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* ſendeth word
Of th'vnkind woundes receiued by thy hand,
Great *Anthony*, O let thine eies affoard
But to permit thy heart to vnderſtand.
The hurt thou doeſt, and doe but read her teares
That ſtill is thine, though thou wilt not be heer.

2 Although perhaps, theſe my cõplaints may come
Whilſt thou in th'armes of that inceſtuous Queene,
The ſtaine of *Egypt*, and the ſhame of *Rome*,
Shalt dallying ſit, and bluſh to haue them ſeene:
Whilſt prowd diſdainfull ſhee, gueſſing from whom
The meſſage came, and what the cauſe hath beene,
Will ſcorning ſay, faith, this comes from your Deere,
Now ſir you muſt be ſhent for ſtaying here.

3 From her indeed it comes, delitious dame,
(Thou royall concubine, and queene of luſt)
Whoſe armes yet pure, whoſe breſts are void of blame
And whoſe moſt lawfull flame, proues thine vniuſt:
Tis ſhee that ſendes the meſſage of thy ſhame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her truſt;
Pardon, deere Lord, from her theſe ſorrows are
Whoſe bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4 And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
Although at first my trust in thee was such
As it held out against the strongest fame,
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least beliefe till all confirmd the same.
That I was almost last that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieue.

5 How oft haue poore abused I tooke part,
With falshood only for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued against my heart
Not suffring it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my selfe vnto my selfe vntrue.
So much my loue labourd against thy Sinne
To shut out feare which yet keepes feare within.

6 For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind,
Of worthy and victorious *Antonie*,
Could be by such a *Syren* so declin'd,
As to be traind a pray to *Luxury*.
I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind
As to despise his Children, *Rome*, and me:
But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so vniust.

7 But now that certaine fame hath open laid,
Thy new relaps, and strange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away
And made the passage of my sorrowes free,
For now poore hart ther's nothing in the way,
Remaines to stand betwixt despaire and thee:
All is throwne downe there coms no succors new
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8 And now I may with shame inough pull in,
The colours I aduanced in his grace,
For that subduing power, that him did win

Hath

Hath loſt me too, the honor of my face:
Yet why ſhould I bearing no part of ſinne,
Beare ſuch a mightie part of his diſgrace?
Yes though it be not mine, it is of mine,
And his renowne beeing clips'd, mine cannot ſhine.

9 Which makes me as I doe, hide from the eie
Of the miſiudging vulgar that will deeme,
That ſure there was in me ſome reaſon why
Which made thee thus my bed to diſeſteeme:
So that alas poore vndeſeruing I
A cauſe of thy vncleane deſerts ſhall ſeeme,
Though luſt takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But ſtill leaues knowne delights to ſeeke out new.

10 And yet my brother *Caſar* counſelled
To haue me leaue thy houſe, and liue more free,
But God forbid, *Octauia* ſhould be led
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges here of thy forſaken bed,
Are ſtill the obiects that remember me
What *Anthony* was once, although falſe now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11 Theſe walles that here doe keepe me out of ſight,
Shall keepe me all vnſpotted vnto thee,
And teſtifie that I will doe thee right,
Ile neuer ſtaine thy houſe, though thou ſhame me:
The now ſad chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

12 Although my youth, thy abſence, & this wrõg,
Might draw my blood to forfeit vnto ſhame,
Nor need I fruſtrate my delights ſo long,
That haue ſuch meanes to carry ſo the ſame,
Since that the face of greatneſſe is ſo ſtrong
As it diſſolues ſuſpect, and beares out blame,

Hauing

Hauing all ſecret helps that long thereto,
That ſeldom wants there ought, but will to doe.
Which yet to do, ere luſt this heart ſhall frame,
Earth ſwallow me aliue, hell rap me hence:
Shall I becauſe deſpis'd coutemne my ſhame,
And add diſgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre but giue more power to fame?
Greatneſſe muſt make it great incontinence;
Chambers are falſe, the bed and all will tell,
No doore keepes in their ſhame that do not well.

14 Hath greatnes ought peculiar elſe alone
But to ſtand faire and bright aboue the baſe?
What doth deuide the cottage from the throne,
If vice ſhall lay both leuell with diſgrace?
For if vncleanneſſe make them but all one,
What priuiledge hath honor by his place?
What though our ſinnes go braue and better clad,
They are as thoſe in rags as baſe as bad.

15 I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiſcerning cuſtome plac'd our kind
Vnder deſert, and ſet vs farre below
The reputation to our ſexe aſſign'd;
Charging our wrong reputed weakenes, how
We are vnconſtant, fickle falſe, vnkind,
And though our life with thouſand prooſes ſhewes
Yet ſince ſtrength ſaies it, weakenes muſt be ſo, (no

16 Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no ſhare
Of liberty, of lifes beſt benefite,
But ſtand as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, practiſes of might:
Muſt you haue all and not vouchſafe to ſpare
Our weakenes any part of natures right.
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But ſufferance, ſorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17 Thrice happy you in whom it is no fault,

To

To know, to ſpeake, to iudge, and to be wiſe?
Whoſe words haue credite, and whoſe deedes though
Muſt yet be made to ſeeme far otherwiſe: (naught
You can be only heard whilſt we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exerciſe
The powers of our beſt parts, becauſe your parts
Haue with our freedom robb'd vs of our hearts,

18 We in this priſon of our ſelues confin'd,
Muſt heare ſhut vp with our owne paſſions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to finde
The vent of our ward meanes that might releiue,
That they alone muſt take vp all our mind,
And no roome left vs but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our blindfold thoughts, looke more direct,
Then your looſe wiſdoms borne with wild neglect.

19 For ſhould we do (as God forbid we ſhould)
Carry no better hand on our deſires
Then your ſtrength doth, what int'reſt could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of ſtrange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confuſion in your bloud and race,
To your immortall ſhame and our diſgrace?

20 What? are there bars for vs no bounds for you
Muſt leuity ſtand ſure though firmneſſe fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be diſpenc'd withall?
Muſt we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falſhood thrall?
Whilſt you haue ſtretch'd your luſt vnto your will.
As if your ſtrength were licenc'd to doe ill.

21 O if you be more ſtrong then be more iuſt,
Cleere this ſuſpicion, make not the world to doubt
Whether in ſtrong or weake be better truſt,
If frailty or elſe valor be more ſtout:
And if we haue ſhut in, our hearts from luſt,

Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good

22 Is it that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but ſtill in what it would,
Which drawes you on to do vs this vnright,
Whilſt feare in vs in looſing what we hold,
Keepes vs in ſtill to you, that ſet vs light,
So that what you vnties, doth vs vnfold?
Then loue tis thou that doſt confound vs ſo,
To make our truth the occaſion of our wo.

23 Diſtreſſed woman kind that either muſt
For louing looſe your loues, or get neglect;
Whilſt wantons are more car'd for then the iuſt,
And falſhood cheeriſht, faith without reſpect:
Better ſhe fares in whom is leſſer truſt,
And more is lou'd that is in more ſuſpect.
Which (pardon me) ſhews no great ſtrength of mind
To be moſt theirs that vſe you moſt vnkind.

24 Yet well it fits, for that ſinne euer muſt
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame,
For he that holds no faith ſhall find no truſt,
But ſowing wrong is ſure to reape the ſame:
How can he looke to haue his meaſure iuſt
That fils deceipt, and reckons not of ſhame,
And being not pleaſ'd with what he had in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not? (ſeem'd,

25 Yet if thou couldſt not loue, thou mightſt haue
Though to haue ſeem'd had likewiſe beene vniuſt:
Yet ſo much are leane ſhewes of vs eſteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not ſuffice our truſt,
Becauſe our nature greiueth to be deem'd
To be ſo wrong'd, although we be, and muſt,
And i'ts ſome eaſe yet to be kindly vs'd,
In outward ſhew, though ſecretly abus'd.

26 But wo to her, that both in ſhew deſpis'd,
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuis'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antonie*, could it not haue ſuffic'd
That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſcorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy ſelfe only to ſerue her pride?

27 What fault haue I committed that ſhould
So great diſlike of me and of my loue? (make
Or doth thy fault but an occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it reproue?
Becauſe his conſcience gladly wold miſtake
Her owne miſdeedes which ſhe would faine remoue,
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence becauſe they will offend.

28 Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with ſinne, as wholy his,
Making it now their ſide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe would ſhew t'haue done amiſſe:
For now they thinke not to be oppoſite
To what obraids theire fault where wickednes,
So much doth follie thruſt them into blame
That euen to leaue of ſhame, they count it ſhame.

29 Which do not thou deare lord, for I do not
Purſue thy fault, but ſue for thy returne
Backe to thy ſelfe, whom thou haſt both forgot,
With me, poore me, that doth not ſpight but mourne.
And if thou couldſt as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, theſe plaints had beene forborne:
And thou ſhouldſt be the ſame vnto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30 Though deep doth ſit the hard recouering ſmart
Of that laſt wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part

Of

Of my ſad ſoule, then all th' vnkindneſſe paſt:
And *Antony* I appeale to thine owne heart,
(If th'heart which once was thine thou yet ſtill haſt)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue,
Had iuſter cauſe, then wretched I, to grieue

31 For comming vnto *Athens* as I did,
Weary and weake with toile, and all diſtreſt,
After I had with ſorrow compaſſed
A hard conſent, to grant me that requeſt
And how my trauell was conſidered
And all my care, and coſt, thy ſelfe knowes beſt:
That wouldſt not moue one foote from luſt for me,
That had left all was deare to come to thee.

32 For firſt what great ado had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæſars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cried to ſtay the ſinne
Of ciuill rancor riſing twixt you ſtill:
For in what caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both to ſhare with both your ill?
My blood, ſaid I with either of you goes.
Who euer win, I ſhall be ſure to loſe.

33 And what ſhame ſhall ſuch mighty perſons get
For two weake womens cauſe to diſagree?
Nay what ſhall I that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th'inkindeled fire, ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let theſe vnguilty hands the quenchers be.
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34 With prayers, vowes, and teares, with vrging (hard
I wrung from him a ſlender grant at laſt,
And with the rich prouiſion I prepar'd,
For thy intended *Parthian* war made haſt:
Weighing not how my pore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties paſt:

And

And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* ſent,
To ſhew thee of my comming and intent,
35 Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approch no neare:
Then ſent I backe to know what ſhould be done
With th'horſe and men, and mony I had there:
Whereat perhaps when ſome remorſe begun
To touch thy ſoule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'Inchanters ſtraight ſteps twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.
36 Shee armes her teares, the ingins of deceit,
And all her battery to appoſe my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retreayt
The power of all her ſubtilty to proue:
Now pale and faint ſhe languiſhes, and ſtraight
Seemes in a ſound, vnable more to moue:
Whilſt her inſtructed followers plie thine eares
With forged paſſions mixt with fained teares.
37 Hard-harted lord, ſay they, how canſt thou ſee
This mighty Queene a creature ſo diuine,
Lie thus diſtreſt, and languiſhing for thee,
And onely wretched but for being thine?
Whilſt baſe *Octauia* muſt intitled bee
Thy wife, and ſhe eſteem'd thy concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raiſe it vnto his right,
And let a ſcepter baſer paſſions quite:
38 Thus they aſſaile thy natures weakeſt ſide
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy mind,
Knowing where iudgement ſtood leaſt fortified,
And how t'incounter ſolly in her kind:
But yet the while O what doſt thou abide,
Who in thy ſelfe ſuch wraſtling thoughts doeſt find?
In what confuſed caſe is thy ſoule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, ſorrow, ſhame, and ſinne?
39 I cannot tell, but ſure I dare belieue

My trauailes needes muſt ſome compaſſion moue:
For no ſuch locke to bloud could nature giue
To ſhut out pity, though it ſhut out loue:
Conſcience muſt leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thy offence, that cauſ'd the ſame;
For deepeſt woundes the hand of our owne ſhame,

40 Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures beene compleete
In ioyes intire, but feare ſtill kept the dore
And held backe ſomething from that full of ſweete,
To interſowre vnſure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumſtances meete
With thoſe deſires which were conceiu'd before:
Something muſt ſtill be left to checke our ſinne,
And giue a touch of what ſhould not haue been.

41 Wretched mãkind, wherfore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightful, th'vniuſt, ſhame?
As if our pleaſure onely were forbade
But to giue fire to luſt, t'ad greater flame,
Or elſe but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with paſſions to confound the ſame,
Which though it be, yet ad not worſe to ill,
Do, as the beſt men do, bound thine owne willl

42 Redeeme thy ſelfe, and now at length make
With thy deuided hart oppreſt with toyle, (peace
Breake vp this war; this breſt diſſention ceaſe,
Thy paſſions to thy paſſions reconcile:
I do not onely ſeeke my good t'increaſe,
But thine owne eaſe, and liberty the while:
Thee in the circuit of thy ſelfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43 I know my pittied loue doth aggrauate,
Enuy and wrath for theſe wrongs offered:
And that my ſufferinges adde with my eſtate
Coales in thy boſome, hatred on thy head,

Yet

Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish t'haue beene vnpittied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him, that is so deere to me.

44 Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke to offend me with vnsought reliefe?
Whilst my afflictions labour'd to moue none
But onely thee; must pittie play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And mooue apart against my dearest part?

45 Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make returne at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my inrolled griefe all that is past;
And I will not so much as once affoard
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac't:
And pittie shall bring backe againe with me
Th'offended hearts that haue forsaken thee.

46 And therefore come deere Lord, lest lõger stay
Doe arme against thee all the powers of spight,
And thou be made at last the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of blood doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror doe I see, prepar'd t'attend
Th'euent of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47 With what strange forms & shadows ominous
Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd soule entertaine?
I dreampt, yet O, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
Me thought a mightie *Hypopotamus* A Sea horse
From *Nylus* floting, thrusts into the maine,
Vpon whose backe a wanton Mermaid sate,

As if shee ruld his course, and steerd his fate.
48 With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and power as good
At whose ingrappling *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, di'de with streames of blood:
Whereat this looker on, amaz'd forsakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stood:
But se'ing her gone, straight after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes:
49 On followes wrath vpon disgrace and feare,
Whereof th'euent forsooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gaue me, these shadowes were
Drawne but from darkenes to instruct the light,
These secret figures natures message beare
Of comming woes, where they disciphered right;
But if as clowdes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake.
50 Preuent great spirit the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate; and let thy heart within
Consider in what danger thou doest lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadows ouercast.
51 Come, come away frō wrong, frō craft, frō toile,
Possesse thine owne with right, with truth, with peace.
Breake from these snares, thy iudgement vnbeguile.
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe release.
But whither am I carried, all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my increasing sorrows grow,
I know t'haue said too much, but not ynow.
Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and so I end.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE of CLEOPATRA.

To the Ladie Marie *Countisse of* Pembrooke.

Ætas prima canat veneres post rem: tumultus.

LONDON
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The Argument.

After the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (*liuing still in the Monument shee had caused to be built*) *could not by any meanes be drawn forth, although* Octauius Cæsar *very earnestly laboured it, and sent* Proculeius, *to vse all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that he thought it would be a great ornament to his Triumphs, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would shee put her selfe into the handes of* Proculeius, *although on a time he found the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come downe vnto her: where hee perswaded her (all he might) to yeeld herselfe to Cæsars mercy. Which she (to be rid of him) cunningly seemed to grant vnto. After that,* Octauius *in person went to visite her, to whome she excused her offence, saying all the faults vpon the greatnes, and feare she had of* Antonius, *and withall seemed very tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.*

Whereupon Octauius, *thinking himselfe sure) resolued presently to send her away to Rome. Whereof* Dolabella, *a fauourite of* Cæsars (*and one that was growne into some good liking of her*) *hauing certified her, shee makes her humble petition to* Cæsar *that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the Ghost of* Antonius, *which being granted her, shee was brought vnto his Sepulchre, where, after her riter performed, she returned to the monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And*

in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a countriman, with a basket of figges unto her, who (vnsuspected) was (offered to carry them in: And in that basket (among the figges) were conueied the Aſpickes wherewith ſhe did her ſelfe to death. Dinner being ended, ſhe diſpatched Letters to Cæſar, *containing great lamentations with an earneſt ſupplication, that ſhe might be intombed with* Antonius. *Whereupon* Cæſar *knowing what ſhe intended, ſent preſently with all ſpeede, Meſſengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithſtanding, before they came, was diſpatched,*

Cæſario *her ſonne, which ſhe had by* Iulius Cæſar *(conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the warres) was about the ſame time of her death murthered at Rhodes: trained thether by the falſhood of his Tutor, corrupted by* Cæſar. *And ſo hereby came the race of the* Ptolomies *to bee wholy extinct, and the flouriſhing rich kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne and ſubdued.*

The names of the Actors.

Cleopatra.
Oct. Cæſar.
Cæſario.
Dolabella.
Proculeius.
Ariut.
Philoſtratus.
Seleucus.
Rodon.
Dircetus,
Dromedes.
Charmion,
Eras.

THE TRAGEDIE of CLEOPATRA.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Cleopatra. Cæsario. Rodon.

COme *Rodon*, here, conuey from out this coast
This precious iem, the chiefest I haue left,
The iewell of my soule I value most,
My deare *Cæsario*: Saue him, saue my theft,
Guide him to India, lead him farre from hence,
Conceale him where secure he may remaine,
Till better fortune eall him backe from thence,
And *Egypt* peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe,
The rising Sunne of our declining state:
These be the hands that may restore our wracke,
And raise the shattered ruines made of late:
He may giue limits to the boundlesse pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might,
Great *Iulius* ofspring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.

Ro. No doubt he may, deare Souetaigne when the rage
Of this confused storme is ouerpast,
That furiously now beates vpon this age,
And, may be, is too violent to last.

And

And *Cæsars* fortune which now seems to grow
Into th' Ascendent of felicitie,
And makes the round and full of glory now,
May come to waine like others wretchednes:
No tyrant can prescribe to iniuries
Kings Rights may oft be sicke, but neuer die.
Cle. Rodon, my selfe, those turnes of Chance haue
And known both sides of fortune, worst & best. (seen
And therefore he, whose birth, whose sexe hath beene
Worthier then mine, why should not he rebleſt
Turne backe to rule the sceptre of this land?
Which ah, how well it would become this hand!
O how he seemes the modell of his syre,
Now doe I gaze my *Cæsar* in his face:
Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire,
Such was his threatening brow, such was his grace,
Hie shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie,
And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late,
He might haue rul'd the worlds wide Monarchy,
And now haue bin the Champion of our State.
But O deare sonne, the time yields no delaies,
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reserue thy selfe, ordaind for better daies,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me thy wofull mother to indure
The fury of this tempest here alone,
Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure:
Thou maiest reuenge, when others can but mone.
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guid
Thee in the way, thou shalt not need to feare,
Rodon my faithfull seruant will prouide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, tender well his youth,
The wayes are long, and dangerous euery where:
I vrge it not, that I doe doubt thy truth,

But

But mothers caſt the worſt, and alwaies feare.
" The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
" Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
Rod. Madame, nor can, nor haue I other gage,
To lay for this aſſurance of my troth,
But th'earneſt of that faith, which all my age
Your grace hath tri'd: and which againe by oath
Vnto the care of this ſweet Prince I vow,
Whoſe ſafetie I will tender with more heed
Then mine owne life. For conſider how
The life of Egypt ſtands on his good ſpeed:
And doubt not Madame *Caſar* left vs hath
The Poſterne gate of *Nylus* free, to flie,
And *India* lies beyond the bounds of wrath,
And owes no homage to his Empery.
And there we ſhall find welcome, there remaine
Safe, till good fortune bring vs backe againe.
Cle. But ah, I know not what preſaging thought
My ſpirit ſuggeſts of ominous euent:
And yet perhaps my loue doth make me dote
On idle ſhadowes, which my feares preſent.
But yet the memorie of mine owne fate,
Makes me feare his: and yet why ſhould I feare?
His fortune may in time regaine his ſtate,
And he with greater glory gouerne here.
But yet I feare the *Genius* of our race,
By ſome more powerfu'l ſpirit comes ouerthrowne,
Our blood muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
And Egypt haue no more kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
If it be fore-decreed that we muſt fall:
Yet who knowes what may come, let him go thither,
What Marchant in one veſſel venters all?
Let vs diuide our ſtarres, goe, goe my ſonne:
Let not the fate of Egypt find you here.

Try

Trie if so be thy Destinie can shun
The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hide him any where?
Then what need I to send thee so farre hence
To seeke thy death, that maiest as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in rest.
Not trauelling to what will come to thee:
Why should we leaue our blood vnto the East,
When Egypt may a tombe sufficient be?
O my diuided soule what shall I doe,
Whereon shall now my resolution rest?
What were I best resolue to yield vnto?
When both are bad, how shall I know the best?
Stay; I may hap to worke with *Cæsar* now,
That he may yield him to restore thy right.
Goe; *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou
So neere in blood shalt be so great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my sonne, farewell.
But stay: there's something I would gladly say,
Yet nothing now. But O God speed you well,
Least saying more, that more might make the stay.
Yet let me speake, perhaps it is the last
That euer I shall speake to thee, my sonne,
Doe mothers vse to part in such post haste?
What must I end when I haue scarce begun?
Ah no (deare heart) tis no such slender twine
Wherewith the knot is tyde twixt me and thee:
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me.
And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O sonne,
Though I haue made an ende, I haue not done.

Cæs. Deare soueraigne mother, suffer not your care
To tumult thus with th'honor of your state:
These miseries of ours no strangers are,

Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.
And this good, let your many sorrows past
Worke on your heart t'inharden it at last.
Looke but on all the neighbour States beside,
Of *Europe*, *Afrique*, *Asia*, and but note
What Kings? what States? hath not the Romane pride
Ransackt, confounded, or els seruile brought?
And since we are so borne that by our fate,
Against these stormes we cannot now beare saile,
And that the boistrous current of their state
Will beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile:
Let vs yet temper with the time: and thinke
The windes may change, and all these States oppresst,
Colleagu'd in one, may turne againe to sincke
Their Greatnesse, who now holds them all distrest:
And I may lead their troupes, and at the walles
Of greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood
Of th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,
And doe th'inthralled Prouinces this good.
And therefore my deare mother doe not leaue
To hope the best. I doubt not my returne.
I shall doe well. Let not your griefe bereaue
Your eyes of seeing those comforts when they turne.

Cleop. Well, worthy sonne, and worthely the sonne
Of such a father. And in this thou shewst
From whence thou camst: I say no more: begone,
Grow in thy virtue, as in yeares thou growst.

Exeunt.

Cleopatra sola.

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our distresse
Makes miserable, and like comfortlesse.
Alas, such forced cheering from our owne,
Vpon our griefes doe more affliction lay,
To thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,
On whom we sought our glory to conuay.

Well

Well then, here is a ſad daies worke begun:
For firſt, betweene theſe armes, my *Antony*
Expir'd this day: and whilſt I did vphold
His ſtruggling limmes in his laſt extaſie,
The yet vncloſed wouud, which his owne ſword
Had made before, burſt out, imbru'd my wombe,
And here with theſe faire coſſours of my Lord
Which now I weare: I come from out a tombe,
To ſend away this deereſt part of me
Vnto diſtreſſe, and now whilſt time I haue,
I goe t'interre my ſpouſe; So ſhall I ſee
My ſonne diſpatcht for death, my loue t'his graue.
Exit.

SCENA. II.

Octauius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.

WHat newes brings now *Dircetus* from our foe,
Will *Antony* yet ſtruggle beeing vadone?
Dir. Noe, *Cæſar* he will neuer vexe thee more.
His worke is ended, *Anthony* hath done.
Here is the ſword that hath cut off the knot
Of his intangled fortunes, and hath freed
His grieued life from his diſhonor'd blot.
Oct. Who is the man that did effect this deed?
Dir. His owne hand and this ſword hath done the deed.
Oct. Relate *Dircetus* of the manner how.
Dir. My Lord when *Anthony* had made this laſt
And deſperate triall of his fortunes, and
With all the forces which he had amaſt
From out each coaſt and corner of the land.

Had

Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
His ſhips in ſtead of blowes ſhooke hands with yours
And that his powers by land were vanquiſht now,
Backe to the citty he with griefe retires,
Confounded with his fortunes, crying out,
That *Cleopatra* had betraid his truſt,
Shee all amaz'd, and fearing leſt he mought
In this conceipt to farther rages burſt,
Haſtes to the tombe which ſhee erected had
(A ſtately vault to *Iſis* temple ioynd)
And thence caus'd word be ſent how ſhee was dead,
And had diſpatcht her ſelfe, through griefe of minde.
Which whē *Antonius* heard, he ſtraight burſt forth
Into this paſſion: what? and haſt thou then
Preuented me, braue Queene, by thy great worth
Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men?
Hath ſhee outgone me in the greateſt part
Of reſolution, to die worthely?
And muſt I follow? doth ſhee diſapoint
Me, of th'example to teach her to die?
Come *Eros*, doe this ſeruice fot thy Lord,
The beſt and greateſt pleaſure thou canſt doe:
Imploy this weapon here; come, make this ſword
That wone me honor, now to ſaue it to.
It is a deede of glory, *Eros*, this:
For theſe drie deaths are womaniſh and baſe.
It is for an vnſinewed feebleneſſe
T'expire in feathers, and t'attend diſgrace.
Ther's nothing eaſier *Eros* then to die,
For when men cannot ſtand, thus they mae flie.
Eros, his late infranchiſ'd ſeruant, takes
The ſword, as if he would haue done the deed,
And on it falles himſelfe; and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to ſee him bleed,
Who ſhould haue firſt euented out his breath?

O *Eros*,

...os, ſaid he, and hath fortune quite
Forſaken me? muſt I b'outgone in all?
What? can I not by looſing get a right?
Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
In death? muſt both a woman, and a ſlaue
The ſtart before me of this glory haue?
With that he takes his ſword, and down he falls
Vpon the diſmall point, which makes a gate
Spacious enough for death, but that the walles
Of nature, skornd to let it in thereat.
And he ſuruiues his death. Which when his loue,
His royall *Cleopatra* vnderſtood,
Shee ſends with ſpeed his body to remoue,
The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.
Which brought vnto her tombe, (leſt that the preaſe
Which came with him, might violate her vow)
Shee drawes him vp in rowles of taffatie
T'a window at the top, which did allow
A little light vnto her monument.

There *Charmion*, and poore *Eras*, two weake maids
Foreturd with watching, and their miſtreſſe care,
Tugd at the pulley hauing n'other ayds,
And vp they hoiſe the ſwounding body there
Of pale *Antonius*, ſhowring out his blood
On th'vnder lookers, which there gazing ſtood.

And when they had now wrought him vp half way
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
The frame ſtood ſtill, the body at a ſtay,
When *Cleopatra* all her ſtrength thereto
Puts, with what vigor loue, and care could vſe,
So that it mooues againe, and then againe
It comes to ſtay. When ſhee a freſh renewes
Her hold, and with r'inforced power doth ſtraine,
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
Whoſe ſurcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.

At

At length ſhee wrought him vp, and takes him in,
Laies his yet breathing body on her bed,
Applies all meanes his ſences to rewinne.
Stops vp his wound againe that freſhly bled.
Calles him her Lord, her ſpouſe, her Emperor
Forgets her owne diſtreſſe, to comfort his,
And interpoints each comfort with a kiſſe.
He after ſome ſmall reſt and cheriſhing
Raiſes himſelfe, and frames a forced cheere,
Wils *Cleopatra* leaue her languiſhing,
And like her ſelfe theſe accidents to beare,
Conſidering they had had ſo full a part
Of glory in this world: and that the turne
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.
T'was now in vaine for her to ſtand and mourne
But rather ought ſhee ſeeke her race to free,
By all the meanes (her honor ſau'd) ſhee can,
And none about *Octauius* truſt, ſaid he,
But *Proculeius*, he's an honeſt man.
And for my ſelfe, ſuffize I haue not fail'd
In any acte of worth: and now in this,
A Roman hath but here a Roman quayld,
And onely but by fortunes variouſnes.
And yet herein I may this glory take,
That he who me vndoes, my ſword did make.
This ſaid, he calles for wine, which he requires
Perhaps not for his thirſt, but t'end his breath:
Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires:
And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.
Octa. I grieue to heare this much, And I proteſt
By all the gods, I am no cauſe of this,
He ſought his ruine, wrought his owne vnreſt:
And here theſe letters are my witneſſes,
How oft I labourd to recall him home,
And woo'd his friendſhip, ſu'd to him for loue:

And how he ſtill contemnd me, ſkorned Rome,
Your ſelues my fellow cittizens can proue.
But *Gallus* you, and *Proculeius* haſte
With ſpeed vnto the cittie to preuent
Leſt *Cleopatra* deſperat now at laſt,
Bereaue vs of the onely ornament,
Which is her ſelfe, that can our triumphs grace,
Or fire the treaſure which ſhee hath amaſt
Within that vault, of all the precious ſtuffe
That Egypt yields, and diſappoint at laſt
Our trauels of the benefit thereof.
Supple her heart with hopes of kind reliefe,
Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of griefe.

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies ſtill
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnreſt.
Which when beeing moſt diſtreſt,
To vexe their ſprite,
The hideous face of ſinne,
(In formes they muſt deteſt)
Standes euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their miſſe.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde:
No way to ſtart aſide

Or

Out from the hell of minde.
But in himselfe confin'd,
He Hell sees sinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That swiftly comes behinde,
The which is euermore,
The sure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton loose respect, that doth it selfe forget.

And Cleopatra *now,*
Well sees the dangerous way
Shee tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay:
And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood:
Or liue a seruile prey,
Vnder a hand vniust,
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her ryot woone
And thus shee hath her State, her selfe, and vs vndone.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that shee did not well,
To take the course shee did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine,
No secret closely done,
But now is vttered,
The text is made most plaine
That flatterie glos'd vpon,
The bed of sinne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that shame would haue conceal'd.

The scene is broken downe,
And all vncon red lies,
The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wise,
Proue imperfections smoake;
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure gazing eies,
Lies scattred, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.

YEt doe I liue, and yet can breath extend
My life beyond my life nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefs, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and shee not dead?
Haue I outliu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes indure the gastly looke
Of desolations darke and ougly face,
Woont but on fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was, but applause, but smiles, & grace
Whilst on his shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and the Champion of my pride,

That

That did the world of all my glory sway:
Who here throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vnluckie partie of mine eies,
The traines of lust and imbecillitie.
Now who would thinke that I were shee who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuirond with delights, ingyrt with state,
Glittring in pompe that hearts and eies bewitch'd,
Should thus distreft cast downe from off the heigth,
Leueld with low disgrac'd calamity,
Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest miserie?
Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride
Adorn'd like *Isis* skorne mortallitie?
If I would haue my frailty so beli'd,
That flatterie could perswade I was not I?
Well now I see they but delude that praise vs,
Greatnesse is mockt, prosperitie betraies vs.
And we are but our selues, although this clowd
Of interposed smoake makes vs seeme more.
The spreading parts of pompe whereof w'are prowd,
Are not our parts, but parts of other store.
Witnesse these gallant fortune-following traines,
These summer-swallowes of felicitie,
Gone with the heat of all, see what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.
And I t'adorne their triumphs am reseru'd,
A captiue kept to honor others spoyles,
Whom *Cæsar* labours so to hold preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
But *Cæsar* it is more then thou canst doe,
Promise, flatter, threaten extreamities,
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands and will, and I can die.

Char. Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt
With some perswading words, this streame of mone?
Eras. No *Charmion*, stay, the current that is stopt
Will but swell vp the more: let her alone.
Time hath not brought this hot disease of griefe,
T'a *Crisis* fit to take a medecine yet;
Tis out of season to apply reliefe,
To sorrows late begun, and in the fit
Calamitie is stubborne in the prime
Of new afflictions, we must giue it time.
Cle. Shall Rome behold my scepter-bearing hand
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares?
Shall I passe by whereas *Octauia* stands
To view my miserie, that purchast hers?
No, I disdaine that head which wore a crowne
Should stoop to take vp that which others giue:
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,
Tis sweet to die, when we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I staid behind my selfe this space,
Nor paid such interest for my borrowed breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed seed after my death.
Its that which doth my deerest blood controwle,
Thats it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Whilst nature brings to contradict my soule,
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
But what know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the sinnes of Egypt haue deseru'd
The *Ptolomies* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto reseru'd,
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquities
And my luxuriousnes should end the date
Of loose and ill-dispensed libertie.
If it be so, then what need these delaies,

Since I was made the meanes of miſerie,
Why ſhould I not but make my death my praiſe,
That had my life but for mine infamie?
And leaue ingrau'd in letters of my blood.
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example for ſuch princes good,
As pleaſe themſelues, and care not what become.
Char. Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart
No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,
And hold your ſtate, and haue as great a part
In *Cæſars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue:
He that in this ſort doth ſollicit you,
And treats by all the gentle meanes he can,
Why ſhould you doubt that he ſhould proue vntrue,
Or thinke him ſo diſnatured a man,
To wrong your royall truſt or dignity?
Cle. Charmion, becauſe that now I am not I,
My fortuue, with my bewty, and my youth,
Hath left me vnto miſery and thrall,
And *Cæſar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.
Ch. You know not *Cæſars* dealing till you try.
Cle. To try, were to be loſt and then diſcry.
Ch. You to *Antonius* did commit your ſelfe,
And why might not *Antonius* ſo haue done?
Cl. I woone *Antonius*, *Cæſar* hath me woone.
Er. But madame, you might haue articuled
With *Cæſar*, when by *Thyrius* he of late
Did offer you ſo kindly as he did,
Vpon conditions to haue held your ſtate.
Cl. Tis true, I know I might haue held my ſtate,
If I would then haue *Anthony* betrai'd.
Er. And why not now, ſince *Anthony* is dead,
And that *Octauius* hath the end he ſought,
May not you haue what then was offered?

On fairer tearmes, if things were fitly wrought
And that you would not teach him to deny,
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.
Cleop. Fearefully *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare,
Who now am got out of the reach of wrath,
Aboue the power of pride, What should I feare
The might of men, that am at one with death?
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here,
What? will you two, who still haue tooke my part
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare
To make me mutinie against my heart?
No *Antony*, because the world takes note
That t'was my weakenes that hath ruin'd thee,
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be.
My constancy shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witnesse of my blood
To testifie my fortitude, that binds
My equall loue, to fall with him I stood.
Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid
Vpon my soule, whom ill successe makes ill:
And my condemnd misfortune hath no aide
Against prowd lucke that argues what it will.
Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That beeing the first to fall, I di'd not first,
Though I perhaps could lighten mine own side
With some excuse, of my constrained case
Drawne downe with power: but that were to diuide
My shame, to stand alone in my disgrace.
To cleare me so, would shew my affections naught,
And make th'excuse more hainous then the fault.
Since if I should our errors disvnite,
I should confound afflictions onely rest,
That from sterne death euen steales a sad delight
To die with friendes, and with the like distrest.

And

And I confeſſe me bound to ſacrifice
To death and thee the life that doth reprooue me,
Our like diſtreſſe I feele doth ſympathize,
And now affliction makes me truely loue thee.
When heretofore my vaine laſcinous Cort
Fertile in euer freſh, and new-choyce pleaſure,
Affoarded me ſo bountifull diſport,
That I to ſtay on loue, had neuer leiſure.
My vagabound deſires no limits found,
For luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bound.
When thou bred in the ſtrictnes of thy cittie,
The ryotous pompe of Monarchs neuer learnedſt,
Inur'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilſt others faind, thou felſt to loue in earneſt,
Not knowing women loue them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou camſt but in my bewties waine,
When new appearing wrinckles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeares, ſeem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining,
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Fayling of what I was, and was but thus,
When ſuch as we doe deeme in iealouſie,
That men loue for themſelues, and not for vs,
Then and but thus thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely.
(O *Antony* that beſt deſerud'ſt it better)
This Autumne of my beautie, bought ſo deerely,
For which, in more then death I ſtand thy debtor
Which I will pay thee with ſo true a mind,
Caſting vp all theſe deepe accounts of mine
As both our ſoules, and all the world ſhall find
All reckonings eleerd betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent prowd *Cæſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune:
I muſt preuaile me of this little leiſure,

Seeming

Seeming to ſuite my mind vnto my fortune:
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide,
For what my death, and honor beſt ſhall fit,
An yeelding baſe content muſt wary hide
My laſt deſigne, till I accompliſh it:
That hereby yet the world ſhall ſee that I,
Although vnwiſe to liue, had wit to die.

SCENA. II.

Octauius. Proculeius. Gallus.

KIngdoms I ſee we win, we conquer Climats,
Yet cannot vanquiſh hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in cloſe concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of ſword or violence.
Who forc'd doe pay vs duty, pay not loue,
Free is the heart, the temple of the mind,
The ſanctuary ſacred from aboue,
Where nature keyes that looſe and bind,
No mortall hand force open can that dore,
So cloſe ſhut vp and lockt to all mankind,
I ſee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reſt anothers right that rules the minde.
Behold my forces vanquiſht haue this land,
Subdu'd that ſtrong Competitor of mine,
All Egypt yields to my al-conquering hand:
And all their ſtates, and all themſelues reſigne,
Onely this Queene, that hath loſt all this all,
To whom is nothing left, except a mind,
Cannot into a thought of yielding fall,
To be diſpos'd as chance hath her aſsign'd.

But

But *Proculeius* tell me what y'haue done,
Till yet this womans ſtubborne heart be woone?
Pro. My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd,
According to th'inſtructions which you gaue,
And hope in time ſhee will be pacifi'd,
And theſe are all the likelihoods we haue.
Firſt when we came into her arched vault,
Gallus ſet to entertaine the time
Below with her, conferring at a grate,
Whilſt I found meanes vp to the top to clime:
There perſwaded her to leaue that place,
And come to *Cæſar* and to ſue for grace.
Shee ſaid, ſhee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children praid they might inherit,
That *Cæſar* would vouchſafe in clemencie,
To pittie them, though ſhee deſeru'd no merit.
I now deſcending in the cloſeſt wiſe,
And ſilent manner as I could contriue,
Her woman me diſcri'd, and out ſhee cries,
Ah *Cleopatra*, thou art fore'd aliue.
With that the queene raught from her ſide her knife,
And euen in acte to ſtabbe her martyred breſt,
I ſtept with ſpeed, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhould you ſaid I,
Both iniurie your ſelfe, and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honor of his victory,
Who euer deales moſt mildly with his foe.
Liue, and rely on him, whoſe mercy will
To your ſubmiſsion alwaies ready be.
With that, as all amaz'd, ſhee held her ſtill
Twixt maieſtie confus'd, and miſerie.
Her prowd grieu'd eies, held ſorrow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule,
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne:

So

So base affliction seemed to controwle.
Like to a burning lampe whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent
That so the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So shee in spight to see her low-brought state,
When all her hopes were now consum'd to naught,
Skornes yet to make an abiect league with fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnused to beseech,
Authoritie confounds with praiers so,
As words of rule, conioynd with humble speech
Shew'd shee would liue, yet skornd to pray her foe.
Ah what hath *Cæsar* here to doe, said shee,
In confines of the dead, in darknes lying,
Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force vs here?
Hath miserie no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pride, ist safe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffize,
And all that I he'd deare, to him made common,
But that he thus must seeke to tyrannize
On th'wofull body of a wretched woman?
Tell him my frailtie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content,
And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue me here in horror to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah let him yet in mercy leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed coarse.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good,
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,

To

To fauour th'wofull offspring of my blood,
A mixed iſſue yet of Romane race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in princes,
Not ſpurs of hate; my poore *Caſario* may
Find fauour notwithſtanding mine offences,
And *Caſars* blood, may *Caſars* raging ſtay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muſt be rapt with furious violence,
And no reſpect, or no regard at all,
Can ought with nature, or with blood diſpence.
Then be it ſo, if needs it muſt be ſo,
There ſtaies: and ſhrinks, in th horror of her ſtate,
When I began to mittigate her woe,
And your great mercies vnto her relate.
And wiſht her not deſpaire, but rather come,
And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vaine feares,
No doubt ſhee ſhould obtaine as gentle doome
As ſhee deſir'd, both for her ſelfe and hers.
Wherewith at laſt ſhee ſeemd well pacifi'd,
And gaue great ſhewes to be content to liue,
And ſaid ſhee was reſolu'd your doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour you would giue.
And therewithall crau'd onely that ſhe might
Performe ſome obſequies vnto the coarſe
Of her dead loue, according to her rite,
And in the meane time might be free from force.
I granting from thy part this her requeſt,
Left her for then, as ſeeming well in reſt.
Oct. But doe you thinke ſhe will remaine ſo ſtill?
Pro. I thinke, and doe aſſure my ſelfe ſhee will:
Oct. Ah priuat thoghts, aime wide from princes hearts
Whoſe ſtate allows them not t'act their owne parts.
Pro. Why tis her ſafetie to come yield to thee.
Oct. But tis more honor for her to die free.
Pro. She may by yielding work her childrés good,

Oct.

Oct. Princes reſpect their honor more then blood.
Pro. Can Princes power diſpence with nature thi:
Oct. To be a Prince is more then be a man.
Pro. Ther's none but haue in time perſwaded hi.
Oct. And ſo might ſhe too, were ſhee not a queen.
Pro. Diuers reſpects will force her be reclaim'd.
Oct. Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yield, and care not how,
But greater hearts will breake before they bowe.
And ſure I feare ſhe will not condeſcend
To liue to grace our ſpoiles with her diſgrace.
But yet let ſtill a wary troupe attend,
To guard her perſon, and to watch the place:
And well obſerue with whom ſhee doth conferre,
And ſhortly will my ſelfe goe viſit her.

CHORVS.

STerne, and imperious Nemeſis
Daughter of iuſtice, moſt ſeuere,
That art the worlds great arbitreſſe,
And Queene of cauſes raigning here:
Whoſe ſwift-ſure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuſtice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferr'ſt long
The prowds decay, the weakes redreſſe:
But through thy power euery where,
Doeſt raze the great, and raiſe the leſſe.
The leſſe made great doeſt ruine too,
To ſhew the earth what heauen can doe.

Thou from darke-clof deternitie,

From

From thy blacke clowdy hidden ſeat,
The worlds diſorders doeſt diſcry:
Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great
Reuerſing th'order nature ſet,
Thou giu'ſt thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'inenitable deſtenie,
Which neither wit nor ſtrength can let,
Faſt chaind vnto neceſsity,
In mortall things doth order ſo,
Th'alternate courſe of weale or woe.
O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortalitie:
And doth their weakeneſſe ſtill betray,
In their beſt proſperitie?
When beeing lifted vp ſo hie,
They looke beyond themſelues ſo farre,
That to themſelues they take no care,
Whilſt ſwift confuſion downe doth lay,
Their late prowd mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguiſh people, ſtate, and all.

But is it iuſtice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults ſhould puniſht be,
And to deſtruction thus purſu'd?
O why ſhould th'heauens vs include,
Within the compaſſe of their fall,
Who of themſelues procured all?
Or doe the gods in cloſe decree,
Occaſion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with cruelty?
Ah no, the gods are euer iuſt,

Our

Our faults excuse their rigor muſt.

This is the period Fate ſet downe,
To Egypts fat proſperitie:
Which now Gato her greateſt growne,
Muſt periſh thus, by courſe muſt die.
And ſome muſt be the cauſers why
This revolution muſt be wrought:
As borne to bring their ſtate to naught:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which Vice ſo farre hath ouergrowne,
As we, ſo they that treate Vs thus,
Muſt one day periſh like to Vs.

ACTVS III. SCENA

Philoſtratus, Arius. 2. Philoſophers.

HOw deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee
That ſau'dſt from death this wretched life of mine,
Obtaining *Caſars* gentle grace for me,
When I of all help elſe deſpaird but thine:
Although I ſee in ſuch an wofull ſtate,
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd,
Since all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honor, and our owne expir'd:
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouergone vs,
And that we liue in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a land moſt wretched of all other:
When yet we reckon life our deareſt good,

And

And ſo we liue we care not how we liue,
So deepe we feele impreſſed in our blood
That touch which nature with our breath did giue,
And yet what blaſts of words hath learning found
To blow againſt the feare of death, and dying:
What comforts vnſicke eloquence can ſound?
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of ſafetie,
Without the compaſſe of deſtruction liuing,
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage loſetie,
In taming others feares, in counſell giuing?
When all this aire of ſweet contiued words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the heart,
For when this ſhip of life pale terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toyle, and labour to adiourne
The day of death by any meanes he can.
All this I ſpeake to th'end my ſelfe t'excuſe,
For my baſe begging of a ſeruile breath,
Wherein I my profeſsion did abuſe,
So ſhamefully to ſeeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that ſame deſire to liue,
Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieue not then,
No priuiledge Philoſophy doth giue,
Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men,
And yet in troth theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe,
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be,
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leſſe,
For neuer age could better teſtifie,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath,
How ſoone improuident proſperitie,
Comes caught, and ruin'd in the day of wrath.

See how dismaid confusion keepes those streetes,
That nought but mirth and musique late resounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes,
Our state, our wealth, our glory all confounded.
Yet what weake fight did not discerne from faire,
This blacke arising tempest all-confounding?
Who did not see we should be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding?
When dissolute impietie possest,
Th'vnrespectiue mindes of prince and people,
When insolent securitie found rest,
In wanton thoughts, with lust, and ease made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace, with fat fed pleasure,
New fresh inuented ryots still detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
Our lawes, our gods, our mysteries neglected.
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders would
S'ingulph this state in th'end, that no deuice
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold?
O thou, and I, haue heard, and read, and knowne,
Of mighty lands, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them examples for our owne,
Which now amongst examples must be numbred.
For this decree a law from hie is giuen,
An ancient Cannon of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the stars of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded fate:
That no state can in th'height of happines,
In th'exaltation of their glory stand,
But thither once arriu'd, declining lesse,
Doe wracke themselues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth th'euerchanging course of things,
Run a perpetuall circle euer turning,
And that same day that highest glory brings,

Brings

Brings vs vnto the point of backe returning,
For senſleſſe ſenſualitie doth euer
Accompanie our looſe felicitie,
A fatall witch, whoſe charmes doth leaue vs neuer
Till we leaue all confus'd with miſerie.
When yet our ſelues muſt be the cauſe we fall,
Although the ſame be firſt decreed on hie,
Our error ſtill muſt beare the blame of all,
Thus muſt it be, earth aske not heauen why.
Yet mightie men, with wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obſtacles of feare,
All whatſoeuer ſeemes but to withſtand
Their leaſt conceit of quiet held ſo deare:
And ſo intrench themſelues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniuſtice, as their feares diſpoſe,
Yet for all this wee ſee, how oftentimes,
The meanes they worke to keepe, are means to loſe.
And ſure I cannot ſee how this can lie
With great *Auguſtus* ſafetie and renowne,
T'exinguiſh thus the race of *Antony*
And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.

Phi. Why muſt their iſſue be extinguiſhed?

Ar. It muſt: *Antillus* is already dead.

Ph. And what: *Cæſario* ſprung of *Cæſars* blood?

Ar. Pluralitie of *Ceſars* are not good.

Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?

Ar. Not for it doth, but that it may doe harme.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt repreſſe the ſame.

Ar. Men ſeeke to quench a ſparke before it flame.

Ph. Tis inhumane an innocent to kill.

Ar. Such innocents ſeldome remaine ſo ſtill.
They thinke his death will farther tumults ceaſe,
Competitors are ſubiects miſeries,
And to the end to purchaſe publike peace,
Great men are made the pleoples ſacrifice.

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe to trie,
And worke the minde of our distressed queene
To apprehend some emptie hope, whereby
Shee may be drawne to haue her fortunes seene.
Though I thinke Rome shall neuer see that face
That queld her Champions, blush, in base disgrace.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella.

WHat *Cleopatra*, dost thou doubt so much
Of *Cæsars* mercie, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or thinke you, your offences can be such,
As they surmount the measure of our grace?
Cleo. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy sight
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that my grieued soule abhorring light
Likes best in darkenes, my disgrace t'inclose:
And here in these close limits of dispaire,
This solitarie horror where I bide:
I thought not euer Roman should repaire
More, after him, who here distressed di d.
Yet now here at thy conquering feet I lie,
A captiue soule that neuer thought to bow,
Whose happy foote of rule and maiestie,
Stood late on that same ground thou standest now.
Cæs. Rise madame, rise, your selfe was cause of all.
And yet would all were but your owne alone,
That others ruine, had not with your fall,
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone,
For

For you diſſolu'd that league of loue and blood,
Which makes my winning ioy, againe vnpleaſing,
Who cannot now looke out into our good,
But through the horror of our owne blood ſhedding.
And all we muſt attribute vnto you.

Cleop. To me? what, *Ceſar*, ſhould a woman doe,
Oppreſt with greatneſſe what was it for me
T'contradict my Lord, beeing bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakeneſſe, made
An inſtrument to euery enterpriſe.
For when the Lord of all the orient bade,
Who but obeyd, who then his helpe denies?
And how could I withdraw my ſuccouring hand,
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The intereſt of my faith in ſtraiteſt band
My loue to his, moſt firmely did combine.

Ceſ. Loue? no, alas, it was th'innated hatred,
That you and yours haue euer borne our people,
That made you ſeeke all meanes to haue vs ſkattred,
To diſvnite our ſtrength and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breaſt nurce our diſſention,
With hope t'exalt your ſelfe, t'augment your ſtate.
To prey vpon the wracke of our contention,
And with the reſt our foes to ioy thereat.

Cle. How eaſie *Ceſar* is it to accuſe,
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
They who are vanquiſhed may not refuſe
The titles of reproch th'are charg'd withall.
The conquering cauſe hath right, wherein thou art,
The ouerthrowne muſt be the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part,
No leſſer then the portion of a crowne,
Ynough for me, Ah what need I vſe art
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But weaker powers may here ſee what it is,

To neighbour great competitors so neere,
If we take either part we perish thus.
If newtrall stand, both parties we must feare,
Alas what shall the forc'd partakers doo,
When they must aid, and yet must perish too?
But *Cesar* since thy right, or cause is such,
Weigh not so heauie on calamitie,
Depresse not the afflicted ouer much;
Thy chiefest glory is thy lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune, and thy name.
Great *Cesar* me a queene at first did make,
And let not *Cesar* now confound the same.
Read here these lines which still I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer,
And God forbid it should be said of thee,
That *Cesar* wrongd the fauored of *Cesar*
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
And here I do present you with the note
Of all my treasure, all the iewels rare,
Which Egypt hath in many ages gote
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath is there.
Sel. Nay ther's not all set downe within that rowle,
I know some things she hath reserud apart. (trowle
Cle. What? vile vngratefull wretch durst thou con-
Thy queene, and soueraigne, caytiffe as thou art?
Ces. Hold, hold, a poore reuenge, can work so feeble
Cle. Ah *Cesar* what a great indignitie, (handes
Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands,
T'accuse me to my Lord of treacherie?
If I reserud some certaine womens toies
Alas, it was not for my selfe, God knowes,
Poore miserable soule that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward shewes.

But

But what I kept I kept to make my way,
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauius* grace,
That thereby in compaſſion moued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my caſe.
Ceſ. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, you ſhall finde
What fauour you deſire or can expect,
For *Ceſar* neuer yet was found but kinde,
To ſuch as yeeld and can themſelues ſubiect.
And therefore comfort now your drooping minde
Relieue your heart thus ouercharged with care,
How well I will intreat ye you ſhall finde,
So ſoone as ſome affaires diſpatched are.
Till when farewell. *Cle.* Thanks thrice renowned *Ceſar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* reſts thine owne for euer.
Dola. No meruaile *Ceſar*, though our greateſt ſpirites,
Haue to the power of ſuch a charming beautie,
Bin brought to yeeld the honor of their merits,
Forgetting all reſpect of other dutie.
Then whilſt the glory of her youth remaind
The wondring obiect to each wanton eie
Before her full of ſweet, with ſorrow waind,
Came to the period of this miſerie.
If ſtill, euen in the midſt of griefe and horror
Such beautie ſhines th'row clouds of age and ſorrow,
If euen thoſe ſweet decaies ſeeme to plead for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie ſhe could thus moue,
What could ſhe doo adornd with youth and loue?
What could ſhe doo then when as ſpreading wide,
The pompe of beautie in her glory dight,
When armd with wonder, ſhe could vſe beſide
The ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight.
Daughter of meruaile, Beautie, how doſt thou
Vnto diſgracing ſorrowes giue ſuch grace?
What power ſhows't thou in a diſtreſſed brow

To make affliction faire, and teares to grace?
What can vntreſſed lockes, diſpoyled haire,
A weeping eie, a wailing face be faire?
I ſee then artleſſe feature may content,
And that true bewtie needs no ornament.

Ceſ. What in paſſion *Dolabella*. What take heed,
Let others freſh examples charme this heate,
You ſee what miſchiefs theſe vaine humors breed,
When once they come our iudgements to defeat.
Indeed I ſaw ſhee labourd to impart,
Her ſweeteſt graces in her ſaddeſt cheere,
Preſuming on that face that knew the art
To moue, with what aſpect ſoeuer t'were.
But all in vaine, ſhee takes her aime amiſſe,
The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues,
Time now hath altered all, for neither is
Shee as ſhee was, nor we as ſhee conceiues,
And therefore now tis fit ſhee were more ſage,
Folly, in youth is ſinne, madnes in age.

And for my part, I ſeeke but t'entertaine
In her, ſome feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greateſt trophy that my toyle ſhall gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of ſuch worth.
And now ſince ſhee doth ſeeme ſo well content,
To be diſpos'd by vs: without more ſtay,
Shee with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
Whilſt I by Syria, after take my way.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how doeſt thou moleſt
Th'affected minde of reſtleſſe man?
VVho following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
For getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes farre wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:
For in the ſame he looke for more,
VVhich proues but ſmall when once tis tride,
Then ſomething elſe thou findſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from thought to thought,
VVhen in the end all proues but nought.
Farther from reſt he findes him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.

O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
VVhich borne of winde, and fed with ſhowes,
Doeſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt.
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſireſt,
And all thinges in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
VVhich ſhewes their ſtate thou ill deſin'ſt,
And lou'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſt,
VVhich neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then doeſt thou draw our weakeneſſe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or of that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Thou ſtraight doſt caſt t'entice vs by?
And telſt vs that is euer beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tri'd.
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony *can ſay is true,*
And Cleopatra *knowes tis ſo,*
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can ſay, ſhee neuer knew
But that luſt found pleaſures new
And was neuer ſatisfi'd:
He can ſay by proofe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds vpon the heart of pride:
And finds no reſt when all is tri'd.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other lifts and bounds hath none.
And both ſubuert the mind, the ſtate,
Procure diſtruction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion *leaues not here,*
But ſticks to Cleopatra *neere,*
Perſwading now, how ſhee ſhall gaine,
Honour by death, and fame attaine.

And

And what a ſhame it were to liue,
Her kingdome loſt, her louer dead:
And ſo with this perſwaſion led,
Deſpaire doth ſuch a courage giue,
That nought elſe can her mind relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this concluſion all is brought,
This is that reſt this Game world lends,
To end in death, that all things ends.

ACTVS IIII.

Seleucus. Rodon.

FRiend *Rodon*? neuer in a better bower
Could I haue met a friend then now I doe,
Hauing affliction in the greateſt power
Vpon my ſoule, and none to tell it to.
For tis ſome eaſe our ſorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we ſhall impart our woes,
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete vs with a ſigh but at a cloſe.
Rod. And neuer friend *Seleucus* foundſt thou one,
That better could beare ſuch a part with thee,
Who by his owne knowes others cares to mone,
And can in like accord of griefe agree.
And therefore tell th'oppreſsion of thy heart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and run'd to care,
And I will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale, as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall we both our mourneſull plaints combine
I will lament thy ſtate, thou pitty mine.

Sel.

Sel. Well then thou knowst how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Corte
As one of Councell, and of worthy place,
And euer held my credit in that sort,
Till now, in this late shifting of our state,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the present time:
I come to be disgrac'd and ruin'd cleane:
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Cesar*, to haue fauour wonne
My treachery hath purchas'd due disgrace,
My falshood's loath'd, and not without great reason,
For Princes though they get, yet in this case,
They hate the traytor, though they loue the treason.
For how could he imagine I could be
Entire to him, beeing false vnto myne owne?
And false to such a worthy queene as shee
As had me rais'd, by whom my state was growne.
He saw t'was not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, and mine estate to settle,
Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is subtile.
And therefore skorn'd of him, skorn'd of mine owne,
Hatefull to all that looke into my state:
Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
The marke of infamie, that's pointed at.

Rod. Tis much thou faiest, and too too much to feele,
And I doe pittie, and lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou doest here reueale,
Compar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but smal,
Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull,
Mine sprung of mischiefe, thine from feeble minde,
Mine staind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.

For

For *Cleopatra* did commit to me
The best and dearest treasure of her b'ood,
Her sonne *Cesario*, with a hope to free
Him, from the danger wherein Egypt stood:
And charg'd my faith, that I should safely guide,
And close, to India should conuey him hence:
Which faith, I most vnkindly falsifi'd.
And with my faith and conscience did dispence.
For skarce were we arriu'd vnto the shore,
But *Cesar* hauing knowledge of our way,
Had set an agent, thither sent before,
To labour me *Cesario* to betray.
Who with rewards and promises so large,
Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content,
And backe againe did reconuey my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him sent,
To make him king of Egypt presently,
And in their hands haue left him now to die.

Sel. But how hath *Cesar* since rewarded thee?

Rod. As he hath thee: and I expect the same
As *Theodorus* had, to fall to me,
And with as great extremitie of shame,
For *Theodorus* when he had betraid
The young *Antillus*, sonne of *Antony*,
And at his death from off his necke conueyd
A iewell: which beeing askt, he did deny:
Cesar occasion tooke to hang him streight.
Such instruments with Princes liue not long:
Though they must vse those Actors of deceit,
Yet still their sight, seemes to obraid their wrong:
And therefore they must needes this danger run,
And in the net of their owne guile be caught,
They may not liue to bring what they haue done,
For what is done is not the Princes fault.

But here comes *Cleopatra* wofull queene,

And

And our ſhame will not that we ſhould be ſeene.

Exeunt.

SCENA. II.

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras. Diomedes.

Cleopatra reading *Dolabellas* letter.

WHat hath my face yet power to win a louer,
Can this torne remnant ſerue to grace me ſo
That it can *Cæſars* ſecret plots diſcouer
What he intends with me and mine to doe?
Why then poore bewty thou haſt done thy laſt,
And beſt good ſeruice thou couldſt euer doe me,
For now the time of death reueald thou haſt,
Which in my life didſt ſerue but to vndoe me.
Here *Dolabella* far forſooth in loue,
Writes how that *Cæſar* meanes forthwith to ſend
Both me and mine, the aire of Rome to prooue,
There his triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue, and letter,
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for the other, I muſt die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
Come *Diomedes*, thou who haſt bin one
In all my fortunes, and art ſtill all one,
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,
As did thoſe other ſmooth State-pleaſers all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou muſt doe a ſeruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy loyaltie muſt worke her beſt.
Thy honeſt care and dutie ſhall be ſeene,
Performing this, more then in all the reſt.

Thou

Thou muſt ſeeke out with all thy induſtrie,
Two *Aſpicks*, and conuey them cloſe to me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand.
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,
If th'heauens doe not my deſignes withſtand,
But doe thy charge, and let me ſhift for that.

Dion. I who am ſworne of the ſocietie
Of death, and haue indur'd the worſt of ill,
Prepar'd for all euents, muſt not deny
What you cõmand me, come there what there will.
And I ſhall vſe the apteſt skill I may
To cloake my worke, and long I will not ſtay.

Exit.

Cleop. But hauing leaue I muſt goe take my leaue
And laſt farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whoſe dearely honord tombe muſt here receiue
This ſacrifice, the laſt before I die.

Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.

O ſacred euer memorable ſtone,
That haſt without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofulſt mone,
That euer yet from ſad affliction came.
And you deare Reliques of my Lord and loue,
Moſt precious parcels of the worthieſt liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remooue
You out from hence, but reſt you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
Who liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile,
Sleepe quiet in this euerlaſting bed,
In forraine land preferd before your ſoyle.
And O if that the ſpirits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die:
Then heare thy ghoſt, thy captiue ſpouſe complain,
And be attentiue to her miſerie.
But if that laboutſome mortalitie,

Found

Found this sweete error onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanitie,
That would the depth of darknesse vndermine
Or els to giue a rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'aftercomming ioy
Of those conceiued fields, whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy
Then why doe I complaine me to the aire?
But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer liuing ghost attends my praier,
And I do know his houering spirit is neere.
And I will speake and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall soule, that deign'st to heare;
I feele thou answerst my credulitie,
With touch of comfort, finding none elswhere.
Thou knowst these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now must seruile be,
Reseru'd for bands to grace prowd *Cesars* state,
Who seeke in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuerd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be made the monuments of fortunes wonder?
If any powers be there whereas thou art,
Since our owne country gods betraies our cause,
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
Doe not permit shee should in triumph shew
The blush of her reproch, ioynd with thy shame,
But rather let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had power t'auoid the same.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking, a conceiued aide,
Why doe I not my selfe occasion find,
To breake these bounds, wherein my selfe am staid?

Words

Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrowes, time and leisure giue,
But *Cleopatra* must not doe the same.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more,
A lingring death with thee deserues no merit
I must my selfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and to vnhouse my spirit.
These hands must breake the prison of my soule,
To come to thee, there to inioy like state,
As doth the long pent solitary fowle,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
This sacrifice, to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that my loue beseemes,
These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done sufficient deemes.
My heart-blood should the purple flowers haue been,
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,
No smoake but my last gaspe should here bin seene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
But what haue I, saue onely these bare hands,
And these weake fingers are not yron-pointed,
They cannot pierce the flesh that them withstands,
And I of all means else am disappointed.
But yet I must away, and means seeke how
To come vnto thee, and to vnion vs,
O death art thou so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreat, and seeke thee thus?
But I will find where euer thou doest lie,
For who can stay a mind resolu'd to die.
And now I come to worke th'effect indeed,
I neuer will send more complaints to thee,
I bring my soule, my selfe, and that wit's speed,
My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.
Come, goe my maides, my fortunes sole attenders,

That miniſter to miſerie and ſorrow,
Your miſtreſſe you vnto your freedome renders,
And will diſcharge your charge, yet ere to morrow.
Eras. Good madame, if that worthy heart you beare
Doe hold it fit: it were a ſinne in vs
To contradict your will: but yet we feare
The world will cenſure that your doing thus,
Did iſſue rather out of your deſpaire
Then reſolution, and thereby you looſe
Much of your glory, which would be more faire
In ſuffring, then eſcaping thus your foes.
For when *Pandora* bought the boxe from heauen
Of all the good and ill that men befall,
And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,
Hope in the bottom lay, quite vnder all.
To ſhew that we muſt ſtill vnto the laſt
Attend our fortune, for no doubt there may
Euen at the bottom of afflictions paſt
Be found ſome happier turne if we but ſtay.
Cl. Eras, that hope is honors enemie,
A traytor vnto worth, lies on the ground,
In the baſe bottom of ſeruilitie:
The beggars wealth, a treaſure neuer found,
The dreame of them that wake, a ghoſt of th'aire,
That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,
A ſpirit of groſſer ſubſtance then deſpaire,
And let them *Eras* hope, that can be ſlaues.
And now I am but onely to attend
My mans returne, that brings me my diſpatch,
God grant his cunning ſort to happy end,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So ſhall I ſhun diſgrace, leaue to be ſory,
Fly to my loue, ſcape my foe, free my ſoule,
So ſhall I act the laſt of life with glory,
Die like a Queen, & reſt without controule. *Exeunt.*

Scena

SCENA III.

Cesario, with a Guard conueying him to Execution.

NOw gentle Guard, let me in curteſie
Reſt me a little here, and eaſe my bands,
You ſhall not need to hold me, for your eye
May now as well ſecure you, as your hands.
Gu. Doe, take your eaſe *Cesario*, but not long,
We haue a charge, which we muſt needs performe.
Ces. Loe here brought backe, by ſubtile traine to death,
Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather.
My fault, my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For beeing the ſonne of ſuch a mighty father.
I now am made th'oblation for his feares, him,
Who doubts the poore reuenge theſe hands may doe
Reſpecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
Or how ſmall ſafetie can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of beeing borne great?
Then wretched greatnes, golden miſerie,
Pompous diſtreſſe, glittring calamitie.
Is it for this th ambitious fathers ſweat
To purchaſe blood and death, for them and theirs?
Is this th inheritance their glories get,
To leaue th'eſtate of ruine to their heires?
Then how much better had it beene for me,
From low deſcent, deriu'd from humble birth,
T haue eate the ſweet-ſower bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nylus* ſtreames, in *Nylus* earth?
Vnder the cou'ring of ſome quiet cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in mind.

Vntoucht, when prowd attempts of Princes dotage,
Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind.
So had I not impeach'd their hie condition,
Who muſt haue all things cleere, and all made plaine
Betweene them, and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the proſpect of their raigne:
Where nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſsion,
Whoſe greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will alone, competitors muſt downe,
Neere death he ſtands, who ſtands too neere a crown,
Such is my caſe, *Auguſtus* will haue all,
My blood muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate,
Yet ah weake ſtate, which blood aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men doe hate.
Iniuſtice cannot ſcape and flouriſh ſtill,
Though men doe not reuenge it, th'heauens will.
And he that thus doth ſeeke with bloody hand,
T'extinguiſh th'offspring of anothers race,
May finde the heauens, his vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue his in like caſe.
When he ſhall ſee his proud contentious bed
Yielding him none of his that may inherit,
Subuert his blood, place others in their ſtead,
To pay this his iniuſtice, her due merit,
If it be true, (as who can that denie
Which ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis*, doe foreſay,)
Some of the offspring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway.
And then *Auguſtus* what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillus* blood, and this of mine?
Nothing but this, thy victory thou ſtaineſt,
And pulſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarres,
For what he ſeekes to make, his wiſdom mars.
But in the meane time, we whom fates reſerue,

The

The bloody ſacrifices of ambition,
We feele the ſmart, what euer they deſerue,
And we endure the heauy times condition.
The iuſtice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely ſatisfie it ſelfe not vs.
But yet *Cæſario* thou muſt die content,
God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.
Well now along, I reſted haue ynow,
Performe the charge, my friends, you haue to doe.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

MIſterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
Strict Religions ſtrange obſeruer,
State-ordrer zeale, the beſt rule-keeper,
Foſtring ſtill in temp'rate ſeruor:
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholy,
all religion, law, and order?
And thus become the moſt Vnholy
of all Lands, that Nylus border?
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
where ſterne Law ſate ſo ſouereyly?
How durſt weake luſt and riot venter,
th'eye of iuſtice looking ſtreyght?
Could not thoſe meanes that made thee great,
Be ſtill the meanes to keepe thy ſtate?

Ah no, the courſe of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That ſtaid continuance man deſireth,
Th'Vnconſtant world yeildeth never.

We in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And oftentimes the thing least minded,
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
Who when they see their Countrey sliding,
for their priuate are contented.
We imitate the greater powers,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
Vulgar loosenesse much incenses:
Vice Uncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
Vnto licence, lust, and riot;
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those Lawes that old Sesostris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our State so long preserued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
Vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought reflecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter
Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weakenesse to disscatter?)
Cæsar found th'effect true tried,

in

in his easie entrance making.
VVho at the sight of armes, deseried
all our people, all forsaking.
For riot (worse then warre) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure rendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
VVhich poyson (O if heauen be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their sences,
That Egypts pleasure so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our Vices:
That our (poyles may (poyle your greatnesse,
ouercome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from Vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Delabella. Titius.

Come tell me *Titius* euery circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes,
Tell euery looke, each gesture, countenance,
That shee did in my letters-reading vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise.
It was the time when as shee hauing gote

Leaue to her deareſt dead to ſacrifice.
And now was iſſuing out the monument
With odours, incenſe, garlands in her hand,
When I approch't (as one from *Caſar* ſent)
And did her cloſe thy meſſage, t'vnderſtand
Shee turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy ſtrange vnlookts for tale,
And reades, and ſmiles, and ſtaies, and doth begin
Againe to read, then bluſht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a ſigh, refolds
The letter vp: and with a fixed eye
(Which ſtedfaſt her imagination holds)
Shee mus'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly,
At length, ah friend, ſaith ſhee, tel thy good Lord
How deare I hold his pittying of my caſe,
That out of his ſweet nature can afford
A miſerable woman ſo much grace,
Tell him how much my heauy ſoule doth grieue
Mercileſſe *Caſar* ſhould ſo deale with me,
Pray him that hee the beſt aduice would giue
That might diuert him from ſuch cruelty:
As for my loue, ſay *Antony* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it reſts, and euer ſhall.
I haue it not my ſelfe, nor can it haue.
Yet tell him, he ſhall more command of me
Then any whoſoeuer liuing can.
He that ſo friendly ſhewes himſelfe to be
A worthy Roman and a gentleman.
Although his nation fatall vnto me,
Haue had mine age a ſpoyle, my youth a prey,
Yet his affection muſt accepted be
That fauours one from whom all run away.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory laſted,

Before

Before ſhee had declining fortune prou'd,
Or ſeene her honour wracke, her flower all blaſted.
Now there is nothing left her but diſgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can mooue.
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her caſe,
Poore ſoule, needs rather pittie now then loue.
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending ſo her ſpeech, no longer ſtaid.
But haſted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all ſhee did, and all ſhee ſaid.

Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed Lady, what hard heart
Could chooſe but pitty thee and loue thee to?
Thy worthineſſe, the ſtate wherein thou art,
Requireth both, and both I vow to doe:
And what my power and praiers may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both to hinder thy diſgrace:
And euen this preſent day, I will not faile
To do my beſt with *Ceſar* in this caſe.

Tit. And Sir, euen now her ſelfe hath letters ſent,
I met her meſſenger as I came hither,
With ſome diſpatch, as he to *Ceſar* went.
But knowing not what meanes her ſending thither:
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from ſacrifice, how richly clad
Was ſeru'd to dinner, with moſt ſumptuous ſtate,
In all the braueſt ornaments ſhee had.
How hauing din'd, ſhee writes, and ſends away
Him, ſtreight to *Ceſar*, and commanded than,
All ſhould depart the tombe, and none to ſtay
But her two maides, and one poore countriman.

Dol. When then I know ſhee ſendes t'haue audience
And means t'experience what her ſtate can doe, (now
To ſee if Maieſtie will make him bow,
To what affliction could not mooue him to.
And now it that ſhee could but bring a view

Of that rare bewtie shee in youth posseſt.
The argument wherewith shee ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæsar* and the reſt.
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilſt powerfull loue, far ſtronger then ambition,
Might worke in him a minde to be content
To grant her asking in the beſt condition.
But beeing as shee is, yet doth shee merit,
To be reſpected for what shee hath beene.
The wonder of her kind of powerfull ſpirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty queene.
And now but by a little weakenes falling
To doe that which perhaps ſh'was forc'd to doe,
Alas, an error paſt, is paſt recalling,
Take away weakeneſſe, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now ile vſe my heart,
Thy preſence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA. II.

Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomedes, the Guard, and Cæsars meſſengers.

NOw *Eras*; come, what newes haſt thou lookt out,
Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not?

Eras. Madame, I haue from off the turret top,
View'd euery way, he is not comming yet.

Cl. Didſt thou ſee no man tending hitherward?

Er. None truly madame, but one countriman
Carrying a basket as I could diſcerne.

Cleo.

Cle. Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent
Of my deſigne, For ſure he would not ſtay
Thus long I know, did not ſome force preuent
His forward faith, and hold him by the way.
Char. Madame there may be many hindrances
To counterchecke and interrupt his ſpeed,
He hath a wary worke to doe in this
He muſt take time.
Cl. Charmion tis true indeed.
And yet in all this time, me thinkes he might
Effected haue his worke, had all gone right.
Er. Alas we euer thinke the ſtay is more,
When our deſire is run t'our wiſh before.
Cle. Eras I know my will to haue it done
Rides poſt, and feare in doing to b'vndone
Puts ſpurs thereto; whilſt that for which we long
Creepes but a foote, Yet ſure he ſtaies too long.
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe,
Yet ſtay a while, I know it is in vaine.
O gods, I craue no other fortune I
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die:
And ſhall I not haue that? Well! will yet
Write my diſpatch to *Ceſar*, and when that
Is done, I will diſpatch my ſelfe, what way
Soeuer, I muſt vſe no more delay.

Enter the Guard with Diomedes.

Gua. And whither now ſir, ſtay, what haue you there?
Diom. Good ſirs, I haue a ſimple preſent here,
Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.
Gu. What iſt? lets ſee? *Diom.* And pleaſe you ſirs it is
Onely a few choyce figs which I haue growne
In mine owne garden, and are ſooneſt ripe
Of any here about, and euery yeare
I vſe to bring a few vnto our queene.
And pray my maſters take a taſte of them

For

For I assure you they are very good.
Gua. No,no,my friend,goe on, and beare them in.
Cl. Now *Eras*,looke if he be comming yet.
See here he comes.This is that countriman
Which *Eras* thou discrid'st,O happy man,
Can such poore robes beguile a Princes power?
Why then I see,it is our outsides most
Doe mocke the world.But tell me are they here?
Speake *Diomedes*. *Diom.*Madame they are there.
Cle. O good-ill lucke,most fortunate distresse,
Deare *Diomedes*,thou hast blest me now:
And here,goe take these letters,and dismaske
Thy selfe againe,returne to thine owne shape
Good *Diomedes*,and giue *Cæsar* these.
Goe,leaue me here alone,I need no more:
I haue but these to keepe a death in store.
I will not vse their helpe till needes I must,
(And that is now)goe *Diomedes* goe.
Diom. Good madame, I know well this furniture
Of death,is farre more requisite,then that
Of life,where such as you cannot endure
To be beneath your selues,debas'd in state.
I goe t'effect your will as well in this
As I haue done in that,and onely pray
Our tutelarie gods to giue successe
Vnto the same,and be it what it may.
Cl. Come rarest beast,that all our Egypt breeds,
How deerely welcome art thou now to me?
The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes,
Me thinkes I see,in now beholding thee.
Better then death,deaths office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch canst free our breath,
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,
Making our selues not priuie to our death.
O welcome now of wonders,wonder chiefe,

Tha

That open canſt with ſuch an eaſie kay,
The dore of life, come gentle cunning theefe,
That from our ſelues ſo ſtealſt our ſelues away.
And now I ſacrifice theſe armes to death,
That luſt late dedicated to delights,
Offring vp for my laſt, this laſt of breath,
The complement of my loues deareſt rites.
What now falſe fleſh: what? and wilt thou conſpire
With *Ceſar* too, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my ſhame, and hinder my deſire:
And bend thy rible parts againſt my powers?
Wouldſt thou retaine in cloſure of thy vaines
That enemy, baſe life, to let my good?
No know, there is a greater power conſtraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood:
For to a minde that's great, nothing ſeemes great:
And ſeeing death to be the laſt of woes,
And life laſting diſgrace which I ſhall get,
What doe I loſe that haue but life to loſe?

Eras. See, not a yielding ſhrinke, or touch of feare
Conſents now to bewray leaſt ſence of paine,
But ſtill in one ſame ſweet vnaltered cheere,
Her honor doth her dying ſpirits retaine.

Cle. Well now this worke of mine is done, here endes
This act of life, that part the fates aſſign'd
What glory or diſgrace this world could lend,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And Egypt now the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I die vnforc'd,
Witnes my ſoule parts free to *Antony*,
And now prowd tyrant *Ceſar* doe thy worſt.

Eras. Come *Charmion*, come, wee muſt not onely (be
Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too.
Now comes our part, you know we did agree
The fellowſhip of death to vndergoe.

And

And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime
A glory by this acte, they shall haue fame.
Ch. Eras I am prepar'd, and here is that
Will doe the deed.
Er. And here is of the same.
Ch. But *Eras* Ile begin, it is my place.
Er. Nay *Charmion*, here I drinke a death to thee.
I must be first.
Ch. Indeed thou hast preuented me.
Yet will I haue this honor to be last
Which shall adorne this head, which must be seene
To weare that crowne in death, her life held fast,
That all the world may see, shee di'd a queene.
O see this face, the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death a grace, that graces death,
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rife,
As none would thinke this bewty could want breath.
And in this cheere, th'impression of a smile
Doth seeme to shew shee skorns both death & *Cesar*,
And glories that shee could them so beguile, (her,
And here tels death, how well her death doeth please
Ces. mess. See, we are come too late, this is dispatcht,
Cesar is disappointed of this grace.
Why how now *Charmion*, what is this well done?
Ch. Yea very well, and shee that from the race
Of so great kings descends doth best become.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th'accomplishment of noes
The full of ruine and

The

The worſt of worſt of ills:
And ſeeme all hope expeld,
That euer ſweet repoſe,
Shall repoſſeſſe the land,
That Deſolation fils,
And where Ambition ſpils
With Vncontrouled hand,
All th iſſue of all thoſe
That ſo long rule haue held:
To make Vs no more Vs,
But cleane confound Vs thus.

And canſt O Nylus *thou,*
Father of flouds indure
That yellow Tyber *ſhould*
With ſandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bowe
To him thoſe ſeete ſo pure,
Whoſe Vnknown head we hold
A power diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free bankes Vncontrould,
Liue Vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy ſtreams
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters fle
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle Vp thy wanes,
Stop Cataractes *thy fall,*
And turne thy courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
The world of duſt th at trauts
To ſwallow thee Vp all,

May drinke so much as shall
Reuiue from vastie graues
Aliuing greene which spred
Far flourishing, may gro
On that wide face of Death,
VVhere nothing now drawes breath,

Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs hast done,
VVith plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vsp epare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.
Leaue leueld Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
VVasted for euermore,
Of plenties yielding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possesse
Th'inheritance of shame,
The fee of sinne, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whose distresse
Must still vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonnesse
Lies heauy on their heart,
VVhò neuer more shall see
The glory of that worth

They

They left who brought vs forth.

O thou al-seeing light,
High President of Heauen,
You Magistrates the starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence *and* Right
Are these the boundry haue giuen
Th' vntranspassable barres,
That limit pride so short,
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnesse marres,
And wrackes it selfe selfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Disorders ouerthro?

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT of ROSAMOND.

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THE COMPLAINT of ROSAMOND.

OVT of the horror of Infernall deepes
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes here to plain it
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleeps,
The ſpot wherewith my kind and youth did ſtaine it,
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A ſheet could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For fame findes neuer tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Elizian reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for ghoſts repurified,
The euer ſpringing gardens of the bleſt:
Caron denies me waftage with the reſt.
And ſaies, my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe: for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie

Path of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing:
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrõg'd the ſame.

No muſe ſuggeſts the pittie of my caſe,
Each pen doth ouerpaſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are preferd, though farre more baſe,
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint,
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint,
Her wel-told tale did ſuch compaſsion find,
That ſhee is paſſ'd, and I am left behinde.

Which ſeene with griefe, my miſerable ghoſt
(Whilome inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd was honored of the moſt,
And beeing dead giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to ſolicite thee, (ſince others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull long
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toyld in th affliction of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So mooue thy mind a wofull womans caſe.

DELIA may hap to deigne to read our ſtory,
And offer vp her ſigh among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt,
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,

To

To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.
So (through bewtie) made the wofulſt wight,
By bewtie might haue comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Finde life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
Shee that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to doe her beſt,
That thereby thou maieſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid, forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhee deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, wil'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge aſſign'd,
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhee) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downefall of my ſlipry ſtate,
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our Fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them, tis forbidden.

For whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heate,
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get,
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.
Diſgrace darkt honor, ſin did cloud my brow,
As note the ſequel, and Ile tell the how.

The blood I ſtaind, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:

Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame.
My education ſhewd from whence I came,
And all concurd to make me happy furſt,
That ſo great hap might make me more accurſt.

Happy liu'd I, whilſt parents eie did guide
The indiſcretion of my feeble waies,
And countrey home kept me from beeing eſpi'd,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweeteſt daies:
Till that my friendes mine honor ſought to raiſe
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming ſuch bewtie was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd,
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſhd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There where I loſt the flower which honor keepes,
There where the worſer thriues the better weepes
Ay me (poore wench) on that vnhappy ſhelfe,
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelfe.

There whereas fraile and tender bewty ſtands,
With all aſſaulting powers inuironed:
Hauing but onely praiers and feeble hands
To hold their honors fort vnvanquiſhed:
There were to ſtand and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pitty be vnkinde.

For thither com'd, when yeares had arm'd my youth,
With rareſt proofe of bewty euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene:

Soone

Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eies.

For age I ſaw,(though yeares with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want,and looke at ſuch a baite.
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire:
I ſaw by ſtealth,I fram'd my looke a lyre,
Yet well perceiued,how Fortune made me then
The enuy of my ſexe,and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eies with wonder to behold it:
Or at the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it:
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the world,that holds ſuch ſights ſo deere.

Ah beuty Syren,faire enchanting good,
Sweet ſilent rhetorique of perſwading eies:
Diſbe eloquence,whoſe power doth moue the blood
More then the words,or wiſdome of the wiſe:
Still harmony,whoſe diapaſon lies
Within a brow,the key which paſſions mooue,
To rauiſh ſence,and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe,whoſe power was ſuch?
What cannot women doe that know their power?
What woman knowes it not(I feare too much)
How bliſſe or bale lies in their laugh or lower?
Whilſt they enioy their happie blooming flower,
Whilſt nature deckes them in their beſt attires
Of youth and beuty,which the world admires.

Such

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh, which bankrupt beauties ſeeke,
That newfound ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falſed cheeke,
Vild ſtaine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe denieſt,
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the hieſt,
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt.
Idol vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs, whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breaſt.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was bleſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honor won,
In all the conflicts which mine eies begun.

Which were not ſmall, I wrought on no mean obiect
A crowne was at my ſeete, Scepters obeyd me,
Who Fortune made my King, loue made my ſubiect
Who did command the land, moſt humbly praid me,
Henry the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd me,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of bewtie,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
And all the triumphs of his honor wonne,
Vnmatcht by ſword, was vanquiſht by a glance,

And

And hotter warres within his breaſt begun.
Warres whom whole legions of deſires drew on:
Againſt all which, my chaſtitie contends
With force of honor, which my ſhame defends:

No armour might be found that could defend
Tranſpiercing raies of chriſtall pointed eies:
No ſtratagem, no reaſon could amend,
No not his age: (yet old men would be wiſe,)
But ſhewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for ſeeming ſo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue ſuckt their mothers.

Who would haue thoght a Monarch wold haue euer
Obeyd his handmaid of ſo meane eſtate:
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleaſures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,
For ſuch a dainty which his youth found not.
Vnto his feeble age did chance a lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer abſolutely good,
For that ſome croſſe ſtill counterchecks our lucke,
As here behold th'incomparible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we ſtucke:
Whoſe lothing, we from natures breſts doe ſucke,
As oppoſite to what our blood requires,
For equall age doth equall like deſires.

But mighty men, in higheſt honour ſitting,
Nought but applauſe, and pleaſure can behold,
Sooth'd in their liking careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke th'are olde,
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told,
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre

The

The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needes excuſe ſo great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd to forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of mateſtie, whereon his ſtate relies,
And now of loues and pleaſures muſt deuiſe.
For thus reuiu'd againe he ſerues and ſu'th,
And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in ſtrength of chaſt deſires,
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaſt louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then Chaſtities attires.
Th'vnſtained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathered Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And ſafe mine honor ſtood, till that in truth,
One of my ſexe, of place and nature bad,
Was ſet in ambuſh to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of our frailtie clad,
One who the liuery of like weakenes had,
A ſeeming Matron, yet a ſinfull monſter,
As by her wordes the chaſter ſort may conſter.

Shee ſet vpon me with the ſmootheſt ſpeech
That Court and age could cunningly deuiſe,
Th'one aut'hentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnd her how to ſubteliſe.
Both were enough to circumuent the wiſe.
A document that well might teach the ſage,
That there's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhee) behold thy happy chance,

That

That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maiſt thy honor great aduance,
Whilſt thou(vnhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap:
Such fond reſpect thy youth doeth ſo inwrap,
T'oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt thine owne good fortune
That points thee out, & ſeemes thee to importune.

Doeſt thou not ſee, how that thy King(thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate,
And ſhowres downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
Whilſt thou doeſt thut thy lap againſt thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canſt not ſee
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not thinke thy flower can alwaies flouriſh,
And that thy beautie will be ſtill admired:
But that thoſe raies which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
Cancel'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſkorne what now is ſo deſired,
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Read in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeares vpon my aged brow:
I haue bene faire(I muſt confeſſe the truth)
And ſtood vpon as nice reſpects as thou:
I loſt my time, and I repent it now,
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But thou haſt yeares, and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great ſeale:
Beſides the law of nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale.

Eſteeme

Esteeme not Fame more then thou doest thy weale.
Fame (whereof the worlde seemes to make such
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice, choice)

Then why should this respect of honour bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of reputation?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation,
Ages opinion, Customes out-worne fashion,
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leaue the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne,
And many haue it yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breath; his blast this many headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chast enough that best seeme so,
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe,
Tis warie walking that doth safelieſt goe
With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & mē with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act,
And seeme the chast, which is the chiefeſt arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knows the heart
What

What, doest thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be supplí'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone,
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.
Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, shee leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combate in my blood,
See'ing my weake youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood,
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sinne,
Pure blushing shame was euen vpon retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in,
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes gan vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say,

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth the flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy daies, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,

Or

Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed,
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled,
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe, and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race ſhould ſcorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wiſh longer to enioy the ayre,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtitie,
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impunitie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But what ſhe is my King, and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yield or not, I liue defamed,
The world will thinke Authority did gaine me,
I ſhall be iudg'd his Loue, and ſo be ſhamed.
We ſee the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yield, tis honourable ſhame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou ſeeſt is laid,
Wherein thy ſhame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeares cannot reſolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But (in deſpight) ſome ſcandale will be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſinne,
Till world and pleaſure made me partializе,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin.
And impious thoughts alleadg'd this wantō clauſe
That

Thatthough I ſinn'd, my ſinne had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balles caſt down before me,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my retchleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the gole, the glory and the day.
Pleaſure had let my well ſchool'd thoughts to play.
And bad me vſe the vertue of mine eyes,
For ſweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.

Thus wrought to ſin, ſoone was I traind from court
T'a ſolitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King ſhould thither make reſort,
Where he loues long-deſired worke ſhould end,
Thither he dayly meſſages dot'h ſend,
With coſtly iewels (Orators of Loue)
Which (ah too well men know) do women moue

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greetes me with a casket richly wrought:
So rare, that Arte did ſeeme to ſtriue with Nature,
T'expreſſe the cunning work-mens curious thought
The myſterie whereof I prying ſought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone, old *Danaus* fayreſt daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone,
At *Lerna*, whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and pittious mone:
But all in vaine, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
T'is ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,

At those proud feet, not satisfide with prayer,
Wailing her heauy hap, cursing the day,
In act so pittious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore careful girle)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

Whose pure clear streams, (which so so faire appears)
Wrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue,
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares,
Strangely distress'd (O beauty borne to cares,)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreede by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault stil ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnkend before they come,
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed doome.

Which

Which though perhaps haue been reueald to ſome,
Yet that ſo doubtfull, (as ſucceſſe did proue them)
That men muſt know they haue the heu'ns aboue (them.

I ſaw the ſinne wherein my foot was entring,
I ſaw how that diſhonour did attend it,
I ſaw the ſhame whereon my fleſh was ventring,
Yet had I not the vertue to defend it,
So weake is ſence when error hath condemn'd it.
Weſee what's good, and thereto we conſent,
But yet wee chooſe the worſt, and ſoone repent.

And now I come to tell the worſt of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neare:
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ſtilneſſe,
And dreadfull blacke had diſpoſſeſs'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night (mother of ſleepe and feare)
Who with her ſable mantle friendly couers,
The ſweet ſtolne ſports of ioyfull meeting louers.

When loe I ioy'de my louer, not my loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired,
Enforc'd th'vnproued bitter ſweet to proue,
Which yeeldes no mutuall pleaſure when 'tis hired:
Loue's not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required,
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But ſoone his age reuiu'd his ſhort contenting
And ſleepe ſealde vp his languiſhing deſires,
When he turnes to his reſt, I to repenting,
Into my ſelfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my ſences liers:
Now op'ned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For firſt we taſte the fruit, then ſee our ſin.

Now did I finde my ſelfe vnparadis'd,
From thoſe pure fields of my ſo cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduiſde,
My fleſh gan loath the new-felt touch of ſinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees not at firſt winning,
For nature checkes a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

And vſe of ſinne did worke in me a boldnes
And loue in him, incorporates ſuch zeale,
That iealouſie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to looſe the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his ſtealth might elſe reueale,
H'is driuen to deuiſe ſome ſubtill way,
How he might ſafelieſt keepe ſo rich a pray.

A ſtately pallace he forthwith did build,
Whoſe intricate innumerable wayes,
With ſuch confuſed errors ſo beguilde,
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine ſtrayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With booteleſſe labour leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame
That ſeru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the ſence of wanton eyes,
Fuell of loue, from whence luſts flame ariſe.

Here I inclos'd from all the world aſunder,
The Minotaure of ſhame kept for diſgrace,
The Monſter of miſfortune, th'ages wonder,

Liu'd

Liu'd cloiſtred in ſo deſolate a eaſe,
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine maides that did attend my need,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Hate and Loue,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle ſire,
Foſtred with feares thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monſter, borne a ſubtle lier
Hatefull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſire,
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that doth renne thee,
Happy were louers, if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou entereſt by,
Condemning trembling paſſions to our hate
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Fury, pleaſures ſmart,
Enuious obſeruer, prying in euery part:
Suſpitious, fearefull gazing ſtill about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didſt depriue (through falſe ſuggeſting feare)
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The onely good that women hold ſo deare,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuity,
Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemy,
Enioynd the ranſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the ſame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene, vnleſſe admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'de?
Neuer were cheekes of Roſes, lockes of Amber,

Ordain'd to liue impriſon'd in a chamber.

Mature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sun for light:)
The faire do holde this priuiledge as due,
By ancient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort:
For beauty will be, where is moſt reſort.

Witnes the faireſt ſtreetes that Thames doth viſite,
The wondrous concourſe of the glitt'ring faire.
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary country may not ſtay her,
Here is the centre of all beauties beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty glorioufly attired,
And herein all our chiefeſt glory lies,
To liue where we are praiſ'd and moſt deſired,
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauors we diſcouer,
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd,
From countrie ſafety, from the fieldes of reſt
To know the danger to be highly lou'd
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I been bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraid,
But liu'd at home a happy country maid,

Whoſe vnaffected innotency thinks,

No

No guilefull fraud, as doth the Courtly liuer,
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinkes,
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her counſell giuer:
She loues ſincerety, and is loued euer.
Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So ſhould I neuer haue beene regiſtred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate,
Nor had my name enrold with maides miſled,
Which bought their pleaſures at ſo high a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappy fate)
This leſſon (which my ſelfe learnt with expence,)
How moſt it hurts, that moſt delights the ſence.

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duly giuen,
Impiety will out, neuer ſo cloſely done.
No wals can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproch when we leaſt thinke thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecret hidden,
Entring the cloſet of the Pallace dweller,
Abroad reuealing what is moſt forbidden,
Of truth and falſhood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can ſerue for to expell her,
The ſword of iuſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vtt'ring ſecret things.

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfett moſt concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could ſo cloſely deale,
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,

And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Laberinth ſhe entered by that threed,
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,
Left there by chance, reſeru'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe ſo abhorde,
Enrag'd with madnes, ſcarſe ſhe ſpeakes a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offring me moſt vnwomanly diſgrace.

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath loſt her whelpe,
Runs fiercely raging through the woods aſtray,
And ſeeing her ſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Doth furiouſly aſſault what's in her way,
To ſatisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wiſe,
As could diſdaine and ielcouſie deuiſe.

And after all her vile reproches vſde,
Shee forc'd me take the poiſon ſhe had brought,
To end the life that had her ſo abuſde,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No ſpitefull Act that to Reuenge is common,
No beaſt being fiercer then a iealous woman.

Here take (ſaith ſhe) thou impudent vncleane,
Baſe graceleſſe ſtrumpet, take this next your hart,
Your loue-ſicke heart, that ouer charg'd hath been,
With pleaſures ſurfeit, muſt be purg'd with Arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuert
To nought, thoſe humors that oppreſſe you ſo,
And (Gerle) Ile ſee you take it ere I go.

What

What ſtand you now amaz'd, retire you backe?
Tremble you (minion) come diſpatch with ſpeed,
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all theſe teares you ſhed will nothing ſteed,
Thoſe dainty fingers needes muſt do the deed
Take it, or I will drench you elſe by force,
And triſle not, leſt that I vſe you worſe.

Hauing this bloody doome from helliſh breath,
My wofull eyes on euery ſide I caſt:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Preſenting me the horror of my laſt:
All hope of pitty and of comfort paſt,
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands muſt giue my ſelfe my end.

Thoſe hands that beuties miniſters had been,
They muſt giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue conſent to ſinne,
Muſt now receiue deſtruction in thereat,
That body which my luſt did violate,
Muſt ſacrifice it ſelfe t'appeaſe the wrong,
(So ſhort is pleaſure, glory laſts not long.)

And ſhe no ſooner ſaw I had it taken,
But forth ſhe ruſhes, (proud with victory)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forſaken,
Except of death, which ſhe had left with me,
(Death and my ſelfe alone together be)
To whom ſhe did her full reuenge refer,
Oh poore weake conqueſt both for him and her.

Then ſtraight my conſcience ſummons vp my ſinne,
T'appeare before me, in a hidious face:
Now doth the terror of my ſoule beginne,

When

When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place,
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace,
Whilst I remaine oppreſt in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathſome ſelfe I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence,
Againſt my ſoule, and tels I was vnchaſt,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt by guilt of mine offence,
Muſt here the right of heauen needes ſatisfie,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I began to waile my hard miſhap,
My ſuddaine, ſtrange, vnlookt for miſery,
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me ſuch a fall of infamie.
And poore diſtreſſed *Roſamond* (ſaid I,)
Is this thy glory got to die forlorne
In Deſarts, where no eare can heare thee mourne.

Nor any eye of pitty to behold,
The wofull end of thy ſad tragedy,
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy taleva told,
Muſt here in ſecret ſilence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breath out to theſe wals the breath of mone,
Tell th'aire thy plaints, ſince men thou canſt not tell
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe, wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorſe.

And be thy ſelfe the mourner and the corſe,

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke diſpaire,
With ſilence onely, and a dying bed:
Thou that of late, ſo flouriſhing, ſo faire,
Didſt glorious hue, admir'd and honoured,
And now from friends, from ſuccour hither led,
Art made a ſpoile to luſt, to wrath, to death.
And in diſgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt,
Framing thine eye, the ſtarre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to ſpoile the reſt?
O beauty, thou an enemy profeſt,
To Chaſtity, and vs that loue thee moſt,
Without thee how w'are loath'd, and with thee loſt

You, you that prowde with liberty and beutie,
(And well may you be proude that you beſo,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obſeru'd of duety,
Would God I might to you but ere I go,
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my wo,
To keepe your feet in cleanely pathes of ſhame,
That no enticing may diuert the ſame.

See'ng how againſt your tender weakenes ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, of gold and all is beat:
And all th'aſſaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue againſt a chaſte and cleane entent,
Ah let not greatnes worke you to conſent,
The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge, what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treaſure of your loue,

Vnder

Vnder the ſureſt keyes of feare and ſhame,
And let no powers haue power chaſte thoughts to moue,
To make a lawleſſe entrie on your fame,
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equall loue ſhall march with equall pace,
In thoſe pure wayes that leade to no diſgrace:

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our owne aſpiring or our Parents pride
Haue caus'de, whilſt that ambition vainely weds,
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beſide:
Whilſt maried but to titles, we abide,
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When ſhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth in plotting in the aire,
Alas how oft we fall hoping to clime,
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilſt thoſe decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, ſcorned and reprou'de,
And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit,
Leſt this or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties ſhine,
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine,
The treaſurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any:
And hard tis kept that is deſird of many.

And flie (O flie) theſe bed-brokers vncleane,
The monſters of our ſexe, that make a pray,
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindly meane,
And euen (like vipers) eating out a way,

Through

Throgh th'womb of their own ſhame, accurſed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt, vncleannes wallowes in.

As if t'were not enough that we (poore we)
Haue weakenes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to be,
Traitors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe?
Such as our feble forces do diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of ſhame, that pleade delight,
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darkenes, meſſengers of night:
Serpents of guile, diuels that do inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree,
Whoſe fruit once pluckt, wil ſhew how foule we (be.

You in the habite of a graue aſpect,
(In credite by the truſt of yeares) can ſhoe,
The cunning wayes of luſt, and can direct,
The faire and wily wantons how they go,
Hauing (youth lothſome ſelues) your youth ſpent ſo,
And in vncleannes euer haue beene ſed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraid,
The bluſhing, fearefull, boldned vnto ſinne,
The wife made ſubtle, ſubtle made the maide,
The husband ſkorn'd, diſhonoured the kin,
Parents diſgrac'd, children infamous beene,
Confus'd our race, and falſified our bloud,
Whilſt fathers ſons poſſeſſe wrong fathers good.

This and much more, I would haue vttered then,
A teſtament to be recorded ſtill,
Sign'd with my blood, ſubſcrib'd with conſcience pen
To warne the faire and beutifull from ill.
Though I could wiſh (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dide inteſtate to haue had no heire.

But now the poiſon ſpread through all my vaines,
Gan diſpoſſeſſe my huing ſences quite:
And nought reſpecting death, (the laſt of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'enſigne of his might,)
Vpon his new got ſpoile before his night:
Thence chac'd my ſoule, ſetting my day ere noone,
When I leaſt thought, my ioyes could end ſo ſoone.

And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,
My ſcarſe cold corſe not ſuffred longer ſtay,
Behold the King by chance, returning, fals
T'incounter with the ſame vpon the way,
As he repair'd to ſee his deareſt ioy.
Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue beene,
To ſee his loue, and ſeeing beene vnſeene.
(ſure,
Judge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt trea-
What tis to looſe a thing we hold ſo deare,
The beſt delight wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life, that penetrates ſo neere.
What paſſions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a ſight
That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite.

Amaz'd he ſtands, nor voice, nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,

Cons

Confus'd affects each other do confound:
Oppres'd with griefe, his paſſions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares ſpeak, whē mighty griefs are domb

At length extremitie breakes out a way,
Throgh which th'impriſned voice with tears attēded,
Wailes out a ſound that ſorrowes do bewray.
With armes a-croſſe, and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing our ſighes that to the skies aſcended.
Sighes (the poore eaſe calamitie affoords,)
Which ſerue for ſpeech whē ſorow wanteth words.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hateſull raies of this vnhappy ſunne?
Why haue I light to ſee my ſinnes contrould,
With bloud of mine owne ſhame thus vildly done?
How can my ſight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darkneſſe hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What ſaw my life, wherein my ſoule might ioy,
What had my dayes, whom troubles ſtill afflicted,
But onely this to counterpoiſe annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This ſweet, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe inflicted:
This, that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abrode in ſtrife:

Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abrode in ſtrife,
Diſſention in my bloud, iarres in my bed:
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread:
(Such life hath Tyrants; and this life I led.)
Theſe miſeries go mask'd in glittering ſhowes;

Which

Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions do him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it,
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme,
With strict embraces, so doth he infold it,
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that now euen death commends
On senceleſſe lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gau'st,
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish,
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hau'st,
This for owing farewell of a dying kisse,
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place:
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace,
And vglie death sits faire within her face,
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaints
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to ouertake thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,

Reuenge

Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind,
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all woman kinde,
And after-ages monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer:)
He doth represse what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discouer,
And yet respect scarse bridles such a louer,
So farre transported that he knew not whether,
For loue and maiesty dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries,
Vnto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brasse so little lasting be,

For those wals which the credulous deuout,
And apt beleeuing ignorant did found,
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their works should euer so confound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
Our wiser ages do account as folly.

And were it nor thy fauourable lines,
Resedified the wracke of my decaies,
And that thy accents willingly assignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes.

Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe,
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rime.

Then when confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring,
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
When mirthleſſe Thames ſhall haue no Swan to ſing
All Muſicke ſilent, and the Muſes dumbe,
And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
That once they flouriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And Thames had Swannes aſwell as euer Po.

But here an end I may no longer ſtay,
I muſt returne t'attend at Stygian flood:
Yet ere I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell *Delia*, now her ſight may do me good,
And will her note the frailety of our blood,
And if I paſſe Vnto thoſe happy bankes,
Then ſhe muſt haue her praiſe, thy pen her thãks.

So vanquiſht ſhe, and left me to returne,
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe,
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known, muſt make me liue vnſeen

FINIS

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howres,
One Bird reports Vnto another,
in the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the earth our common mother,
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heaven,
With bright rayes warmes Floras lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap,
My field of flowers quite bereaue,
wants refresh of better hap.

Eccho daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rockes and hils,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my despaire,
whilst that she her Lover kils.

Whilst that she(O cruell Maid)
doth me and my loue despise,
My louer flowrish as deceaued
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must bee obeyed,
and will be ends for loue who dies.

A PASTORAL.

O Happie golden age,
Not for that riuers ranne,
VVith streames of milke, and honey dropt from (trees
Not that the earth did gage,
Vnto the husbandman,
Her Voluntary fruits, free without fees,
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cold beguile
Th'eternall flowring spring
Wherein lis'd euery thing;
And wherein th'heauens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of wind:
That Idoll of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd Honor, which became
The tyran of the minde:
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad greifes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of ioyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth (please
Then amongst flowers and springes
Making delightful sport.
Sate Louers without conflict, without flame:
And Nimphs and shephards sing
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'rings with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked Virgin then
Her Roses fresh reueales,

Which

Which now her Vayle conceales,
The tender Apples in her bosome seene,
And oft in Kisses cleere
The Lovers with their Loues comforting were,
HONOVR, *thou first didst close,*
The spring of all delight?
Denying water to the amarous thirst
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light.
Restrain'd from men and on themselues reuerst.
Thou in a Lawne didst first
Their golden haires encase,
Late spred vnto the winde,
Thou madst loose grace vnkinde,
Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace,
O Honour is it thou
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow,
Is it thy worke that brings
Our griefes and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What dost thou here with vs
That are below thy power shat from aboue?
Go and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mightie sleepe,
Let vs neglected base,
Liue still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'auncient happy ages keepe,
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.

Vliſſes and the Syren.

Syren COme worthy Greeke *Vliſſes* come,
Poſſeſſe theſe ſhores with me:
The windes and ſeas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free
Here may we ſit and view their toile
That tranaile in the deepe;
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleepe.

Vliſſ. Faire Nimph, if fame or honour were
To be attaind with eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leaue ſuch toiles as theſe.
But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With danger ſeeke it forth,
To ſpend the time luxuriouſly,
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vliſſes, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name,
This honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And reſts on others fame.
Begotten onely to moleſt,
Our peace and to beguile,
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And giue vs vp to toile.

Vliſ. Delicious Nimph, ſuppoſe there were
Nor honor, nor report,
Yet manlines would ſcorne to weare,
The time in idle ſport,
For toile doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy,

And

And eaſe findes tediouſnes as much
As labour yeeldes annoy.

Syr. Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toile,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while,
Who may diſport them diuerſly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And eaſe may haue variety,
As well as Action may.

Vliſ. But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toyles and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in eaſe,
And with the thought of actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaues a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

Sy. That doth opinion onely cauſe,
That's out of cuſtome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes,
Then euer Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our ſports are without bloud,
The world wee ſee by warlike wights
Receiues more hurt then good.

Vliſ. But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of vnreſt:
And theſe great Spirites of high deſire
Seeme borne to turne them beſt.
To purge the miſchiefes that increaſe,

And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Sy. Well well *Vlisses* then I see,
I shall not haue thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there,
I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndone.

FINIS

MVSOPHILVS.

Containing a
Generall defence of all
LEARNING.

LONDON
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1607

MVSOPHILVS.

Containing a generall defence of all learning.

Philocosmus.

FOnd man *Musophilus*, that thus doſt ſpend
In an vngainefull art thy deereſt daies,
Tyring thy wits and toiling to no end,
But to attaine that idle ſmoake of praiſe.
Now when this buſie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely muſicke of neglected layes,
Other delights then theſe, other deſires
This wiſer profit-ſeeking age requires.

Muſophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confeſſe indeed
I loue this ſacred art thou ſett'ſt ſo light,
And though it neuer ſtand my life in ſteed,
It is enough, it giues my ſelfe delight,
The whiles my vnafflicted mind doth feed,
On no vnholy thoughts for beneſite,
Be it that my vnſeaſonable ſong
Come out of time, that fault is in the time,
And I muſt not do vertue ſo much wrong,

As loue her ought the worse for others crime,
And yet I find some blessed spirits among,
That cherish me, and like and grace my time.
A Gaine that I do more in soule esteeme
Then all the gaine of dust, the world doth craue,
And if I may attaine but to redeeme
My name from dissolution and the graue,
I shall haue done enough and better deeme
Thaue liu'd to heauen to haue dide to haue,
Short-breath'd mortalitie would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate, seeke to beguile her end,
Of some few lingring daues of after state,
That all this little All, might not descend
Into the darke a vniuersall pray.
And giue our labors yet this poore delight,
That when our dates do end they are not done,
And though we die we shall not perish quite,
But liue two liues where other haue but one.

Philocosmus.

Sillie desires of selfe-abusing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of ayre,
That hauing done the vttermost he can,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggarie to his heire,
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire
And what art thou the better thus to leaue
A multitude of words to small effect.
Which other times may scorn & so deceiue
Thy promis'd name of what thou doest expect,
Besides some viperous *Criticke* may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy worth, for some defect,
And get more reputation of his wit,

By

By but controlling of some word or sence,
Then thou shalt honour for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care and diligence,
Being learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence,
Besides so many so confusedly sing,
As diuers discordes haue the musicke mar'd
And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,
That he must sing alowd that will be heard,
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For some vnhallowed strings that vildly iar'd,
Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vaine,
Is held but vaine, and his vnreck'ned pen,
The title but of leuity doth gaine,
A poore light gaine to recompence their toile,
That thought to get eternity the while,
And therefore leaue the left and outworne course,
Of vnregarded waues, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force,
Be new with mens affections that are now
Striue not to run an idle counter course,
Out from the sent of humours men allow,
For not discreetly to compose our parts,
Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selues and make our artes
Rebles to Times and to societie,
Whereby we come to burie our desarts,
In th obscure graue of singularitie.

Musophilus.

Do not prophane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie,
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell,

The

The wayes of right which vertue doth descry,
That ouer lookes the base, contemptible,
And low laid follies of mortalitie,
Nor meate out truth and right deseruing praise,
By that wrong measure, that confused ill,
The vulgar foot, which neuer takes his wayes
By reason, but by imitation still:
Rowling on with the rest, and neuer way's
The course which he should go, but what is gone.
Nor what he ought to doe but what is done,
Well were it with mankind, if what the most,
Did like were best, but ignorance will liue
By others square, as by example lost,
And man to man must th'hand of error giue,
That none can fall alone at their owne cost,
And al, because men iudge not, but believe.) besides
For what poor bounds haue they whom but th'earth
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got relieues not, but confoundes,
Hauing but trauaile to succeede their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing that propoundes,
Affliction but his end, and griefe his gaines?
Incroching, gathering, wresting, ioyning to.
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, altring, and so much a do
To his soules toile, and bodies trauailing,
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.
And his faire house rais'd hie in enuies eye,
Whose pillars rear'd perhaps on bloud and wrong,
The spoiles and pillage of iniquitie,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the wals of pietie,
Shall the profanest piles of sinne keepe strong?
How many proud aspiring pallaces,

Haue

Haue we knowne made the pray of wrath & pride
Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnes,
Whileſt titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or ciuill tumults, or an orderles
Order pretending change of ſome ſtrong ſide?
Then where is that proud title of thy name?
Written in yce of melting vanity,
Where is thine heire left to poſſeſſe the ſame?
Perhaps not ſo well as in beggerie,
Some thing may riſe to be beyond the ſhame,
Of vile and vnregarded pouerty.
Which I confeſſe, although I often ſtriue,
To cloth in the beſt habite of my skill,
In all the faireſt colours I can giue,
Yet for all that me thinkes ſhee lookes but ill,
I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue,
Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will,
Yet oft we ſee the bars of this reſtraint,
Holds goodnes in, which looſe wealth would let (ſlie,
And fruitleſſe riches barrainer then want,
Brings forth ſmall worth from idle liberty:
Which when diſorders ſhall againe make ſcant,
It muſt refetch her ſtate from pouerty.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue we ſee, with her faire grace ſtands faſt,
For what hie races hath there come to fall,
Wrth low diſgrace, quite vaniſhed and paſt
Since *Chaucer* liu'd, who yet liues and yet ſhall,
Though (which I grieue to ſay) but in his laſt,
Yet what a time hath he wreſted from time,
And wonne vpon the mighty waſte of dayes,
Vnto th'immortall honor of our clime.
That by his meanes came firſt adorn'd with baies,
Vnto the ſacred Reliques of whoſe rime,
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praiſe.

And

And could our lines begotten in this age
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeeres,
And scape the fury of that threatnings rage,
Which in confused cloudes gastly appeares,
Who would not straint his trauailes to ingage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares,
But whereas he came planted in the spring,
and had the Sun before him of respect,
We set in th' Autume the diflorishing,
And sullen season, of a could defect,
Must taste those soure distasts the times do bring,
Vpon the fulnesse of a cloid neglect,
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out th infection of distempered dayes,
And come with glory to out-liue this fall,
Recouering of another spring of prayse,
Cleer'd from th' oppressing humors, wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays,
When as perhaps the words thou scornest now,
May liue the speaking picture of the mind.
The extract of the soule that labored how,
To leaue the image of her selfe behind,
Wherein postery that loue to know
The iust proportion of our spirits may find,
For these lines are the vaines, the Arteries,
And vndecaying lifestrings of those hearts
That still shall pant and still shall exercise,
The motion spirit and nature both imparts
And shall with those aliue so sympathize,
As nourisht with their powers inioy their parts,
O blessed letters that combine in one,
All ages past and make one liue with all
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto counsell call,
By you th' vnborne shall haue communion,
Of what we feele and what doth vs befall,

Soul of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the world that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
To be forgot? what good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th'vnnaturall and wayward race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
That neuer read t'obserue but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their power to blame,
That puffe of folly neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.
Yet why should ciuill learning seeke to wound,
And mangle her owne members with despight,
Prodigious wits that study to confound,
The life of wit, to seeme to know aright,
As if themselues had fortunately found
Some stand from of the earth, beyond our sight,
Whence ouerlooking all as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to reprooue.
Presumption euer fullest of defects,
Fayles in the doing to performe her part,
And I haue known proud words & poore effects,
Of such indeed as do condemne this art,
But let them rest it euer hath beene knowne,
They others vertues skorne that doubt their own
And for the diuers disagreing cordes,
Of interiangling ignorance that fill,
The dainty eares and leaue no roome for words,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will,
Seeing how the best he hath, he frankly foords,
And skornes to be a niggard of his skill,
And that the rather since this short-liu'd race,
Being fatally the sonnes but of one day,
That now with all their power ply it apace,

To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chace,
To make of all a vniuersall pray.
And now great *Nature* hath laid downe at last
That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went
And ouerwent the times of ages past,
Here to lie in, vpon our soft content,
Where fruitfull she, hath multiplied so fast,
That all she hath on these times, seem'd t'haue
All that which might haue many ages grac'd, (spent
Is borne in one, to make one cloid withall,
Where plenty hath impreſt a deepe distaſt,
Of best and worst, and all in generall:
That goodnes seemes, goodnes to haue defac'd
And virtue hath to virtue giuen the fall.
For emulation, that proud nurse of wit,
Skorning to stay below or come behind,
Labors vpon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind,
Enuie and wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise on, the selfesame bliſſe to find.
And so long striuing till they can no more,
Do stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out,
Who doubting to ouertake those gone before,
Giue vp their care, and cast no more about,
And so in skorne leaue all as fore possest,
And will be none, where they may not be best.
Euen like some empty Creek that long hath laine,
Left or neglected of the Riuer by, (vayne,
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wandring
Finding some little way that close did lye,
Steale in at first, then other streames againe
Second the first, then more then all supply,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne at last
The glory of his cheifest powre that way,

Plying

Plying this new found pleaſant roome ſo faſt
Till all be full and all be at a ſtay,
And then about and backe againe doth caſt,
Leauing that full to fall another waye,
So feares this humorous world that euermore,
Rapt with the Current of a preſent courſe
Runs into that which laie contemnd before,
Then glutted leaues the ſame, and fals t'a worſe,
Now zeale holds all, no life but to adore,
Then could in ſpirit, and faith is of no force.
Straight all that holy was, vnhallowed lies,
The ſcattered carkaſſes of ruind vowes,
Then truth is falſe, and now hath blindnes eyes,
Then zeale truſts all, now ſcarcely what it knows,
That euermore to fooliſh or to wiſe,
It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhowes,
Sacred *Religion*, mother of forme and feare,
How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou ſit deckt?
What pompous veſtures do we make thee weare?
What ſtatelie piles we prodigall erect?
How ſweet perfum'd thou art how ſhining cleere?
How ſolemnly obſeru'd with what reſpect?
Another time all plaine, and quite threed bare,
Thou muſt haue all within and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, diſrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout,
Powerleſſe vnfollowed, ſcarcely men can ſpare,
Thee neceſſary rites to ſet thee out.
And either truth and goodnes are not ſtill,
The ſelfe ſame which they are and alwaies one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we our actions make them wait vpon,
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And caſt them of againe when we haue done.
You mighty Lords that with reſpected grace,

Do at the sterne of fayre example stand,
And al the body of this populace,
Guide with the only turning of your hand,
Keepe a right course, bear vp from all disgrace,
Obserue the poynt of glory to our land.
Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe vertue in request giue worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous means confound
So faire a good to bring in night a new,
Be not, O be not accessaries found,
Vnto her death that must giue life to you.
Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laid,
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred Cels secure?
Do you not see those prostrat heapes betrayd,
Your fathers bones, & could not keepe the sure?
And will you trust deceitfull stones fayre laid,
And thinke they will be to your honor truer?
Poore idle reliques that can neuer crowne,
Your memories which cannot keep their owne,
Witnesse that huge & wondrous *trophei* now,
Which on the goodly plaines nere *Wilton* stands
That huge dumbe heap that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands
Nor for whose glory it was set to shew,
How much our power mocks that of other lands
When in a lesser roome securely lie,
And lie most safe as fresh as if aliue,
All those great worthies of Antiquity,
Which long foreliu'd vs and shall long suruiue,
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Then could the powers of all the earth contriue.
Where they remaine these trifles to obraid,
Out of the reach of spoile and way of rage,
Though time withal his power of years hath laid,
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining age.

Yet

Yet they make head onely with their owne aide,
And war, with his all conquering forces, wage:
Pleading the heauens preſcription to be free,
And t'haue a grant t'indure as long as he.

Philoceſmus.

Beholde how euery man drawne with delight,
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way,
And ſtriuing t'haue hir courſe ſeeme onely right,
Doth his owne reſt, and his owne thoughts betray
Imagination bringing brauely dight
Her pleaſing images in beſt aray,
With flattering glaſſes that muſt ſhew him faire
And others foule, his skill and his wit beſt,
Others ſeduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their,
His knowledge right, all ignorant the reſt:
Not ſeeing how theſe minions in the aire
Preſent a face of thinges falſly expreſt,
And that the glimmering of theſe errors ſhowne,
Are but a light to let him ſee his owne.
Alas poore Fame in what a narrow roome,
As an incaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongſt vs, where euen as good bee dombe
As ſpeake and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promiſe of the time to come
When as the preſent are ſo negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this ſcarce diſcerned Ile,
Thruſt from the world, with whom our ſpeech vnknown
Made neuer any trafficke o four ſtile.
And is this all where all this care is ſhowne,
T'inchant your fame to laſt ſo long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue woon ſo much
Think you to make your barbarous language ſuch

Poore narrow limits for ſo mightie paines,
That cannot promiſe any forraine vent:
And yet if here to all your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne it might content.
But lo how many reads not, or diſdaines
The labors of the chiefe and excellent,
How many thouſands neuer weigh the name
Of *Sydney*, or of *Spencer*, or their bookes?
And yet braue fellowes and preſume of fame,
By following onely what the ſeaſon brookes,
What then ſhall they expect of meaner frame,
On whoſe endeuours few or none ſcarſe lookes
Do not you ſee theſe *Pamphlets, Libels, Rymes*,
Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the ſicknes of theſe times,
The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankinde?
Your vertues, by your follies, made your crimes,
Haue iſſue with your indiſcretion ioin'd
Schooles, arts, profeſſions, all in ſo great ſtore,
Paſſe the proportion of the preſent ſtate,
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer roomes them to accommodate,
It cannot be but they muſt throng the more,
And kicke, and thruſt, and ſhoulder with debate.
For when the greater wittes cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of far inferiour vertues in their ſight,
They preſent with the ſharpe of *Enuie* ſtraine
To wound them with reproches and deſpight
And for theſe, cannot haue as well as they
They ſcorne their faith ſhold daigne to looke that
Hence diſcontented Sects, and Schiſms ariſe, (way
Hence interwounding controuerſies ſpring,
That feede the ſimple and offend the wiſe,
Who know the conſequence of cauilling:

Diſgrace that theſe to others do deuiſe,
Contempt and ſcorne on all in th'end doth bring
Like ſcolding wiues reckning each others fault
Make ſtanders by imagine both are naught.
For when to theſe rare dainties time admits,
All commers, all Complexions, all that will,
Where none ſhould be let in but choiſeſt wits,
Whoſe milde diſcretion could comport with skil,
And when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for ought elſe whereto they ſhalb'addreſt
They euen become th'incombrance of the land
As out of ranke diſordring all the reſt,
This grace of theirs to ſeeme to vnderſtand,
Marres all their grace to do, without their reſt.
Men find that action is another thing,
Then what they in diſcourſing papers reade,
The worlds affaires requires in managing
More arts then thoſe, wherin you Clarks proceede
Whilſt timorous knowledge ſtands conſidering
Audacious ignorance hath done the deede.
For who knows moſt the more he knows to doubt
The leaſt diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtout.
This ſweet inchaunting knowledge turnes you cleen
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide vnwilling to be ſeene
In th'open concourſe of a publike ſight,
This skill wherewith you haue ſo cunning been,
Vnſinewes all your powers, vnmans you quite.
Publike ſociety and commerce of men
Require another grace, another port,
This eloquence, theſe rymes, theſe phraſes then
Begot in ſhades, do ſerue vs in no ſort,
Th'vnmateriall ſwellings of your pen

Touch not the spirit that action doth import.
A manly stile fitted to manly eares
Best grees with wit, not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudie liu'rie weares
Of nice corruptions which the times do sway,
And waines on th'humor of his pulse that beares
His passions set to such a pleasing kay,
Such dainties serue onely for stomacks weake,
For men do fowlest when they finest speake.
Yet do I not dislike that in some wise
Be sung the great heroycall deserts
Of braue renowned spirits, whose exercise
Of worthy deedes may call vp others hearts,
And serue a modell for posterities
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts:
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto
To make it not our grace, to say, but do.

Musophilus.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I heare,
As one that am not so possest with loue
Of what I do, but that I rather beare
An eare to learne then a tong to disproue:
I know men must, as carried in their spheare
According to their proper motions moue.
And that course likes them best which they are on
Yet truth hath certaine bounds, but falshood none.
I do confesse our limits are but small
Compar'd with all the whole vaste earth beside,
All which againe rated to that great All,
Is likewise as a point scarcely discride,
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point where we abide.
But if we shall descend from that high stand

Of

Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And caſt our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This ſpatious circuit which we tread vpon,
We then may eſtimate our mightie land
A world within a world ſtanding alone.
Where if our fame confind cannot get out,
What ſhall we then imagine it is pen'd
That hath ſo great a world to walke about,
Whoſe bounds with her reports haue both one end
Why ſhall we not rather eſteeme her ſtout
That farther then her owne ſcornes to extend?
Where being ſo large a roome both to do well
And eke to heare th'applauſe of things well done,
That farther if men ſhall our vertues tell
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their eare,
That few is all the world, which with a few
Doth euer liue, and moue, and worke and ſtirre,
This is the heart doth feele, and onely know
The reſt of all that onely bodies beare
Rowle vp and downe, and fill but vp the row.
And ſerue as others members not their owne,
The inſtruments of thoſe that do direct.
Then what diſgrace is this not to be knowne
To thoſe know not to giue themſelues reſpect?
And though they ſwel with pompe of folly blown
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in neglect.
And for my part if onely one allow
The care my labouring ſpirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large ynow,
And his applauſe onely ſufficient is:
All my reſpect is bent but to his brow,
Who is my all, and all I am is his.

And

And if some worthy spirits be pleased to,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will,
But what if none, it cannot yet vndo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill,
This is the thing that I was borne to do
This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.
Let those that know not breath esteeme of winde,
And set t'a vulgar ayre their seruile song,
Rating their goodnes by the praise they finde,
Making their worth on others fits belong,
As vertue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not liue if fame had ne'r a tongue.
Hath that all knowing power that holdes within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
Virtue. (Where whatsoeuer is, or what hath bin,
Reflects a certaine image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad te seeke an almes of fame?
Must she like to a wanton Curtezan
Open her breasts for shew to win her praise,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man,
As if she were enamourd of his waies,
And knew not weakenes nor could rightly scan
To what defects his humorous breath obeies.
She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a begger, and hath nought at all
But what is giuen of meere deuotion, (thrall?
For which how much it sweats, how much it's
What toile it takes, and yet when all is done,
The endes in expectation neuer fall.
Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
And prostrate her faire body to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenes, for so grosse a benefit,
Hauing reward dwelling within her gate,

And

And glory of her own to furniſh it.
Her ſelfe a recompence ſufficient
Vnto her ſelfe, to giue her owne content.
Iſt not enough that ſhe hath raiſd ſo hie
Thoſe that be hers, that they may ſit and ſee
The earth below them, and this all to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iuſt height of ſwolne mortalitie
Right as it is, not as it ſeemes to be,
And vndeceiued with the *par alax*
Of a miſtaking eie of paſſion, know
By theſe mask'd outſides what the inward lacks
Meaſ'ring man by himſelfe not by his ſhow,
Wondring not at their rich and golden backs
That haue poore minds, and little elſe to ſhew.
Nor taking that for them, which well they ſee
Is not of them, but rather is their lode,
The lies of fortune, wherewithall men be
Deemed within, when they be al abroad, (& knee
Whoſe ground, whoſe graſſe, whoſe earth haue cap
Which they ſuppoſe is on themſelues beſtow'd.
And thinke like *Iſis* Aſſe, all honors are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idol which they beare,
That onely makes them to be gazed on,
For take away their pack and ſhew them bare,
And ſee what beaſt this honor rides vpon.
Hath knowledge ſent to hers the priuy kay,
To let them in vnto the hieſt ſtage
Of cauſes, ſecrets, Councels, to ſuruay
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage,
That build, deſtroy, praiſe, hate, ſay and gainesay,
Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age.
And ſhall we truſt goodnes as it proceedes (breath,
From that vnconſtant mouth, which with one

Will

Will make it bad againe, vnleſſe it feedes
The preſent humor that it fauoureth?
Shall we eſteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth?
Then whereto ſerues it to haue beene inlarg'd
With this free manumiſſion of the minde,
If for all that we ſtill continue charg'd
With thoſe diſcouered errors, which we finde?
As if our knowledge onely were diſcharg'd,
Yet we ouer ſelues ſtaid in a ſeruile kind.
That virtue muſt be out of countenance,
If this groſſe ſpirit, or that weake ſhallow braine,
Or this nice wit, or that diſtemperance,
Neglect, diſtaſt, vncomprehend, diſdaine,
When ſuch ſicke eyes, can neuer caſt a glance
But through the colours of their proper ſtaine.
Though I muſt needes confeſſe the ſmall reſpect,
That theſe great-ſeeming beſt of men do giue,
(Whoſe brow begets th'inferior ſorts neglect,)
Might moue the weake irreſolute to grieue:
Yet ſtronger, ſee how iuſtly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue?
That learning needes muſt run the common fate,
Of all things elſe, thruſt on by her owne waight
Comporting not her ſelfe in her eſtate
Vnder this burthen of a ſelfe conceipt:
Our owne diſſentious hands opening the gate
Vnto Contempt, that on our quarels waite.
Whereby we haue bewraide our gouernment
And let in hard opinion to diſgrace
The generall, for ſome weake, impotent,
Which beare out their diſeaſe with a ſtolne face,
Who (ſilly ſoules) the more wit they haue ſpent
The leſſe they ſhew'd not betring their bad caſe,
Nor would our ſo great number paſſe the rate

Of

Of our proviſions, where they delt aright

Muſophilus.

But yeeld ſufficient meanes t'accomodate,
More then we haue in places requiſite,
The ill diſpoſing only doth vs let,
In diſaray and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the mind ſhall get,
Vnder out coulors that which is our dues,
And to our trauailes neither benefite,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor reſpect accrewes,
This ſickneſs of the ſtates ſoule, Learning, then,
The bodies great diſtemprature enſues.
For if that learnings roomes to learned men,
Where as their heritage diſtributed,
All this diſordered thruſt would ceaſe. for when
The fit were cald, th'vnworthy fruſtrated,
Theſe would baſham'd to ſeek, thoſe to b'vnſought
Who in their turn were ſure they ſhould be ſped.
Then would our drooping *Academies* brought,
Againe in heart regaine that reuerend hand,
Of loſt opinion, and no more be thought,
Th'vnneceſſarie furniſh of the land,
Nor diſin coura'gd with their ſmale eſteeme;
Confus'd, irreſolute, and wauering ſtand,
Not caring to become profound, but ſeeme
Contented with a ſuperficiall skill,
Which for a ſleight reward enough they deeme,
When the one ſucceeds as well as the other will,
Seeing ſhorter waies lead ſooner to their end,
And others longer trauailes thriue ſo ill:
Then would they only labour to extend
Their now vnſearching ſpirits beyond theſe boūds
Of others powers, wherein they muſt be pend,

At

As if there were beſides no other grounds,
And ſet their bold *Plus Vltra* far whithout.
The pillars of thoſe *Axioms* age propounds,
Diſcouering daylie more and more about,
In that immenſe and boundleſſe Ocean,
Of Natures riches, neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man,
So far beyond the ordinary courſe
That other vnindustrious ages ran,
That theſe moſt curious times they might deuorce,
From the opinion they are linckt vnto,
Of our diſable and vnactiue force,
To ſhew true knowledge can both ſpeake and do:
Arm'd for the ſharp which in theſe daies they find
With all proviſions that belong thereto.
That their experience may not come behind
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men ſee the weapons of the mind,
Are ſtates beſt ſtrengths, & kingdoms cheifeſt grace
And rooms of charge, charg'd ful with worth and
Makes maieſty appeare with her ful face, (praiſe
Shining with all her beames withall her raies,
Vnſcanted of her parts, vnſhadowed
In any darkened point, which ſtill bewrayes,
The vaine of power, when power's vnfurniſhed
And hath not all thoſe entire complements,
Wherewith the ſtate, ſhould for her ſtate be ſped,
And though the fortune of ſome age conſents,
Vnto a thouſand errors groſely wrought,
Which flouriſht ouer with their faire enents,
Haue paſt for current, and good courſes thought,
The leaſt whereof in other times againe,
Moſt dangerous inconueniences haue brought.
Whilſt to the times, not to mens wits pertaine
The good ſucceſſes of ill manag'd deedes.

Though

Though th'ignorant deceiu'd with coulors vaine,
Misse of the causes whence this lucke proceedes.
Forraine defects, gluing homes faultes the way,
Make euen that weaknes sometimes well succeeds
I grant that some vnlettered practique may,
(Leauing beyond the *Alpes* faith and respect,
To God and man) with impious cunning sway,
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintaine the present way,
And haue his errors deem'd without defect.
But when some powerfull opposition shall
With an incountring shocke of strength, disioynt
The fore contriued frame, and there withall.
Th'experience of the present disappoint,
And other sterring spirits and other hearts,
Built huge for action meeting in a poynt,
Shall driue the world to summon all their arts,
And all to little for so reall might,
When no aduantages of weaker parts,
Shall beare out shallow councels from the light,
And this-fence opening action (which doth hate,
Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right,
Who then holds vp the glory of the state,
(which lettered armes, & armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate
Contemnd *Iustinian*, or els *Littleton*?
When it shall not be held wisedome to be,
Priuately made and publiquely vndone,
But sound designes that iudgement shall decree
Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes,
That lye direct, with safe going equity,
Imbroyling not their owne and others daies,
Extending forth their prouidence beyond,
The circuite of their owne particular,
That euen the ignorant may vnderstand

How

The greatnes of our stile is now ordain'd
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits cõmand
What thoghts let out, what humors keep restraind
What mischiefe it may powerfully withstand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd,
And as for Poesie (mother of this force)
That breeds, brings forth, & nourishes this might,
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
With comely motions how to go vpright,
And sostring it with bountifull discourse
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.
What should I say since it is well approu'd (merce
The speech of heauen, with whom they haue cõ-
That onely seeme out of themselues remou'd,
And do with more then humane skils conuerse,
Those nũbers wherwith heau'n & earth are mou'd
Shew weaknes, speaks in prose, but power in verse
Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow
That th'acts of worthy men should be preseru'd,
As in the holiest tombes wee can bestow
Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd,
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show
Th' what most barbarous countries haue obserud
When all the happiest nations hitherto
Did with no lesser glory speake then do.

FINIS.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA:

A Paſtorall Trage-comedie preſented to her Maieſtie and her Ladies, by the Vniuerſitie of Oxford in Chriſts Church, in Auguſt 1605.

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The names of the Actors.

Melibaus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergastus. }
Colax a corrupted traueller.
Techne. a subtile wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. }
Carinus, } the louers of *Cloris.*
Cloris.
Palamon. } iealous Louers.
Selvia. }
Mortillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in loue with *Carinus.*
Daphne, abused by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quacksaluer.
Lincus, a Pettyfogger.
Montanus, the father of *Amyntas.*
Agryppus, the father of *Cloris.*

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

HOw is it *Melibæus* that we find
Our Countrey, fayr *Arcadia*, ſo much chang'd,
From what it was, that was thou knoweſt of late,
The gentle Region of plaine honeſtie,
The modeſt ſeate of vndiſguiſed truth,
Inhabited with ſimple innocence,
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diueſted of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries or more bad.
Mel. Indeed *Ergaſtus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuerſall a diſtemprature,
In all parts of the body of our ſtate,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complayning of diſloyalty,
Amongſt our younger *Nimphes*, nor euer found,
Our herdſmen ſo deluded in their loues,

As if there were no faith on either side,
We neuer had in any age before
So many ſpotleſſe Nimphes, ſo much diſtain'd,
With blacke report, and wrongfull infamie,
That few eſcape the tongue of malice free.
Erg. And me thinkes too, our very ayre is changd,
Our wholſome climate growen more maladiue,
The fogges, and the Syrene offend vs more
(Or we made thinke ſo) then they did before,
The windes of Autume now are ſaide to bring,
More noyſomnes then thoſe do of the ſpring,
And all of vs feele new infirmities.
New feauers new Catarres, oppreſſe our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath eyther loſt the nature, or we ours.
Mel. And we that neuer were acuſtomed,
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we ſee
Montanus and *Acryſius* interſtriue
How farre their ſeuerall Sheepe walkes ſhould extend
And cannot be agreed do what we can,
As if ſome vnder working hand ſtrake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And feſtred their contention and their hate.
Erg. And me thinks too the beauty of our Nimphes
Is not the ſame as it was wont to be,
That roſie hew, the glory of the Cheek,
Is either ſtolne, or els they haue forgot
To bluſh with ſhame or to be pale with feare,
Or els their ſhame doth make them alwayes bluſh,
For alwayes doth their beauties bear one hew,
And either Natures falſe, or that vntrue,
Mel. Beſides their various habits grow ſo ſtrange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwayes diffring from themſelues ſo far,

As

As if they ſcorn'd to be the ſame they are,
And all of vs are ſo transform'd that we,
Diſcerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attire,
Our auncient Paſtorall habites are diſpiſd,
And all is ſtrange, hearts, clothes, and all diſguiſd,
Erg. Indeed vnto our greife we may perceiue,
The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot find the occaſion of this change;
But let vs with more wary eye obſerue
Whence the contagion of theſe cuſtoms riſe,
That haue infected thus our honeſt plaines,
With cunning diſcord, idle vanity,
Deceiptfull wrong, and cauſeleſſe infamie,
That by th'aſſiſtance of our grauer ſwaines,
We now at firſt may labour to preuent
The further courſe of miſchifes, and reſtore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before,
Mel. Content *Ergaſtus*, and euen here will be,
A place conuenient for ſo fit a worke,
For heare our Nimphes, and heard ſmē on this greene
Do vſually reſort, and in this Groue,
We may obſerue them beſt and be vnſeene.

ACTVS I. SCENA 2.

Colax. Techna.

COme my deare *Techna*, thou and I muſt plotte
More cunning proiects yet, more ſtrange deſigns
Amongſt theſe ſimple groſe *Arcadians* here
That know no other world but their owne plaines
Nor yet can apprehend the ſubtle traines,
We lay, to mocke their rurall ignorance.

But se here comes two of their amorous swains,
In hote contention let vs close conuey,
Our selues here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouer heare their passionate discourse,
Tor. Colax this place well such a purpose fits,
Let vs sit close, and faith, it shall go hard,
Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits,

Carinus. Amintas.

Ca. Now fond *Amintas* how cam'st thou possest,
With such a vaine presumption as thou art,
To think that *Cloris* should affect thee best,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?
Am. And how *Carinus* canst thou be so mad,
T'imagin *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by so many signes as I haue had,
I find her whole affection bent to me.
Ca. What are those signes by which you come to cast
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?
Am. More certaine signes thē thou canst euer shew
Car. But they are more then signes that I can shew,
Am. Why let each then produce the best he can,
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man,
Car. Content *Amintas*, and do thou begin.
Am. And I am well contented to begin,
First if by chance whilst she at Barely-breake
With other Nimphes do but perceiue me come,
Streight lookes her cheeke with such a rosie red,
As giues the setting Sun, vnto the West,
When morrow tempests are prefigured.
Car. Euen so that hew prognosticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the stormy windes of sighes.
Am. And if I find her with her fellow Nimphes.
Gathering of flowers, by some sweet Riuers side,

At my approach she straightway stands vpright,
Forgets her worke and downe lets slide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.

Car. So doth the fillie sheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedie Wolfe at hand.

Am. And if she meete but with my dog, she takes
And strookes him on the head, playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth and claps him on the backe,
And sayes, come come *Melampus* go with mee.

Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee:

Am. Whilst at a Christall spring the other day,
Shee washt her louely face and seeing me come,
Shee takes vp water with her dainty hand,
And with a downe-cast looke besprinkles me.

Car. That shewes that she would gladly quench in (thee
The fire of loue, or els like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddesse when she cast
Disdainfull water on *Actæons* face.

Am. As *Silvia*, one day late with her alone,
Binding of certaine choise selected hearbs
To her left arme against bewitching spels,
(And I at th'instant comming) she perceiu'd
Her pulse with far more violence to beate,
(As th'after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt when natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer, doth surprise our powers.

Am. And euen but yester-night she going before,
With other maids, and seing me following her,
Lets fall this dainty Nosegay, hauing first
Bestowed a kisse thereon, to th'end I might
Receiue it so, and with it do the like. (know

Car. Poore withered fauours, they might teach thee
That she esteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As those dead flowers, she wore but for a show,
The day before and cast away at night.

Am.

Am. Now freind *Carinus* thou that muttereſt ſo,
At theſe plaine ſpeaking figures of her loue,
Tell by what ſignes thou doſt her fauours proue?

Car. Now, ſilly man doeſt thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauors of my loue?

Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee and me,

Car. A pact to make thee tell thy ſecrecie.

Am. And haſt thou then betrayd my eaſie truſt,
And dallied with my open ſimplenes?

Car. And fitly art thou ſeru'd, that ſo wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nimph,
And this is that, which makes vs feele that dearth
Of grace, t'haue kindneſſe at ſo hie a rate,
This makes them wary how they do beſtow,
The leaſt regard of common curteſie,
When ſuch as you, poore credulous deuout,
And humble ſoules make aldlings miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainly do conuert
All ſhadowes to the figure of your hopes.

Am. Carinus now thou doſt me double wrong,
Firſt to deride my eaſie confidence,
And then t'obrayd my truſt, as if my tongue
Had here prophan'd faire *Claris* excellence,
In telling of her mercies, or had ſinn'd
In vttring th'honour of a modeſt grace,
Beſtowing comfort in ſo iuſt a caſe.

Car. Why man thou haſt no way deſeru'd her loue

Am. Deſert I cannot vrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.

Car. But you know how I ſau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, who had eli vndone,
Her honour vtterlie, and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne Soueraigne in her thought.

Am. But how that free and vnſubdued heart,
Intranchiſd by the Charter of her eyes

Will

Will beare the impoſition of a due,
I do not ſee ſince loue knew neuer Lord,
That could command the region of our will,
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
Muſt plead compaſſion and a faithfull heart.
Car. Plead thou thy faith whilſt will get thy loue,
For you kind ſoules, do ſeldome gracefull proue.
Am. The more vnkind they, who ſhould better way
Our honeſt vowes, and loue for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their wil
And for the wrong they do, they ſpeed as ill,

SCENA. III.

Colax. Techne.

ALas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who ſhall poſſeſſe a prey, that's yet vngot,
But *Techne*, I muſt by thy helpe foreſtall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilſt they ſtial
Purſue the Ayre, I muſt ſurpriſe their game,
And fitly now thou maiſt occaſion take
By theſe aduantages diſcouered here,
T'impreſſe in *Cloris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe diſlike of both their vaunteries,
As may conuert her wholy vnto me.
Tec. Why will you then *Dorinda* loue forſake,
For whom you trauaild ſo, and made me take,
Such labour to intice her to your loue.
Col. Tuſh *Techne* we deſire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer ſtay
With our attainings, but they go beyond.
Tec. And why? *Dorinda* is as faire as ſhe.
Col. That I confeſſe, but yet that payes not me,
For *Cloris* is another, and tis that

And

And onely that, which *Techne* I desire,
Some thing there is peculiar and alone,
To euery beautie, that doth giue an edge
To our desires, and more we still conceiue,
In that we haue not, then in that we haue,
And I haue heard abroade, where best experience
And wit is learnd, that all the faireſt choyce
Of women in the world, serue but to make
One perfect beauty, whereof each brings part,
One hath a pleasing smile and nothing els,
Another but some lilie Moale to grace,
Th'area of a dispropotion'd face,
Another pleases not but when she speakes,
And some in silence only gracefull are,
Some till they laugh, we see, seeme to be faire,
Some haue their bodies good, their gestures ill,
Some please in Motion, some in sitting still,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe faire, that nothing louely are,
So that we see how beauty doth consist,
Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract
And therefore vnto all my loue aspires,
As beauty varies, so doth my desires.

Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not so much wrong,
Vnto a Nimph, now when thou hast subdude,
And won her heart, and knowest she holds thee deare,

Col. Tush wrong is as men thinke it, and I see
It keepes the world, the best in exercise,
That els would languish and haue nought to do.
Discord in parts makes harmon'ie the whole,
And some must laugh, whilst otherſome condole,
And so it be not of the side we are,
Let others beare it, what neade we to care,
And now *Dorinda* something hath to do,
Now she may sit, and thinke, and vexe, and plot,

For

For eaſe, and ioying of her full delight
Would but haue duld her ſpirits and mard her quite
Tech. Alas yet I muſt pitty her poore ſoule
In this diſtreſſe I beeing one my ſelfe
Of that frayle corporation and do know
That ſhe will take it very grieuouſly,
And yet in troth ſhe's ſerud but well ynow,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honeſt loue,
And truſt ſtrange proteſtations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdie clothes.
Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* ſhall not waile alone,
She ſhall haue others to conſort her mone:
For ſince my late returne from *Telos* court
I haue made twenty of their coyeſt Nimphes
Turne Louers with a few proteſting wordes
And ſome choyce complementall periuries,
I made *Palamon*, to ſuſpect the faith
Of his chaſt *Siluia*, and chaſt *Silvia* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Thoſe fetters which ſo heauily were laide
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But cuſtomary bandes, not naturall.
And I thinke *Techne* thou haſt done thy part,
Here, in this gentle region of kinde hearts,
Since thou cam'ſt hither, for I ſee thou thriu'ſt.
Tech. Indeed whilſt I in Corinth did remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were ſo many of my trade, that ſold
Complexions, dreſſings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuiſors of new faſhions and ſtrange wiers
Bedbrokers, night wormes, and Compoſitors
That though I knew theſe arts as well as they
Yet being ſo many we could get ſmall pay.

Here

Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is sent for, *Techne* onely shewes
New strange deuises to the choycest Nimphes
And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those trickes,
As they will not forget againe in haste.
I haue so opened their vnapt conceites
Vnto that vnderstanding of themselues,
As they will shew in time they were well taught,
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.
Col. Ah well done *Techne* thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they must haue their chāce,
But pray thee *Techne*, do not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adieu.
Tec. Colax I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a little leaning loue
To sweete *Amintas*, for me thinkes he seemes
The louelieſt Shepheard all Arcadia yeelds,
And I would gladly intercept his loue.

SCENA IIII.

Melibaus. *Ergastus.*

SO this is well. Here's one discouery made,
Here are the heads of that distemperature,
Frō whēce these strāge debanishmēts of our nimphs
And vile deluding of our Shepheards springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lustes
As wide as is his will, and left his will
Without all bounds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne desires fulfill,
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.

This

This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection which vndoes,
His countrie goodnes, and impoysons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite at home.
Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that native honestie,
Which here the breeding of his country gaue.
For here I do remember him a childe,
The sonne of *Nicopinus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
T'aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceited surlinesse,
With an insinuating impudence.
Erg. A man the fittest made for Courts abroad,
Where I would God he had remained still,
With those looselliuing wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie, hath made her outmost proofe.
From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproch.
And for this other viper, which you saw,
I do remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our yonger maides to dresse, and trie out flaxe,
And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem
And such like skill being skill inough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of others science, different far
From that plaine Arte of honest huswiferie,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Cities round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
T'abuse our Nimphes, and as it seemes desires,

To

To ſute their minds, as light as their attires.
But we ſhall ſoone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that ſhe diſcry
The true ſymptoma of this maladie,
And by this ouerture thus made, we truſt
We ſhortly ſhall diſcouer all the reſt.

Actus II. Scena I.

Siluia. Cloris,

O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
Sate and beene merry in this ſhady Groue.
Here haue we ſung full many a Rundelay.
Told Riddles, and made Noſegayes, laught at loue,
And others paſſions, whilſt my ſelfe was free,
From that intollerable miſerie,
Whereto affection now inuaſſels me.
Now *Cloris* I ſhall neuer more take ioy
To ſee, or to be ſeene, with mortall eye,
Now ſorrow muſt be all my companie.

Clo. Why *Siluia*, whence, ſhould al this griefe ariſe

Sil. I am vndone *Cloris* let that ſuffice.

Clo. Tell me, ſweet *Siluia*, how coms that to paſſe?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
Free from that miſerable plague of loue,
Keepe thee ſo ſtill, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleeue me this,
They are the moſt vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth, neuer beleeue
Their proteſtations, nor their vowes nor teares,
All is deceipt, none meanes the thing he ſweares.

Truſt

Truſt a mans faith,nay rather will I goe
And giue my ſelfe a prey to ſauadge beaſts,
For all they ſeeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs,and when that is done,
They go and triumph on the ſpoile the haue woone,
Truſt men,or take compaſſion when they grieue,
O *Cloris* tis to cheriſh and relieue
The frozen Snake,which with our heat once warme
Will ſting vs to the heart in recompence,
And O no maruaile tho the Satyre ſhund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the ſame breath blow heate and colde.
Who would haue euer thonght *Palamons* othes
Would haue prou'd falſe? who would haue ing'd the face
That promiſ'd ſo much faith,and honeſtie,
Had beene the viſor but of treacherie?

Clo. I'ſt poſſible *Palamon* ſhouid b vntrue?

Sil. Tis poſſible *Palamon* is vntrue.

Clo. If it be ſo, deare *Siluia*, I thinke then
That thou ſaiſt truth,there is no truſt in men,
For I proteſt I neuer ſaw a face
That promiſd better of a heart then his,
And if he faile whoſe faith then conſtant is?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didſt but know how long,
And with what earneſt ſuite he ſought my loue,
What vowes he vſd,what othes,what teares among,
What ſhewes he made,his conſtancie to proue,
You would admire: and then againe to ſee
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out,and would by no meanes vrged be,
To ſhew the leaſt affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (O now too well)
I finde,that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that eaſily was got.

Clo. Siluia,indeede and I haue heard ſo too.

Sil. And therefore I would trie him, and not seem
His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
At length one day, here in this selfe-same place,
(Which I shall euer and good cause I haue
To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrged me most earnestly,
O *Siluia*, said he, since nor othe, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor praiers, haue the power to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue,
I must trie some way else to shew the same,
And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late (perhaps vnto thy shame)
Thy wayward error, and my constant truth,
When thou maist sigh and say in griefe of minde,
Palemon lou'd, and *Siluia* was vnkinde.
With that wringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares would hardly let him looke,
Yet such a looke did through his teares make way
As shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.
And vp towardes yonder craggy Rock he goes,
His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
With such a mournfull pace, as shew'd his woes
Way'd heauier then his passions could abide.
Faine would I haue recald him back, but shame,
And modestie could not bring forth his name,
And faine would I haue followed, yet me thought
It did not fit the honour of a Maide
To follow one, yet still I sent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye,
At length when he was gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how with vnfolded armes,
And lookes bent vp to heauen, he stands, and turnes
His wofull face vnto the other side,
Where as that hideous fearefull downefall is,

And

And seem'd as if he would haue throwne him off:
And as I thought was now vpon the point,
When my affrighted powers could hold no more
But pittie breaking all those bands of shame,
That held me backe, I shrikd, and ran, God knowes,
With all the speed my feeble feete could make,
And clammering vp at length (with much adoo)
Breathlesse I got and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and was not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him backe,
But could not speake one word, no more did he,
Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
And on before I went, and lead him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine.
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We sate vs downe my arme about his neck,
Which *Ioue* thou know'st held neuer man before:
There onely did my teares conferre with his,
Wordes we had none, it was inough to thinke,
For passion was too busie now within,
And had no time to come abroad in speach,
And thongh I would haue spoken yet me thought
I should not, but my silence told him this,
That tolde too much, that all I was, was his.

Clo. Well *Siluia* I haue heard so sad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we must be exposd
Vnto the mercy of vnconstant men.
But what saide then *Palamon* in the end?

Sil. Oh what he said, and what deep vowes he made,
When ioy and griefe, had let his senses loose,
Witnes O gentle tree vnder whose shade,
We sate the while, witnes if euer maide
Had more assurances by the othes of man

And well may you beare witnes of this deede,
For in a thousand of your barkes he hath
Incarv'd my name, and vnderwrote his vowes,
Which will remaine so long as you beare bowes
But *Cloris*, learne this lesson now of me,
Take heede of pittie, pittie was the cause
Of my confusion, pittie hath vndone
Thousands of gentle natures in our sexe,
For pittie is sworne seruant vnto loue,
And this be sure, where euer it begin
To make the way it lets the maister in.

Clo. But what assurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you suspect him without cause?

Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause,
He who beheld him wrong me in these woods,
And heard him courting *Nisa* and protest
As deepe to her as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treachery.

Clo. Pray who was that? tell me good *Siluia* tell.

Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report vntruthes to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy parts,
He told me all and more then I will shew,
I would I knew not halfe of that I know,
Ah had he none but *Nisa* that base trull,
The scorne and ieast of all *Arcadia* now
To serue his lust, and falsifie his vow?
Ah had it yet beene any els, the touch
Of my disgrace had neuer beene so much
But to be left for such a one as she,
The stale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me so much loath
My selfe, loath these woods, and euen hate the day,
As I must hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris* I leaue thee here,

I cannot ſtay and prethee *Cloria*, yet
Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.
Clo. Siluia adieu, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pitty ſhowes

Scæna. II.

Cloria. Tech me.

LOue may, I'me taught for louing whilſt I liue,
Siluia, thy counſell hath lock't vp my heart
So faſt from loue, as let them ſigh and grieue,
And pine, and waile who will, I for my part
Will pittie none of all this race of men,
I ſee what ſhew ſoeuer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus, haue dide of this diſeaſe
That euer I could heare, I ſee all doe
Recouer ſoone, that happen thereinto,
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may endure they are of ſtronger powers
Better their hearts ſhould ake, then they breake ours,
Well had I not beene thus forewarnd to day.
Out of all queſtion I had ſhortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compaſſion too;
That tender pittie that betraies vs thus,
For ſomething I began to feele, me thought,
To moue within me, when as I beheld,
Amintas walke ſo ſadly and ſo pale,
And euer where I went, ſtill in my way,
His lookes bent all to me, his care of me,
Which well I ſaw, but would not ſeeme to ſee,

But now he hath his arrest let him go,
Pittie shall neuer cure that heart of his
Tandoo mine owne, the griefe is best where tis,
Tec. What *Cloris* al alone, now fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so faire a face,
And that fresh youth to be without your loue?
Clo. Loue *Techne?* I haue here as many loues
As I entend to haue whilst I haue breath.
Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with mee,
For I know two at least possessors be
Of your kind fauors as themselues do boste.
Clo. Boste of my fauours, no man rightly can,
And otherwise, let them say what they can.
Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant nosegay to *Amintas* giue?
Clo. I neuer gaue him nosegay in my life.
Tec. Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much
For he produc'd it there in open sight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first,
Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him,
And tolde too how faire gone you were in loue
What passion you would vse, when he was by.
How you would iest with him, and wantonly
Cast water in his face, call his dogge yours,
And shew him your affections by your eye,
And then *Carinus* on the other side
He vaunts, that since he had redeemed you
Out of the satyres handes, he could command
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them I protest
Giue out of you, how truly you know best.
Clo, Techne, their idle talke, shall not vexe me,
I know the ground I stand on and how free
My heart, and I, inioy our liberty,
And if *Amintas* hath interpreted

My lookes according to his owne conceipt,
He hath miſtooke the text and he ſhall finde
Great difference twixt his comment and my minde,
And for his Nolegay it ſhall make me take
More care hereafter how I ſcatter flowers:
Let him preſerue it well and let him make
Much of his gaines, he gets no more of ours,
But thus had I beene ſeru'd, had I reueald
The leaſt regard of common courteſie
To ſuch as theſe: but I do thanke the Gods
I haue reſeru'd me from that vanity,
For euer I ſuſpected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now ſettles me,
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thankes, the paiment for his paine,
And that he ſhall, and ought in woman-hood.
And as for loue let him go looke on her
That ſits and grieues, and languiſhes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare.
And ſought his loue with many an wofull teare
And well deſerues a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* ſonne and ſtands
Much on his wealth and his abilitie,
She's wittie, faire, and full of modeſtie.
And were ſhe of my minde, ſhe rather would
Pull out her eyes, then that ſhe would be ſeene
To offer vp ſo deare a ſacrifice
To his wilde youth, that ſcornes her in that wiſe

Tor. Cloris in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of theſe home bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue nor ſhew it right.
Who would be troubled with groſſe ignorance
That vnderſtands not truely how to loue?

No

No *Cloris*, if thou didſt but know, how well
Thou art eſteemd, of one that knowes indeede
How to obſerue thy worth, and his owne wayes
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With ſecrecie, and wit, in all aſſayes,
Perhaps you might thinke on day of the man,
Clo. What is this creature then you praiſe a man?
Tec. A man? yes *Cloris* what ſhould he be els?
Tec. Nought els, it is enough he be a man,
Tec. Yea and ſo rare a man, as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud ſhe bred,
A perſon of ſo admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath ſeene abroad,
Brings thoſe perfections that do truly moue,
A gallant ſpirit, an vnderſtanding loue,
O if you did but know how ſweete it were,
To come vnto the bed of worthines,
Of knowledge, of conceipt, where ſtrange delights,
With ſtrange diſcourſes ſtill ſhall intertaine,
Your pleaſed thoughts, with freſh variety,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'd,
For euermore, betweene the vnskilfull armes
Of one of theſe rude vnconceiuing Swaynes,
Who would but ſeeme a trunke without a mind,
As one that neuer ſaw but theſe poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his ſheeepe, and ſet his fold,
Pipe on an Oaten Reede, ſome Rundelayes,
And daunce a Morrice on the hollidaies,
Aud ſo ſhould you be alwayes ſweetely ſped,
With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant ſpirit you ſhould,
Be ſure to ouerpaſſe that tediouſneſſe,
And that ſaciety which cloies this life,
With ſuch a variable chearefulneſſe,
As you will bleſſe the time t'haue beene his wife.

Clo

Clo. What hath this man you thus cõmend a name,
Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name,
His name is *Colax*, and is one I ſweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft and many times God knowes,
Hath he with tender paſſion talkt of you:
And ſaid, Well, there is one within theſe woods,
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nimphes,
Mine eyes haue euer ſeene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceede them all,
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, where I liu'd nor all the ſtars
Of *Greece* beſide, could ſparkle in my heart,
The fire of any heate but onely ſhe,
Then would he ſtay, and ſigh, and then againe
Ah what great pittie ſuch a creature ſhould,
Betide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whoſe body doth deſerue to be embrac'd,
By the moſt mightie Monarch vpon earth,
Ah that ſhe knew her worth, and how vnfit,
That priuat woods ſhould hide, that face, that wit,
Thus hath he often ſaid, and this I ſay,
Obſerue him when you will, you ſhall not ſee,
From his hie fore-head to his ſlender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he,
Clo. Techne me thinkes the praiſes that you giue,
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You ſay, twere good you kept him for your ſelfe,
Tec. I muſt not loue impoſſibilities,
Cloria he were a moſt fit man for you,
Clo. For me? alas *Techne* you moue to late,
Tec. Why haue you paſt your promiſe t'any yet?
Clo. Yes ſure, my promiſe is already paſt.
Tec. And if it be I truſt you are ſo wiſe,
T'vnpaſſe the ſame againe for your owne good,

Clo.

Clo. No that I may not when it is once paſt.
Tec. Ne *Cloris*, I preſume that wit of yours.
That is ſo piercive can conceiue how that
Our promiſe muſt not preiudice our good,
And that it is no reaſon that the tongue,
Tye the whole body of eternall wrong.
Clo. The tongue is but the agent of the heart,
And onely as commiſſioner allowd
By reaſon and the will, for the whole ſtate,
Which warrants all it ſhall negotiate.
Tec. But pray thee tell me to what ruſticke ſwaine,
You paſs'd your word to caſt away your ſelfe?
Clo. No I haue paſt my word to ſaue my ſelfe
From the deceitfull impious periuries
Of treacherous men, and vowd vnto my heart
Vntill I ſee more faith then yet I ſee
None of them all ſhall triumph ouer me.
Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwiſe tis well,
We ſhall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the moſt conceited tyre,
The rareſt dreſſing euer Nimph put on.
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and beſides tis ſtale
Clo. Stale why? I haue not worn it ſcarce a moneth
Tec. A moneth? why you muſt change the twiſe a (day
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid,
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or els it is your haſte
To come abroad ſo ſoone into the Ayre.
But I muſt teach you to amend theſe faultes,
And ere I ſhall haue done with you I thinke,
I ſhall make twenty of theſe amorous youthes
To hang themſelues, or els runne madde for loue.
But goe let's trie this dreſſing I haue brought.

Scen.

SCENA. III.

Palamon. Mirtillus.

Mirtillus did *Derinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promiſe to bee thine?
Mir. Palamon no, ſhe neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope ſhe would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had ſecur'd her of my conſtant truth,
Vnder ſo many faithfull ſpecialties,
As that although ſhe did not grant againe,
With any ſhew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did ſhe euer ſeeme to intertaine
My affections, and my ſeruices t'approue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane,
(Ill fare that meane) ſhe grew to that deſpight,
As ſhe not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But alſo ſcorn'd to haue mee in her ſight.
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd
But onely that ſhe will not be belou'd.
Pal. If this be all th, occaſion of thy griefe,
Mirtillus thou art then in better caſe
Then I ſuppoſ'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cauſe too, being in the ſtate thou art.
For if thou didſt but heare the hiſtorie
Of my diſtreſſe, and what part I haue ſhar'd
Of ſad affliction, thou wilt then ſoone ſee
There is no miſery vnleſſe compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all theſe hills and plains,
Theſe holts and woods and euery Chriſtall ſpring.

Can

Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Polemon loued *Siluia*, and how long,
And when consum'd with griefe and dead with care,
Euen at the poynt to sacrifice my life,
Vnto her cruelty, then loe she yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine
And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow as I conceiu'd,
And witnessed with many a louely kisse,
That I thought sure I had attaind my blisse,
And yet (aye me) I got not what I got,
Siluia I haue, and yet I haue her not,

Mir. How may that be, *Polemon* pray thee tell?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could,
Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold
Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamie,
But yet it will abroad, her impudence
Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame,
So full, as all the world shall know the same,

Mir. Why what is *Siluia* false, or is she gone?

Pal. *Siluia* is falle, and I am quite vndone,

Mir. Ah out alas who euer would haue thought,
That modest looke, so innocent a face,
So chast a blush, that shamefast countenance,
Could euer haue tould how to wantonise,
Ah what shall we poore louers hope for now,
Who must to win consume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much adoe must be vndone?

Pal. Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who,
Is now the man her choyce hath lighed one:
How wouldst thou wonder? for that passes all,
That I abhorre to tell: yet tell I shall,

Fo

For all that would wil ſhortly know't too well,
It is baſe *Thyrſis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euery milkmaid in *Arcadia* ſkornes:
Thyrſis is now the man with whom ſhe walkes
Alone in thickets, and in groues remote,
Thyrſis is all in al, and none but he,
With him ſhe dallies vnder euery tree,
Truſt women ah *Mirtillus* rather truſt
The Summer windes, th' Oceans conſtancie,
For all their ſubſtance is but leuitie:
Light are their wauing vailes, light are their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their deſires:
Let them lay on what couerture they will
Vpon themſelues, of modeſty and ſhame,
They cannot hide the woman with the ſame.
Truſt women? ah *Mirtillus* rather truſt
The falſe deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceit and guile,
What haue they but is faind? their haire is faind,
Their beauty fain'd, their ſtature fain'd, their pace,
Their ieſture, motion, and their grace is fain'd,
And if that all be fain'd without, what then
Shall we ſuppoſe can be ſincere within?
For if they do but weepe, or ſing, or ſmile,
Smiles, teares and tunes, are ingins to beguile,
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Conſiſts but in the out-ſide of a face.
O loue and beauty, how are you ordaind
Like vnto fire, whoſe flames farre of delight,
But if you be imbrac'd conſume vs quight?
Why cannot we make at a lower rate.
A purchaſe of you, but that we muſt giue
The treaſure of our hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought ſo deerely for all that?
O *Siluia* if thou needes wouldſt haue beene gone,

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt haue taken all away of thee,
And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.
Thou ſhouldſt haue carried hence the Portraiture
Which thou haſt left behind within my heart,
Set in the tables-frame of memorie,
That puts me ſtill in mind of what thou wert.
Whilſt thou wert honeſt, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place,
Where I ſhall ſet my carefull foote, conferre
With it of thee, and euer more be told,
That here ſate *Siluia* vnderneath this tree,
And here ſhe walkt, and len't vpon mine arme,
There gathred flowers, and brought them vnto mee.
Here by the murmour of this ruſling ſpring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my boſome ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhew'd me comforts when I pin'de;
As if in euery place her foote had ſtept,
It had left *Siluia* in a print behind.
But yet, O theſe were *Siluias* images,
Then whilſt her heart held faire, and ſhee was chaſte,
Now is her face all ſullied with her facts
And why are not thoſe former prints defac'd?
Why ſhould ſhe hold, ſtill in the forme ſhe was,
Being now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhee was?
O that I could *Martillus* lock her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Siluia* here, when ſhe will not be here.

Mar. But good *Palamon*, tell what prooſes haſt thou
Of her diſloyalty, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heaui paſſions, and to greiue ſo much?

Pal. Martillus, prooſes, that are alas too plaine:
For *Colax* one thou know'ſt can well obſerue
And iudge of loue, a man both ſtaid, and wiſe,
A gentle heardſman, out of loue, and care
He had of me, came and reported all;

And

And how he ſaw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods,
Beſides ſhe hath of late with ſullaine lookes,
That ſhew'd diſliking, ſhund my company,
Kept her aloofe, and now I thinke to day,
Is gon to hide her quite out of the way.
But *Silvia* though thou goe and hide thy face,
Thou canſt not hide thy ſhame, and thy diſgrace,
No ſecret thicket, groue, nor yet cloſe grott,
Can couer ſhame, and that immodeſt blot.
Ah didſt thou lend thy hand in kind remorſe,
To ſaue me from one death, to giue m'a worſe?
Had it not yet bene better I had dy'de,
By thy vnſpotted honeſt cruelty,
Then now by thy diſgraced infamie;
That ſo I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaſte *Silvia* in my heart,
And not haue had theſe notions, to ingraue
A ſtained *Silvia* there, as now thou art:
Ah yes, it had bene better farre, I proue,
T'haue periſht for thy loue, then with thy loue.
Mir. Ah good *Palamon* ceaſe theſe ſad complaints
And moderate thy paſſions, thou ſhalt ſee
She may returne, and theſe reports be found
But idle fictions, on vncertaine ground.
Pal. Mirtillus I perceiue my tedious tale
Begins to be diſtaſtefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to ſome deſart vale,
To ſome cloſe Groue to waile where none ſhall heare
But beaſts, and trees, whoſe ſenſe I ſhall not tyre,
With length of mone, for length is my deſire.
And therefore gentle Shepheard, now adieu,
And truſt not women for they are vntrue.
Mir. Adue *Palamon*, and thy ſad diſtreſſe,
Shall make me wey *Doriudas* loſſe the leſſe:

For

For if I should be hers, and she proue so,
Better to be mine owne, and let her go.

Scena 4.

Ergastus. *Melibaus.*

NOw *Melibaus*, who would haue supposd,
That had not seene these impious passages,
That euer monstrous wretch could haue exposd,
Two honest hearts to these extremities,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
First in, vnto their easie confidences
Away by an opinion to be thought,
Honest, discreet, of great experience.
Whereby we see open-fac't villany
Without a maske, no mischiefe could haue done,
It was the couerture of honesty,
That laid the snare, whereby they were vndone:
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wise dishonesty,
When as our weake credulitie is rackt
By that opinion of sufficiencie,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practise to beguile.
And note but how these cankers alwaies seaze
The choycest fruites with their infections,
How they are still ordained to disease,
The natures of the best complections.

Mel. Tis true. And what an instrument hath he
To be the Agent of his villany? (there got,

How

How truly ſhe negotiats, and doth plot,
To vndermine fraile imbecilitie,
How ſtrong, theſe ſpirits, combine them in a knot,
To circumuent plaine open honeſtye
And what a creature there is to conuerſe
With feeble maides, whoſe wakeneſſe ſooneis led,
With toyes and new diſguiſes to reuerſe
The courſe wherein by cuſtome they were bred?
And then what fitnes too, her trade affoordes,
To trafficke with the ſecrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections with faire words.
Which women ſtraight to women will impart?
And then to ſee how ſoone example will
Diſperſe it ſelfe, being met with our deſires?
How ſoone, it will inkindle others ill,
Like *Naptha* that takes fire by ſight of fire?
So that vnleſſe we runne with all the ſperde
We can, to quench this new ariſing flame:
Of vanitie and luſt it will proceed
T'vndoe vs, ere we ſhall perceiue the ſame:
How faire already is the miſchiefe runne,
Before we ſcarce perceiu'd it was begun.

ACTVS 3. SCENA I.

Alcon. *Lamon.*

VVHat my friend *Lamon*? now in troth wel met,
Lam. Well met good *Alcon*, this fals hapa
That we two thus incounter all alone, (pily
Who had not any conference ſcarce this moneth,
Al. In troth I longd to heare how you proceed

In your new practise here among these swaines
For you and I must grace each others arte,
Though you knew me when I in *Parras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore Phisitions man,
And I knew you a Pronoteries boy,
That wrote Indentures at the Townehouse doore
Yet are you now here a great man of Law,
And I a graue Phisition full of skill,
And here we two are held the onely men,
But how thriue you in your new practise now?
Ism. *Alcon* in troth not any thing to speake,
For these poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are so contented each man with his owne,
As they desire no more nor will be drawne
To any contestation nor indeede
Is there yet any frame compold whereby
Contention may proceede in practicke forme?
For if they had this forme once to contend,
Then would they brawle & wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and councel'd how
To litigate perpetually you know
And so might I be sure to doo some good,
But hauing here no matter where vpon
To furnish reall actions as else where,
No tenures, but a customarie hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common with our individuitie,
No purchasings, no contracts, no comerse,
No politicque commands, no services,
No generall assemblies but to feast
And to delight themselues with fresh pastimes,
How can I hope that euer I shall thriue
Here where no wrangling discontentments striue
Alc. Is possible that a society
Can with so little noyse, and sweat subsist?

Ism.

Lin. It seemes it may, before men haue transformd
Their state of nature into many shapes
Of their owne managements, and are cast out
Into confusion, by their knowledges.
And either I must pack me hence or els
Must labour wholy to dissolue the frame,
And composition of their strange built state.
Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them
To apprehend of these proprieties
Of *mine and thine* and teach them to incroch
And get them states apart, and priuate shares
And this I haue already set a worke
If it will take, for I haue met with two
The apteſt parts the country yeelds I know
Montanus and *Acrysius*, who are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerse,
And both incleneable to variance
And if their quarrell hold as tis begun
I do not doubt but all the rest will on.
And if the worst should fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And sway their strifes, I would get well by that.

Al. Tis meruayle that there long and easie peace
That softers plentie and giues nought to do,
Should not with them beget contention too,
As well as others where we see it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft layes traps t'intrich it selfe with wiles
And men make pray of men, and rise by spoyles.
This rather seemes a quiet then a peace.
For this poore corner of *Arcadia* here,
This little angle of the world you see,
Which hath shut out of doore; all th'earth beside
And are bard vp with mountaines, & with rockes
Hath had no intertrading with the rest

Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or desire, that waies them not,
They liue as if still in the golden age,
When as the world was in his pupillage.
Put for mine owne part, *Alexo* I protest
I enuie them that they thus make themselues,
An euerlasting holyday of rest,
Whilst others worke and I do thinke it fit
Being in the world, they should be of the world,
And if that other states should do this too
As God forbid what should we Lawyers doo?
Put I hope shortly yet, we shall haue heere
As many of vs as are other where:
And we shall sweate, and chafe, and talke as lowde,
Brawle our selues hoarse, as well as they shall doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth* or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud
And then 'twill be a world and not before,
But how dost thou with thy profession frame?
Ale No man can wish a better place then this
To practise in my atte, for here they wil
Be sicke for companie they are so kinde
I haue now twenty patients at this time,
That know not what they aile, no more doe I,
And they haue phisicke all accordingly.
First *Phillis* got running at Barly-breake
A little cold, which I with certaine drugs
I ministred, was thought to remedie.
Doris saw that how *Phillis* phisicke wrought
(For *Phillis* told her how she neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart and clear'd her bloud,)
Doris would needes be sicke too and take some.
Molina seeing that, she would the like,

And

And ſo ſhe had the very ſame receipt,
For to ſay troth I haue no more but that,
And one poore pill I vſe for greater cures,
But this is onely ſweete and delicate,
Fit for yong women, and is like th'herb Iohn'
Doth neither good nor hurt, but that's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth,
And it is that Phiſitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceipt, and ſtrong beleefe*
Beſides I am a ſtranger come from far
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too:
For who now but th'*Arabians* or the *Iewes*
In forraine lands are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine,
Lon. 'Is true friend *Aleon*, he that hath once got,
Th'elixir of opinion hath got all,
And h'is th'man that turnes his braſſe to gold.
Then can I talke of *Galien*, *Auerois*,
Hippocrates, *Raſis* and *Auicen*
And bookes I neuer read, and vſe ſtrange ſpeech
Of Symptoms, Criſis, and the Critique dayes,
Of Trochiſes, Opiats, Apophilegmatiſmes,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplaimes,
With all the hideous termes, Arte can deuiſe,
T'amuſe weak, and admiring ignorance.
Lon. And that is right my trick, I ouerwhelme
My practiſe too, with darkeneſſe, and ſtrange wors
With Paragraphs, Condictions, Codicilles,
Acceptilations, ctions receſſorie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domeſticke matter in a forraine phraſe.
Ale. Then am I as abſtruſe and myſticall
In Caracter and giuing my receipt
Obſeruing ſtill th'od number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound

My ſimples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then doe I ſhew what rare ingredients
I vſe for ſome great cures, when need requires,
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lions gall,
The hft ſide of a Mole, the Foxes heart,
The right foote of a Tortuſe, Dragons bloud,
And ſuch ſtrang ſauage ſtuffe, as euen the names
Are phiſick of themſelues, to moue a man,
And all the drugs I vſe muſt come from farre,
Beyond the Ocean, and the Sun at leaſt,
Or elſe it hath no vertue Phiſicall,
Theſe homebred ſimples doe no good at all.

Lin. No no it muſt be forraine ſtuffe God wot,
Or ſome thing els that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a tricke,
That will perpetually ſo feed their humes,
And intertaine their idle weakeneſſes,
As nothing in the world could do the like,
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter with a ſea-man, new ariu'd
Of *Alexandria* who from *Iudea* came,
And brought a certaine beard wrapt vp in rowles
From th'Iſland of *Nicoſia*, where it growes:
Intuſ'd I thinke in ſome peſtiferous iuyce,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime
Contrarious to our nature and our ſpirits)
Or elſ ſteep'd in the ſuming ſap, it ſelfe
Doth yeeld t'inforce th'infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made and fir'd, he tuckes
Out of a litle hollow inſtrument
Of calcinated clay, the ſmoake thereof:
Which either he conuayes out of his noſe,
Or downe into his ſtomack with a whiffe
And this he ſaid a wonderous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,

And

And to dry vp all other meaner rheumes,
Which when I ſaw, I ſtreight way thought how well
This new fantaſticall deuiſe would pleaſe
The fooliſh people here growne humerous.
And vp I tooke all this commodity,
And here haue taught them how to vſe the ſame.

Lin. And it is eaſie to bring in the vſe
Of any thinge, though neuer ſo abſurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuſe,
And th'humour of corruption once is ſtird.

Ale. Tis true, and now to ſee with what a ſtrange
And gluttenous deſire, th'exhauſt the ſame
How infinite, and how inſatiably,
They doe deuoure th intoxicating fume,
You would admire, as if their ſpirits thereby
Were taken and inchanted, or tranſformd,
By ſome infuſed philter in the drug.
For whereas heretofore they wonted were
At all their meetings and their feaſtiualls,
To paſſe the time in telling wittie tales,
In queſtions, riddles, and in purpoſes,
Now doe they nothing elſe but ſit and ſucke
And ſpit, and ſlauer all the time they ſit
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my ſelfe,
And thinke that this will one day make ſome worke
For me or others, but I feare it will
B'another age will find the hurt of this.
But ſure the time's to come, when they looke backe
On this, will wonder with themſelues to thinke
That men of ſenſe could euer be ſo madde
To ſucke ſo groſſe a vapour, that conſumes
Their ſpirits, ſpends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the bloud, and in a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace here comes a patient, peace.

Al. *Lincus* there doth indeed, therefore away

Leaue

Leaue me alone, for I must now resume
My surly, graue, and Doctorall aspect,
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrongd
Her loue *Menaleas*, and plaid fast and loose
With *Celax*, who reuealed the whole to me.

SCENA II.

Daphne. *Alcon,*

GOod Doctor *Alcon* I am come to craue,
Your counsaile to aduise me for my health,
For I suppose, introth, I am not well.
Methinkes I should be sicke, yet cannot tell:
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Phisicke willingly. (pulse,
Alc. Welcome faire Nimph come let me try your
I cannot blame you, t'hold your selfe not well,
Some thing amisse quoth you here's all amisse,
Th'whole Fabrick of your selfe distempered is,
The Systole, and Diastole of your pulse,
Do shew your passions most hystericall.
It seemes you haue not very carefull beene,
T'obserue the prophilactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend vnto the Therapheuticall,
That so we may preuent the Syndrome
Of Symtomes and may afterwardes apply
Some analepticall Alexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie.
It seems faire Nimph you dreame much in the night
Da Doctor, I do indeed. *Alc.* I know you doe,

Y'are

Y'are troubled much with thoughts,
Daph. I am indeede. *Alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heauineſſe about your heart.
Daph. Now truly ſo I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue
You wake oft in the night. *Daph.* In troth I doe.
Alc. All this I know you doe.
And this vnleſſe by phificke you amend,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end.
And therefore you muſt firſt euacuate
All thoſe Colaxicall hote humour which
Diſturbe your heart and then refrigerate
Your bloud by ſome Menalchian Cordials,
Which you muſt take, & you ſhall ſtraight find eaſe,
And in the morning I will viſit you.
Dap. I pray Sir let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that ſhe ſaid,
Did comfort wondrouſly, and cheere her heart.
Al. Faire Nimph you muſt, if you will vſe my arte,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good,
I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie,
And ſo, I thinke, I know what will ſerue you. *Exit.*

Daphne ſola.

O what a wondrous skilfull man is this?
Why he knowes all: O God who euer thought
Any man liuing, could haue told ſo right
A womans griefe in all points as he hath?
Why this is ſtrange that by my very pulſe,
He ſhould know all I ayle, as well as I.
Beſide I feare he ſees too much in me,
More then I would that any man ſhould ſee
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he ſpake ſo learned and ſo ſtrange)
He ſaid I had miſruld my body much,

As if he meant that in some wanton sort
I had abus'd my body with some man.
O how should he know that? what is my pulse
Become th'intelligencer of my shame?
Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Sure so he said, and me thought to be nam'd
Menaleas or else some thing very like,
And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Colax*, that vile diuell,
Who is indeed the cause of all my griefe,
For which I now seeke Phificke, but O what
Can Phificke doe, to cure that hideous wound
My lusts haue giuen my conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is diseas'd within
And not my body now, that's it doth so
Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,
As keepes me waking that is it presents,
Those ougly formes of terror that affright
My broken sleepes, that laies vpon my heart
This heauy loade that weighes it downe with griefe
And no disease beside for which there is
No cure I see at all nor no redresse.
Didst thou alledge vile man to my weake youth
How that those vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of custome, and could not lay on
Those manacles on nature, which should keepe
Her freedome prisoner by our dome of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lie
To thy fonle heart, and tels my grieued soule,
I haue done wrong to falsifie that vow
I first to my deare loue *Menaleas* made.
And sayes th'assurance and the faith is giuen
By hand on earth, the same is seald in heauen.
And therefore how *Menaleas* can these eyes,
That now abhorre to looke vpon my selfe,

Dare

Dare euer view that wronged face of thine,
Who haſt relide on this falſe heart of mine?

SCENA. III.

Colax. Techne.

IS t poſſible ſweet *Techne*, what you ſay
That *Glorie* is ſo wittie and ſo coy?

Tec. Tis as I tell you, *Colax* ſh'is as coy
And hath as ſhrewd a ſpirit, as quicke conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.

Col. Then ther's ſome glory in attaining her,
Here now I ſhall be ſure t'haue ſomething yet
Beſides dull beauty, I ſhall lye with wit.
For theſe faire creatures, haue ſuch feeble ſpirits
And are ſo languiſhing, as giues no edge
To appetite and loue, but ſtuffes delight.

Tec. Well if you get her then you ſhall be ſure
To haue your wiſh, and yet perhaps that ſtore,
You finde in her, may check your longing more
Then all their wants whom you haue tride before

Col. How if I get her what do you ſuppoſe,
I ſhall not get her, that were very ſtrange.

Tec. Yes ſir, ſhe may be got, but yet I know
Sh will put you to the tryall of your wit.

Col. Let me alone, could I find ſeaſon fit
To talke with her in priuate ſhe were mine.

Tec. That ſeaſon may you now haue very well.
For *Colax* ſhe hath promiſd faithfully
This euening late to meete me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vnderneath the hill

Where

Where I muſt fit her with anew attire
Where with ſh'is far in loue, and th'other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers houſe,
(Whether I went with her to deale for you)
The old *Acroſius* was himſelfe at home,
Which did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntil this euening that we might alone
There out of ſight, more cloſely do the ſame:
Where while ſhe ſtayes (for I will make her ſtay
For me a while) you at your pleaſure may
Haue th' opportunity which you deſire,

Col. O *Techne* thou haſt bleſt me, if I now
On this aduantage conquere not her minde,
Let me be loathed of all women kind.
And preſently I will goe ſute my ſelfe
As brauely as I can, go fet my lookes
Arme my diſcourſe, frame ſpeaches paſſionate
And action both, fit for ſo great a worke.
Techne a thouſand thankes and ſo adieu. *Exit*

Tec. Well *Colax* ſhe may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perſwade my ſelfe ſhe is as like,
As any ſubtile wench was euer borne
To giue as wife a man as you the ſkorne:
But ſee where one whoſe faith hath better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forelorne
Like fortunes out caſt, full of heauines.
Ah poore *Amintas*, would thou knewſt how much
Thou art eſteemd, although not where thou wouldſt,
Yet where thou ſhouldſt haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah ſee how I, who ſetts for others loue,
Am tooke my ſelfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his hearte another where?
But I will labour to diuert the ſtreame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts

From

From that coy *Cloris*, to the liberty
Of his owne heart with hope to make him mine.

Scena 4.

Techne. Amintas

NOw fie *Amyntas*, why ſhould you thus grieue
For a moſt fooliſh wayward girle, that ſcornes
Your honeſt loue, and laughes at all you doe,
For ſhame *Amyntas* let her goe as ſh is.
You ſee her vaine and how peruerſly ſet,
Tis fond to follow what we cannot get.
Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get.
Yet will I euer follow whilſt I breath,
And if I perriſh by the way yet ſhall
My death be pleaſing that for her I die
And one day ſhe may hap to come that way,
(And be it O her way) where I ſhall lye,
And with her proud diſdainefull ſoote ſhe may
Tread on my tombe, and ſay, loe where he lyes,
The triumph, and the conqueſt of mine eyes.
And though I looſe my ſelfe, and looſe my teares,
It ſhall be glory yet that I was hers.
What haue I done of late, ſhould make her thus
My preſence with that ſtrange diſdaine to flie
As if ſhe did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou haſt no cauſe therefore
Valeſſe it be for louing more and more
Why thou wert wont to lend me yet an eare, (heare,
And though thou wouldſt not help, yet wouldſt thou
Tec. Perhaps ſhe thinkes thy heat will be alaid,

The

The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well
Not to be seene there where she will not aide.
Am. Alas she knowes no hand but hers can quench
That heat in me and therefore doth she wrong
To fyre my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not aid yet might she ease
My carefull soule, if she would but stand by
And onely looke vpon me while I die.
Tee. Well, well *Amyntas*, little dost thou know
With whom that cunning wanton sortes her selfe
Whilst thus thou mourn'st, and with what secret wiles
She workes to meete her Louer in the woods
With him in groues and caues shee dallying sits
And mocks thy passions, and thy doletull fits.
Am. No *Techne*, no, I know that cannot be,
And therefore do not wrong her modestie,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke backe and thinke on my desert.
Tee. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Erycinat* grove,
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right opposite vnto the hollow caue
That lookes into the vailye, thou shalt see
That honestie and that great modesty.
Am. If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall
See nothing els with her but modesty.
Tee. Yes something els wil grieue your heart to see
But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
Are not the first, that thus haue beene deceiud,
With faire appearing outsides, and mistooke
A wanton heart, by a chaste seeming looke,
But I conjure you by the loue you beare

Vnto

Vnto those eyes, which make you (as you are)
Th'example of compassion to the world)
Sit close and be not seene in any case.
Ann. Well *Techne*, if I shall see *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe
Who will go any where to looke on her
And *Cloris* know, I do not goe to see
Any thing else of thee but onely thee.
Tec Well goe and thinke yet of her honest care,
Who giues thee note of such a shamefull deede,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou shalt be free,
Who more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

Scen. 5.

Melibaus. Ergastus.

NOw what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone assault,
To make her to offend without her fault.
Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
Would raise the tempests of disturbances,
Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
With artificiall knowledge to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne selues can take,

And

And makes vs better lawes then those we make.
And as if all that science ought could giue
Vnto our blisse, but onely shewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.
And euermore we see how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increase,
When skilfull men begin, how good men cease.
And therefore how much better do we liue,
With quiet ignorance, then we should doe
With turbulent and euer-working skill,
Which makes vs not to liue but labour still.
Mel. And see that other vaine fantastick spirit,
Who would corrupt our bodies too likewise,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be
As troublesome as sickenesse, to deuise
That no part of vs euer should be free.
Doth forraging on our credulity.
Take still th'aduantage of our weakenesses
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In strange attyres, to make it seene the lesse.

ACTVS 4. SCEN. I.

Techne. Amyntas.

Tec. *Amyntas* must come back I know this way,
And here it will be best for me to stay:
And here indeed he comes, poore man I see
All quite dismaide; and now this makes for me.
Come who tels troth *Amyntas*, who deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?
Amy. Peace *Techne* peace, and doe not interrupt

The

The griefe that hath no leiſure to attend
Ought but it ſelfe, and hath ſhut vp with it
All other ſenſe in priuate cloſe within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke.
Tee. Thinke: wherein ſhold you think? y' haue thought
And too too much, on ſuch a one as ſhe. (ynow
Whom now you ſee y' haue tride her honeſtie
And let her goe proud girle accordingly,
There's none of theſe yong wantō things that know
How t'vſe a man or how to make their choice,
Or anſwere mens affections as they ought,
And if y' wil thinke, think ſhe's not worth a thought,
Good *Tee-hee* leaue me for thy ſpeech and ſight,
Beare both that diſproportion to my griefe
As that they trouble, trouble and confound
Confuſion in my ſorrowes, which doth loath
That ſound of wordes, that anſweres not the tone
Of my diſpayres in accents of like mone.
And now hath ſorrow no worſe plague I ſee
Then free and vnpartaking company,
Who are not in the faſhion of our woes,
And whoſe affection do not looke likewiſe
Of that complexion as our miſeries.
And therefore pray thee leaue me or elſe leaue
To ſpeake, or if thou ſpeake let it not be
To me, or elſe let mee not anſwere thee.
Tee Wel I ſay nothing, you know what y' haue ſeene
Amp. Tis true I do confeſſe that I haue ſeene
The worſt the world can ſhew me, and the worſt
That can be euer ſeene with mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
My heart had any intereſt in this life,
To be diſrent and torne from of my hopes,
That nothing now is left, why I ſhould liue;
That oftage I had giuen the world, which was

The hope of her that held me to hold truce
With it and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue
That league of bloud that tyes me to my selfe.
For *Claris* now hath thy immodestly
Infranchizd me, and made me free to die.
Which otherwise I could not least it might
Haue beene (some staine and some disgrace to thee
Ah was it not vnow for this poore heart
T'indure the burthen of her proude disdaine?
That weigh'd it to the earth but that it must
Be crusht thus with th'oppression of her slayne?
The first wound yet though it were huge and wide
Yet was it cleanly made it festred not.
But this now giuen comes by a poysoned shotte,
Against all lawes of honor that are pute
And rankles deadly is without all cure.
Ah how she blusht when as she issued forth
With her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might she blush at such a deede
And with how wild a looke shee casts about
Her fearefull eyes as if her loathsome sinne
Now comming thus into the open sight,
With terror did her guiltines affright.
And vp she treades the hill with such a pace,
As if she gladly would haue out gone shame,
Which yet for all her hasting after came.
And at their comming forth me thought I heard,
The villaine vse my name, and she returne
The same againe in very earnest sorte,
Which could be for no good I know to me,
But onely that perhaps it pleasd her then
To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
From off her heart, least it might stuffe the same.

But

But *Cloris* know thou ſhalt not need to feare,
I neuermore ſhall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complaintes, nor more obſerue thy waies,
And O I would thy heart could be as free
From ſinne and ſhame as thou ſhalt be from mee.
I could (and I haue reaſon ſo to doe)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath ſurpriſ'd my loue, and robb'd thy ſhame,
And make his bloud th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feete, that thou mightſt ſee the ſame
To expiate, for this iniuſtice done
But that the fact examind would diſplay
Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it ſoftly in her eare,
And be thou ſure no liuing creature heare.
That her immodeſtie hath loſt this day,
Two the moſt honeſt guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my blood.

Tec. Now I may ſpeake I truſt you ſpeake to mee.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee ſtay a while,
And tell her too, though ſhe ſpares not her ſhame,
My death ſhall ſhew, that I reſpect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may. *Am.* O *Techne* no not yet
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though ſhe deſpiſed him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe and that ere long,
To thinke on her diſhonour and his wrong.
Now *Techne* I haue done and ſo farewell.

Tec. But ſtay *Amyntas*, now muſt I begin.

Pan. I cannot ſtay *Techne*, let go your hold,
It is in vaine I ſay, I muſt be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas* heare me but one word,
Ah he is gone, and in that furie gone,

As sure he will in this extremity
Of his dispaire, do violence to himselfe?
And therefore now what helpe shall I deuise
To stay his ruine sure there is no meanes
But to call *Cloris*, and perswade with her
To follow him and to preuent his death
For though this practise were for mine owne good
Yet my deceiptes vse not to stretch the bloud,
But now I know not where I should find out
That cruell maide, but I must cast about.

Scena 2.

Amarillis. Dorinda

Dorinda you are yet in happy cast,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine
Tis I haue reason onely to bewayle
My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,
And on his rockie heart that wrackes my youth
With stormes of sorrowes, and contemnes my truth
Tis I that am shut out from all delight
This world can yeeld a maide that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth to be belou'd:
Cruell *Corinus* scornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.

Do. Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Then I would be: plenti- doth make me poore
For now my heart, as if deuided stands
Betwixt two passions, loue, and pittie both,
That draw it either way with that maine force,

As

As that I know not which to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midst, holds m'in suspence
Least I loath both by mine improuidence.
Ama. How may that be *Dorcadet* you know this
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to possesse your heart, and loue alone
Who hunts two Hares at one time catches none
Do. I must tel you deare friend the whole discourse
From whom I cannot any thing conceale.
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deseru'd of me,
And how long time his wofull sute hath laine,
Depending on the mercy of mine eyes,
For whom I do confesse, pitie hath beene
Th'Attournie euermore that stands and pleads
Before my heart, the iustice of his cause,
And sayes he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes,
But now the maister sou'raigne Lord of hearts
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who must haue all according to his will,
Whom pitie onely Vshers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he sayes no,
And will that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardsman full of skill and arte?
And all experience of loues misteries
To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen
The earnest of my loue, but since that time
I neuer saw the man, which makes me much
To wonder that his dealings should be such:
For either loue hath in respect that I
Despised haue the true and honest faith,
Of one that lou'd me with sinceritie,
Made me the spoile of falshood and contempt,
Or else perhaps the same is done to trie
My resolution, and my constancie.

But yet I feare the worſt, and feare I may,
Leaſt he now hauing got the victorie
Cares for no more: and ſeeing he knowes my loue
Turnes towards him, he turnes his back to me,
So that I know not what were beſt reſolue,
Either to ſtand vnto the doubtfull faith
Of one that hath ſo dangerouſly begun,
Or elſe returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who will perhaps when mine begins haue done:
So that in wrapt in this diſtracted toyle,
I vexe and know not what to do the while.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke ſure
(Seeing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are moſt happy not to be belou'd.

Scen. 3.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

NOw here betweene you two kinde louing ſoules
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue muſt be all the ſcope of your diſcourſe,
Alas poore hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceiptfull world thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh when they haue done and prooue vntrue.
Am. Well *Cloris* well, reioyce that you are free,
You may be tought one day as well as we.
Clo Indeed I had like ſo this laſt night,
Had I not lookt with ſuch an angry eye,
And frownd ſo ſowre that I made loue afeard,
There was a fellow needes forſooth would haue,

My

My heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great aduantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue.
Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris*, how came you there?
Clo. Truly *Dorinda* I will tell you how:
By no arte magique but a plaine deuise
Of *Techne*, who would trie her wit on me,
For she had promisd me to meete me there
At such an houre, and thither bring with her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should trie on:
Thither went I poore foole, at th houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technes* company,
In rushes fleeting *Colax* after me,
Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace
And strained speech, offring to seaze on me,
Out rusht I from him, as indeed amazd
At his so sodaine and vnexpected sight.
And after followes he, vowes, sweares, protests
By all the Gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he spend his life.
Do. Alas and what am I forgotten then?
Why these were euen the words he spake to me.
Clo. And then inueighs against *Amyntas* loue,
Vaunts his owne partes and his great knowledges,
And all so idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man more vainely talke,
For so much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with such a pace and neuer staide
To giue regard to any thing he said.
And at the last I scarce had left him breath
Sufficient to forsweare himselfe withall.
Do. Ah what hath then my silly ignorance done

To

To be deceiued, and mockt by such a one?
Clo. And when I had recouerd vp the hill,
I fairely ran away and left my man
In midst of his coniuring periuries:
All emptie to returne with mighty losse
Of breath and labour, hauing cast away
Much foolish paines in tricking vp himselfe
For this exploite, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuourd before he came,
And I too, mist my dressing by this meanes.
But I admire how any woman can
Be so vnwise to like of such a man,
For I protest I see nought else but froth,
And shallow impudence, affected grace,
And some few idle practild complement:
And all the thing he is, he is without,
For affection striues but to appeare,
And neuer is of substance, nor Sincere,
And yet this dare of falshood hath beguild
A thousand foolish wenches in his dayes. (theirs.
Do. Themore wretch he, & more hard hap was
Clo. Why doe you figh *Dorinda* are you toucht
With any of these passages of mine?
Do. Noe truely not of yours, but I haue cause
In my particulare that makes me figh.
Clo. Well welcome on to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuise some sporte to passe the time.
Am. Faith I haue no great list to any sporte.
Do. Nor I in troth'tis farthest from my minde.
Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeat our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue. (night
Am And now you speake of dreames, in troth last
I was much troubled with a fearfull dreame,
Do. And truely *Amarilla* so was I.
Clo. And now I doe remember too, I had

A foolish

A fooliſh idle dreame, and this it was:
Me thought the faireſt of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the beſt of all his flocke,
Was fingled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre
And in his hate purſuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for ſucour, and about me ran,
As if it begd my ayde to ſaue his life
Which I long time deferrd, and ſtill lookt on,
And would not reſcue it, vntill at length
I ſaw it euen quite wourried out of breath,
And panting at my feete and could no more:
And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cheriſht it with me, and brought it back,
Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to ſee
The poore recouerd creature thus reſtor'd,
And I my ſelfe was greatly pleaſ'd me thought.
That by my hand ſo good a deed was wrought,
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame:

Am. Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt
A fearefull Woolfe ruſht forth from out a brake,
And towards me makes with open hideous iawes
From whom I ran with all the ſpeed I could,
T'eſcape my danger, and t'ouer take
One whom I ſaw before, that might lend ayd
To me diſtreſt, but he, me thought did runne
As faſt from me as I did from the beaſt.
I cride to him, (but all in vaine) to ſtay:
The more I cride, the more he ran away:
And after I, and after me the Wolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in mind,
Seeing my diſpaire before, my death behinde:
Yet ran I ſtill, and loe, me thought at length
A litle he began to ſlack his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my ſtrength
And ran, as if deſire had wingd my heels,

And

And in the end me thought recouerd him,
But neuer woman felt more ioy it seem'd
To ouertake a man then I did him,
By whom I scapt the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as presently I wak'd,
Toucht with that sodaine ioy which my poore heart,
God knows had not beene vid vnto of late:
I found my selfe, all in a moist faint sweat,
Which that affrighting horrour did beget
And though I were deliuered of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.
Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend.
That yet you shall haue comfort in the end,
Am. God grant I may it is the thing I want.
Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dreamt
Do. I dreamt, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, reposing me
Vpon a banke neere to a riuers side,
A subtle Serpent lurking in the grasse,
Came secretly and seiz'd on my left breast,
Which though I saw, I had no power to stirre,
But lay me still till he had eate away
Into my bosome, whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carrying the same away,
Returnes, me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuing presently arose
And after it most wofully I went,
To see if I could find my heart againe,
And vp and downe I sought but all in vaine.
Clo. Introth 'tis no good luck to dreame of Snakes,
One shall be sure t'heare anger after it.
Do. And so it may be I haue done to day.
Clo. Indeed and I haue heard it neuer failes,

SCENA. III.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Doriada.

COme you are talking here in iollitie,
Whilſt I haue ſought you *Cloris* all about
Come come,good *Cloris* quickly come away.
Cl. What is the newes? what haue we now to doe,
Haue you another Caue to ſend me too?
Tech. Ah talke no more of that but come away.
As euer you will ſaue the woful life
Of a diſtreſſed man that dyes for you.
Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you ſent to mee
Into the Caue,faint now with his repulſe?
Tec. I ſent him not,you would ſo wiſely go,
In open ſight, as men might ſee you goe,
And trace you thither all the way you went.
But come,ah 'tis not he,it is the man
You ought to ſaue, *Amyntas* is the man
Your cruelty,and rigour hath vndone
O quickly come ,or it will be to late,
For 'twas his chance,and moſt vnluckely,
To ſee both you and *Colax*,as you came
Out of the Caue,and he thinkes verily
You are poſſeſt by him,which ſo confounds
His ſpirits,and ſtrickes his heart,that ſure h'is runne,
T'vndoe himſelfe,and O I feare 'tis done.
Clo. If it be done,my helpe will come too late
And I may ſtay,and ſaue that labour here.
Am. Ah *Cloris* haſte away if this be ſo,
And doe not,if thou haſt a heart of fleſh

And

And of a woman, ſtay and triſle time,
Goe runne, and ſaue thine owne, for if he die,
Tis thine that dyes, his bloud is ſhed for thee,
And what a horror this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guiltie conſcience, when
Yeares ſhall haue taught thee wit, and thou ſhalt find,
This deed inſtampt in blouy Characters,
Within the black recordes of thine owne thoughts
Which neuer will be raz'd whilſt thou haſt breath
Nor yet will be forgotten by the death.
Beſides wide Fame, will Trumpet forth thy wrong
And thou ſhalt be with all poſteritie,
Amongſt th'examples held of crueltie,
And haue this ſauage deed of thine be made
A ſullen ſubiect for a Tragedie,
Intituled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May ſerue to be an euerlaſting ſhame,
And therefore goe preuent ſo foule a ſtaine.

De. Ah goe, goe *Cloris*, haſte away with ſpeede.

Clo. Why whether ſhould I goe? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he do this deede,
It is his error and no fault of mine.
Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will ſhew which way he went,
In moſt ſtrange furie, and moſt deſperate ſpeed,
Still crying *Cloris* haſt thou done this deede?

Clo. Why had not you ſtaid and perſwaded him?

Tec. I could not ſtay him by no meanes I vſd,
Though all the meanes I could deuiſe I vſd.

Clo Well I will go, poore man to ſeeke him out
Though I can do him elſe no other good.
I know indeede he hath deſeru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, ſhould be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me,
But thus my dream may now chance come to paſſe

And,

And I may happen to bring home indeede
Montanus sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues so well and by my gratious deed,
He may escape the danger he was in,
Which if I doe, and thereby do inthrall
My selfe, to free anothers misery,
Then will I stand sigh and talke of loue
As well as you and haue your company.
For something I do feele begin to moue
And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feare,
Yet what know I that feare may hap be loue.
Well *Techne* come I would not haue him yet
To perish poore *Amyntas* in this fit.

Ama. Well *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I see
Before you come vnlesse you make more haste.
Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the griefe
Of such a heart thats desperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse,
To haue so true a louer as he is.
And yet I see she's touch'd if not too late,
For I perceiu'd her coulour come and goe,
And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,
Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dyes,
And in anothers wound left his owne life)
Transpierced by thy death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou couldst touch by no desert.
And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiu'd
Her crueltie, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd,
After the affliction thou hast suffred long.
Which makes me thinke that time and patience may
Intenerate at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,

Liue

Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercie too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant louer, ouercome with griefe,
Presents vnto my guiltie memory
The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And O I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not well, I saw him not
Scarse these three dayes I meruaile where he is,
And yet what need I meruaile, who haue thus
Chas'd him from me with frownes, and vlage vile,
And fondly left the substance of his faith
To catch the shadow of deceipt and guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be such a once?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vnwise,
What shall I do sweete *Amarillis* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer?

Ama. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
When all extremities must mend or end.

Scena

SCENA 5.

Melibaus. *Ergastus.*

VVEll come *Ergastus*, we haue seene ynow
And it is more then time, that we prepare
Against this Hydra of confusion now,
Which still presents new hideous heads of feare
And euery houre we see begets new broiles
And intricates our youth in desperate toyles.
And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great and generall hunting day
In *Erimanthus* serue for this good deed
And when we meete (as all of vs shall meete
Here in this place anone, as is decreede)
We will aduise our Shepheardes to intermit
That worke, and fall to this importes vs more,
To chase out these wild mischiefes that do lurke
And worse infest, then th'*Erimanthian* Boare,
Or all Beasts else, which onely spoile our fields
Whilst these which are of more prodigeous kindes
Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes
Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day lost may lose
More by example, then we shall regett
In thousands, for when men shall once disclose
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly'is driuen, but easily is led.

Actus

ACTVS 5. SCEN. I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

AH gentle *Lelaps*, prety louing dogge,
Where hast thou left thy maister, where is he,
That great commander ouer thee and mee?
Thou were not wont be far off from his feete,
And O no more would I, were he so pleasd,
But would as well as thou go follow him,
Through brakes and thickets, ouer cliffes and rockes
So long as I had life to follow him.
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h's vs'd to looke on thee
Thou canst be clapt, and stroakt with that faire hand
That thrustes away my heart, and beates it backe
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he fly mee I must after still.
But here he comes, me thought he was not farre.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this sorte
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou dost much mistake
I do not marre thy sporte, tis thou marrst mine
And kilst my ioyes with that hard-heart of thine.
Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
How that I am his maisters creature too,
And kindely comes himselfe, and fawnes on me
To shew what you in nature ought to do?

Car. Fie *Amarilis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinkes this euer trouble me.

Am. What is it troublesome to be belou'd?

How

How is it then *Carinus* to bee loa'h'd?
If I had done like *Clorit*, ſcornd your ſuite,
And ſpourn'd your paſſions in diſdainefull ſorte,
I had beene woo'd, and ſought and highly priz'd,
But hauing n'other arte to win thy loue,
Saue by diſcouering mine, I am deſpiſd.
As if you would not haue the thing you ſought
Vnles you knew, it were not to be got.
And now becauſe I lie heere at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy ſight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right
And doe not ſute my lookes, nor cloth my words
In other coulours, then my thoughts do weare,
But do thee right in all thou ſcorneſt me
As if thou didſt not loue ſincerite
Neuer did Cryſtall more apparantly
Preſent the coulour it contayn'd with in
Then haue theſe eyes, theſe teares, this tong of mine,
Bewraid my heart, and told how much I am thine.

Ca. Tis true I know you haue too much bewraid
And more then fits the honour of a maide.

Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breaſt
With that ſtrong temper of reſiſting proofe
But that by treaſon of my weake complexion, I
Am made thus eaſy to the violent ſhotte
Of paſſion, and th'affection I ſhould not
Me thinkes yet you out of your ſtrength and power
Should not diſdaine that weakenes, but ſhould thinke
It rather is your vertue as indeed
It is that makes me thus againſt my kinde
Vnlocke my thoughts, and to let out my minde
When I ſhould rather die and burſt with loue
Then once to let my tongue to ſay, I loue.
And if your worthy parts be of that power.

To vanquish nature, and I must be won
Do not disdaine the worke when you haue done,
For in contemning me you do despise
That power of yours which makes me to be thus
Ca. Now what adoe is here with idle talke?
And to no purpose for you know I haue
Ingaged long since my heart my loue and all
To *Clorin*, who must haue the same and shall.
Am Why there is no such odds twixt her and mee,
I am a Nimph, tis knowne as well as she.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
But that I loue, and shee doth thee disdaine.
No other reason can induce thy minde.
But onely that which should diuert thy minde.
I will attend thy flockes better then she,
And dresse thy bower more sweete, more daintily,
And cherrish thee with Salets and with fruites
And all fresh dainties as the season suites,
I haue more skill in hearbes then shee by farre,
I know which nourish, which restoring are,
And I will find *Villanus* for thy Goates
And seeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes.
And Tetrisoll to cherrish vp their Dammes
And this I know, I haue a better voyce
Then she though she perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is best, I haue the faithfullst heart.
Perfides *Amyntas* hath her loue I know,
And she begins to manifest it now.
Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue that were most strange,
When he hath gotten that, you shall haue mine.
Am. O deere *Carmon*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

Scena

SCENA 2.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

VVEll met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas* hath vndone
And ſpoild himſelfe, and lyes in that weake caſe,
As we thinke neuer more to ſee his face
Car. Mirtillus, I am ſory t'heare ſo much
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, wherein my life
Hath chiefeſt claime, I doe not wiſh his death,
But by what chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell.
Mir. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.
As *Titerus*, *Menalcas*, and my ſelfe
Were placing of our toyles (againſt anon
That we ſhall hunt) below within the ſtraight,
Twixt *Eremanthus*, and *Lycaus* mount,
We might perceiue vnder a ragged cliffe,
In that moſt vncouth deſart, all alone,
Diſtreſt *Amyntas* lying on the ground,
With his ſad face turnd cloſe vnto the rock,
As if he loathd to ſee more of the world
Then that poore ſpace, which was twixt him and it
His right hand ſtretcht along vpon his ſide,
His left he makes the pillor to ſupport
His carefull head, his Pipe Lee had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, where he likewiſe
Had plac'd his Sheepehooke, & his Knife wherewith,
He had incarv'd an wofull Elegie
To ſhew th'occaſion of his miſerie.

His dogge *Melampus* sitting by his side,
As if he were partaker of his woe?
By which we knew 'twas he, and to him went,
And after we had call'd, and shooke him vp,
And found him not to answere nor to stirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme,
We tooke him vp and held him from the ground,
But could not make him stand by any meanes,
And sincking downe againe, we searcht to see
If he had any wound, or blow, or wreneh,
But none could finde, at last by chance we spide
A little horne which he had flung aside,
Whereby we gest he had some poyson tooke?
And thereupon we sent out presently
To fetch *Vrania*, whose great skill in herbes
Is such, as if there any meanes will be,
As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Vrania* hath beene known t'haue done
Most desperate cures, and peradventure may
Restore him yet and I doe wish she may.

Mir. But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and standing by with griefe,
(As we might well to see so sad a sight)
(And such a worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris and *Techne*, with what speed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haste, as it concern'd her more
And neerer as she came, she faster went,
As if she did desire to haue beene there
Before her feete, too slow for her swift feare.
And comming to the place, she sodainely
Stept, starts, and shrikt, and hauing made such haste
T'haue something done, now could she nothing doe.

Perhaps

Perhaps our preſence might perplexe her too
As being aſham'd that any eye ſhould ſee
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was ſeene till now,
Cor. And tis ill hap for me it was ſeene now,
Mer. For we perceiu'd how *Loue* and *Modeſty*
With ſeu'rall enſignes, ſtroue within her cheekes
Which ſhould be Lord that day and charged hard,
Vpon each other with their freſh ſupplies
Of different coulours that ſtill came and went,
And much diſturb'd her, but at length diſſolu'd
Into affection downe ſhe caſts her ſelfe
Vpon his ſenceleſſe body, where ſhe ſaw
The mercie ſhe had brought was come too late:
And to him cries, O deare *Amyntas* ſpeake,
Looke on me, ſweete, *Amyntas* it is I
That calles thee, I it is that holds thee heere,
Within thoſe armes thou haſt eſteem'd ſo deare.
And though that loue were yet ſo yong in her
As that it knew not how to ſpeake or what,
And that ſhe neuer had that paſſion prou'd,
Being firſt a louer ere ſhe knew ſhe lou'd,
Yet what ſhe could not vtter, ſhe ſupplide
With her poore buſie hands that rubb'd his face,
Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends,
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands
And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceaſt.
Amy. Alas the leaſt of this regard before
Might haue holpe all, then when twas in her power
T'haue ſau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde,
Now for all this, her mercie is vnkinde,
The good that's out of ſeaſon, is not good.
There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
And the compaſſion thats not vnderſtood,
Mer. But yet at length as if thoſe dainty hands

Had had a power to haue awakened death
We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes,
Which had stood fixt all the whole time before.
And fastens them directly vpon her.
Which when she saw, it strooke her with that force,
As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had,
Made all the powers and parts of her shrinke vp
With that conuulsion of remorse and griefe,
As out she shrik'd, O deere, O my deere heart.
Then shrinkes againe and then againe cryes out
For now that looke of his did shake her more,
Then death or any thing had done before.
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart,
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue,
All his sad suffrings, all his griefes and feare,
And now in th end what he had done for her.
And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
As all a world of words could neuer doe.
Ah what a silly messenger is speech,
To be imploi'd in that great Embassie
Of our affections, in respect of th'eye?
Ah'tis the silent rhetoricke of a looke.
That workes the league betwixt the states of hearts
Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke so melts her into teares,
As that she powr'd them downe like thunder drops
Or else did Nature taking pittie now
Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,
To seruc as vailes, and to be interpolde
Betwixt her griefe and her t'impeach her sight,
From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde
And now with this came in *Vrania* there,
With other women to imploy their best
To saue his life, if b'any meanes they can.

And

And so we came our way, being sent for now
About some conference for our hunting sportes,
And with vs *Techne* comes, who is supposde,
T'haue beene a speciall cause of much of this.
Car. Alas this sad reporte doth grieue me much
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
So deerely lou'd him as I finde she doth,
For by this act of hers I plainely see,
There will be neuer any hope for me.
Amo. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
Wilt stand but to thy word as thou hast said.
Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had beene there
T'haue seene but *Cloris* acte this wofull part,
It may be it might haue deterr'd her heart
From cruelty so long as she had liu'd.
Amo. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue some feeling of my misery,
But for *Dorinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.
Mir. Ah *Amarillis* I would that were true,
But loe where come our chiefest heardsmen now
Of all *Arcadia*, we shall know more newes

SCENA. III.

Melibœus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acryſius, with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alexis, Lincus, Colax, Techne.

YOu gentle Shepheards and inhabitors
Of these remote, and solitarie parts

Of

Of *Monteynous Arcadia*, shut vp here
Within these Rockes, these vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and Bulwarkes of our libertie.
From out the noise of tumult and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued still the same, and one
In all successions from antiquitie,
Whilst all the states on earth besides haue made
A thousand reuolutions, and haue rowld
From change to change and neuer yet found rest,
Nor euer bettered their estates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all
Least that we leaue not to posterity
Th'*Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our forefathers care who left it vs.
For none of you I know whose iudgement's graue
Can ought discerne, but sees how much wee are,
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were
And what distempers dayly do arise
Amongst our people neuer felt before,
At which I know you meruaile as indeed
You well may maruaile, whence they should proceed
And so did good *Ergasius* here. and I,
Vntill we set our selues more warily
To search it out, which by good hap we haue,
And found the authors of this wickednesse
Which Diuels atyrd here in the shape of men
We haue produc'd before you, to the end
You may take speedy order to suppresse
Our growing follies, and their impiousnesse.

Erg. Indeed these odious wretches which you see,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,
These new and vnknowne mischiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of scandalous reportes,

Of

Of vile deluding, chaſte and honeſt loues,
Of vndeſeru'd ſuſpitious deſperate griefes,
And all the ſadneſſe we haue ſeene of late.
And firſt this man this *Lowre* here you ſee,
Montanus you, and you *Acryſius* know,
With what deceipt, and with what cunning arte,
He intertaind your ſtrifes, abuſd you both,
By firſt perſwading you that you had right
In your demandes, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rightes as men
Had meanes, or power, or wil to purchaſe them,
Could he haue once attain'd to his deſires
Mon. We do confeſſe our errour, that we were
Too eaſily perſwaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore.
Acry. And we deſire the memory thereof
May dye with vs, that it be neuer knowne
Our feeble age hath ſuch example ſhowne
Erg. And I now this other ſtrange impoſtor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lowre* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion and conceipt with all,
Seekes how to ſet vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our ſelues,
And would confounde her working with his arte,
And labours how to make our minder firſt ſicke,
Before our bodies, and perſwade our health
It is not well that he may haue thereby
Both it and ſickneſſe euer vnder cure.
And forraine drugs brings to diſtempers here
And make vs like the wanton world abroad
Reckning vs barbarous, but if this their skil
Doth ciuilize, let vs be barbarous ſtil.
Mol. But here are two the moſt pernitious ſpirits,

The

The world I thinke did euer yet produce
Colax and *Techne*, two such instrumentes
Of Wantonnesse, of Lust and treacherie
As are of power t'intice and to debaush
The vniuersall state of honesty.
And to approue the horrible effect
Of both their impious subtle practises
(Besides this last exploit they wrought vpon
Amyntas, who poore youth lyes now fal weake
Vnder *Vranias* cure, whose skill we heare
Hath yet recald him to himselfe againe)
Here loe come diuers others who can shew
What mischiefe graceles craft can doe.

Scena 4.

Palamon, Mirtillus, Carinus, Silvia Daranda Amarillis, Daphne, Cloris Amyntas.

COme good *Palamon* and good *Silvia* come,
You haue indurd too much, and too too long.
Sil. Ah why *Ergastus* do you set our names
So neere together, when our hearts so farre,
Are distant from each other as they are?
Indeed whilst we were one as once we were,
And as we ought to be were faith obserud,
Palemon should not haue beene nam'd without
A *Silvia*, nor yet *Silvia* without him.
But now we may *Ergastus*, we are two.
Pal. *Silvia*, there in the greater wrong you doe.
Sil. *Palamon*, nay the greater wrong you do.

Erg.

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie
Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know
Pal. Siluia, you see your fault cannot be hid.
Sil It is no fault of mine *Palamon* that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here,
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceald your worke so closely as you should.
Pal. But there stands one can tel what you haue bin.
Til. Nay there he stands can tell what you haue bin,
And sure is now in publicke here produced
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me I doe protest, who rather would
Haue dide alone in secret with my griefe
Then had your infamie discouerd here,
Wherein my shame, must haue so great a share.
Pal. I haue not sought to manifest your shame,
Which *Siluia*, rather then haue done, I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worst of deathes
I hauing such an interest in the same.
Col. No *Siluia*, no *Palamon*, I stand here
Not t'accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes, are cleere,
I haue abusd your apt credulity
With false reports of things that neuer were
And therefore here craue pardon for the same.
Pal. Why *Colax* did not *Siluia* intertaine
The loue of *Thyrsis* then as you told me?
Col. Palamon no, she neuer intertaind
His loue, nor wrongd you as I euer knew.
Sil But *Colax* you saw how *Palemon* did
With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.
Col. Siluia by heauen and earth I sweare not I
But onely faind it out of subtiltie,
For some vngodly ends I had decreed.
Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite

To

Your ſorrowes paſt, and pray the gods you may
From henceforth lead your life with happie ioy.
Ast. Do *Cloris* take him, and I wiſh as much.
Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull feſtiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda* we intreat
You alſo to accept *Mortillus* loue,
Who we are ſure hath well deſerued yours.
Do. Although this be vppon ſhort warning, yet
For that I haue bene ſommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deſerts to me
To yeeld to ſuch a motion I am now
Content t'accept his loue and wilbe his.
Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewiſe haue my bliſſe
And reckon all the ſufferings I haue paſt
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at laſt.
Niel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nimph
Whoſe eye is ſtill on you, as if ſhe thought
Her ſuffrings too, deſerud ſome time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comforte too whilſt fortune deals good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore ſoule
For ſhe is worthy to poſſeſſe your loue,
Car' I know ſhe is, and ſhe ſhall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perſwaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleeue the loue
Of any Nimph, and oft to me hath ſworne
How he had tride them all, and that none were
As men beguilde by ſhewes ſuppoſde they were:
But now I doe perceiue his treachery
And that they haue both loue and conſtancie.
Amo. O deare *Carinus* bleſt be this good houre,
That I haue liu'd to ouer take at laſt
That heart of thine which fled from me ſo faſt.
Erg. And *Daphne* too me thinks your heauy looks
Shew how that ſomething is amiſſe with you.

Daf.

Dap. Nothing amiſſe with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which ſomewhat grieues me yet,
Fry. That muſt aduiſe you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,
Which if you doe, no doubt all will be well,
Mel. Then thus we ſee the ſadneſſe of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious ſpirits, who thus haue raiſd
The hideous tempeſts of theſe miſeries,
And thus abuſe our ſimple innocence,
We charge you all here preſently t'auoyd,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Caſt downe, and daſht in peeces from the ſe rocks,
And t'haue your odious carkaſes deuour'd (as
By beaſts, being worſe your ſelues then beaſts to
Col. Well then come *Tecbue*, for I ſee we two
Muſt euen be forſt to make a mariage to o,
And goe to *Corinth*, or ſome Citie neare,
And by our practiſe get our liuing there:
Which both together ioynd, perhaps we may,
And this is now the worſt of miſeries
Could come vnto me, and yet worthely,
For hauing thus abuſd ſo many Nimphs,
And wrong'd the honour moſt vnreuerently
Of women, in that ſort as I haue done,
That now I am forſt to vndergoe therefore
The worſt of plagues: To marry with a W.
Ale. But *Lincus*, let not this diſcourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their reſt
Exile vs thus, for we no doubt ſhall finde
Nations enough, that will moſt ready be
To entertaine our ſkill and cheriſh vs.
And worthier people too, of ſubtler ſpirits,
Then theſe vnfaſhion'd, and vncomb'd rude ſwains.
Lin. Yea and theſe Nations are farre ſooner drawne

Tall

T'all frinolous distractions then are these,
For oft we see, the grosse do manage things,
Farre better then the subtle, cunning brings
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.
Al. Yea and I doubt not whilst there shall be found
Fantasticke puling wenches in the world,
But I shall florish, and liue iollily,
For such as I by women must begin
To gaine a name and reputation winne.
Which when we haue attaind to, you know then
How easily the women draw on men.
Lin. Nor do I doubt but I shall likewise liue,
And thriue, where euer I shall plant my selfe,
For I haue all those helps my skill requires
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,
A Clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the glosse to ouerthrow the text
I can alledge and vouch authorttie,
T'imbroyle th'intent, and sense of equitie,
Besides by having beene a Notarie,
And vs'd to frame litigious instruments
And leaue aduantages for subtilty,
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise
That there shall be no writing made so sure
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest
At any time when men shall thinke it best.
Nor be thou checkt with this *Pisophanax*,
That at thy first appearing thou art thus
Discou'red here, thou shalt along with vs.
And take thy fortune too, as well as we.
Pol. Tush *Lincus* this cannot discourage me,
For we that trafficke with credulitie
And with opinion, still shall cherisht bee
But here your errour was to enter first

And

And be before me, for you should haue let
Me made the way that I might haue diſſinke
That chaine of Zeale that holds in amitie,
And calld vp doubt in their eſtabliſht rites,
Which would haue made you ſuch an eaſie way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,
Vpon their ſhaken and diſcattered minds,
For our profeſſion any thing refutes,
And all's vnſetled whereas faith diſputes.
Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Begone I ſay, and beſt too, whilſt you may.
And ſince we haue redeem'd our ſelues ſo well
Out of the hands of miſchiefe let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which neuer more remaines, as it begun,
But is a wicked fire t'a far worſe ſonne,
And ſtayes not till it makes vs ſlaues vnto
(That vniuerſall Tyran of the earth
Cuſtome) who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our ſelues, reades that great charter too
Of nature and would likewiſe cancell man:
And ſo inchaines our iudgements and diſcourſe
Vnto the preſent viſances, that we
Muſt all our ſenſes thereunto refer,
Be as we finde our ſelues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reaſon then the nations of the times
And place wherein we liue, and being our ſelues
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs
And therefore let vs recollect our ſelues
Diſperſd into theſe ſtrange confuſed ill
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were
In manners and in habit as we were,
And ſo ſolemnize this our happy day
Of reſtauration, with other feaſts of ioy. Finis

A FVNERALL POEME Vpon the Death of the late *noble Earle of Deuon*shire.

NOw that the hand of death hath laid thee there
Where neither greatnes, pomp, nor grace, we see
Nor any differences of Earth and where
No vaile is drawne, betwixt thy selfe and thee.
Now *Tewonshire* that thou art but a name
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue the enor but by the fame
Of what thy vertue and thy worth haue done.
Now shall my verse which thou in life didst grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to doe)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
That sew regard or haue respect vnto,
Whereall attendance, & obseruance ends,
Where all the Sun-shine of our fauour sets,
Where what was ill, no countenance defendes,
And what was good, th'vnthankefull world forgets.

Here shalt thou haue the ternice of my pen
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
I cannot be suppos'd to flatter, when
I speake behind thy backe not to thy face:
Men neuer sooth the dead but where they doo
Find liuing tyes, to hold them thereunto.
And I stand cleere from any other chayne
Then of my loue, which freeborne, drawes free breath
The benefite thou gau'st me, to sustaine
My humble life, I loose it by thy death:
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As to inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue
For I haue learnt it is the property
For free men to speeke truth, for slaues to lye
And therefore I sincerely will report
First how thy parts were faire conuaid within
How that braue minde was built and in what sorte
All the contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd
As vertue neuer had a fairer seate
Nor could be better lodg'd nor more reposd,
Then in that goodly frame, where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest,
Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise
That might disturbe her, nor was euer brest
Contain'd so much, and made so little noise
That by thy silent modestie is found
The emptiest vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discernd'st thy selfe, had'st read
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The lesse to speake, as being ordain'd to spread
Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse,
Though thou hadst made a generall Suruiew

Of all the beſt of mens beſt knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee truſt thy ſelfe the leſſe,
And leſſe preſume and yet when being mou'd
In priuate talke to ſpeake, thou didſt bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
That thou didſt know what euer wit could ſay
Which ſhew'd thou hadſt not bookes as many haue
For oſtentation, but for vſe and that
Thy bounteous memory was ſuch, as gaue
A large reuenue of the good, it gat.
Witneſſe ſo many volumes whereto thou
Haſt ſet thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will ſhew how
The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did ſtand
That none would thinke if all thy life had been
Turnd into leaſure, thou couldſt haue attaind
So much of time, to haue perus'd and ſeene,
So many volumes that ſo much contain'd,
Which furniture may not be deem'd leaſt rare
Amongſt thoſe ornaments that ſweetly dight
Thy ſolitarie *Wanſted*, where thy care
Had gathered all what heart, or eyes delight.
And whereas many others haue we ſee
All things within their houſes worth the ſight,
Except themſelues that furniture of thee
And of thy preſence, gaue the beſt delight.
With ſuch a ſeaſon, ſuch a temprature
Wert thou compoſ'd, as made thy ſweetenes one,
And held the tenor of thy life ſtill ſure
In conſort with thy ſelfe in perfect tone
And neuer man had heart more truly ſeru'd
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And was more at command, and more obſeru'd
The coullors of that modeſty he bare

The library at Wanſted

Then that of thine in whome men neuer found
That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any veine thou hadst that was vnsound
Or motion of thy powers that turn'd not well.
And thus was thy prouision laid within,
Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines
What to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
What the demension of that side containes.,
Which likewise was so goodly and so large
As shew'd that thou wert borne t adorne the daies,
Wherein thou liu'dst, and also to discharge
Those parts which England, and thy fame should raise
Although in peace thou seem'dst to be all peace
Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
As in thy sphere thy spirits did neuer cease,
To moue with indefatigable care
And nothing seem'd more to atride thy heart
Nor more inlarge thee into iollitie,
Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt
Or any act of armes like to be nye.
The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
And what thou wert and what thou wouldst be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sydney* glory of the field
And glory of the Muses, and their pen.
(Who equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
Had likewise beene thy last, had not the fate
Of *England* then reseru'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the preseruation of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good,
And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis
Of grace and fauour in *Elizas* sight
(That miracle of women who by this

Made

Made thee be held according to thy right
Which faire and happy blessing thou might'st wel
Haue farre more tast'd had not thine enemie
Retired priuacie, made thee to sell
Thy greatnesse for thy quiet, and denie
To meete faire Fortune, when she came to thee.
For neuer man did his preferment flie.
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou, as if it sought thy modesty.
For that which many, whom ambition toyles
And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine
With all their thrusts, and shouldring, plots, and wiles
Was easily made thine without thy paine.
And without any priuate maheing
Or publique greenance, euery good man ioy'd
That vertue could come cleere to any thing
And faire deserts to be so fairely pay'd
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee
Were not like Fortunes fauours, they could see
Eliz.'s cleere eyed iudgement is renown'd
For making choice of thy abilities
But it will euerlastingly redound
Vnto the glory and benignitie
Of *Brittaines* mightie Monarch, that thou wert
By him aduanced for thy great desert,
It being the fairer worke of maiestie
With fauor to reward, than to employ.
Although thy seruices were such as they
Might aske their grace them selues: yet do wee see
That to successe, desert hath not a way
But vnder Princes that most gratious bee.
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase euer *England* made,
And made with such profuse exceeding cost
Of blood and charge, to keepe and to inuade:

As,

As neuer nation paid a deerer prise
For such a peece of Earth, and yet well paid
And well aduentur'd for with great aduise
And happily to our dominions laide
Without which out-ler, England thou hadst beene
From all the rest of th'earth shut out, and pent
Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
Inuiron'd round with others gouernment.
Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine owne
That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay.
And this important peece like t'haue beene rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no iointure of the gouernment
But shooke, no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tottering, when the charge
Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men
Checkt by example sought to put it off.
And he out of his natiue modesty
(As being no vndertaker) labours too
To haue auoided that which his abilitie
And Englands *Genius* would haue him to do
Alledging how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
As had more power, and meanes t'accomplish it:
Then he could haue, had there so little donne:
Whose ill successe (considering his great worth
Was such as could that mischife be withstood,
It had beene wrought) did in himselfe bring forth
Discouragement that he should do lesse good,
The state replide, it was not lookt he should
Restore it wholy to it selfe againe
But onely now if possible he could

In any fashion but the same retaine
So that it did not fall a sunder quite
Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight.
With courage on he goes doth exiquate
Which councell, and returnes with victory
But in what noble fashion he did sute
This action with what wit and industry,
Is not to be disgracde in this small carde,
It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.
Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed
And secrecie he vsed to preuent
The enemies designes, nor with what heed
He marcht before report, where what he ment
Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,
His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one.
Nor will this place conueniencie affoord
To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes
Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword
Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes,
Nor how by mastring difficulties so
In times vnusuall, and by passage hard
He brauely came to disappoynt his foe,
And many times surprs'd him vnprepard.
Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
That famous siege, the Master-worke of all
Where no distresse nor difficulties lacke
T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all.
That when inclos'd by powrefull enemies
One either side, with feeble troupes he lay
Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries,
Kept waking with Alarmes night, and day.
There were, who did aduise him, to with draw
His army to some place of safe defence,
From the apparent perill which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them the.

For now the Spaniard hath poſſeſt three portes
The moſt important of this Ile lay they,
And ſooner freſh ſupplyments, ſpaine tranſports
To them, then England can to vs conuay
The Reble is in heart, and now is ioynd
With ſome of them alreadie, and doth ſtand
Here ouer vs, with chiefeſt ſtrength combind
Of all the deſperate forces of the land
And how vpon theſe diſaduantages
Your doubtfull troupes will fight, your *Honour* get
Th'vndaunted *Mountey* hereto anſwers this.
My worthy friendes, the charge of this great ſtate
And kingdome to my faith committed is
And I muſt all I can ingeniate
To anſwere for the ſame, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may,
But if from hence I ſhall once ſtirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and loſt this day
All will fly thither where they finde is haſt
And feare ſhall haue none ſtand to take his part.
And how ſhall we anſwere our Country then
At our returne, nay anſwere our owne fame?
Which howſoeuer we haue done like men
Will be imbranded with the marke of blame,
And ſince we here are come vnto the point
For which we toild ſo much and ſtaid ſo long,
Let vs not now our trauailes diſappoint
Of th'honor which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot ſpend our bloud more worthily
Then in ſo faire a cauſe and if we fall
We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
Shalbe renowmed, and held deare of all,
And for my parte I count the field to bee
The honourableſt bed to dye vpon,
And here your eies this day ſhall either ſee

My

My body laid, or els this action donne.
The Lord the chiefe and souraigne Generall
Of Hosts, makes weake to stand, the strong to fall.
With which braue resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke, which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue donne.
Of which tis better nothing now to say,
Then say to little: For there tests behind
A Trophey to b'erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keepe in mind
That glorious act which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole & made the peace we haue.
And now I will omit to shew therefore,
His management of publike bus'nesses
Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages,
Which on his owne discretion did relie,
Where with his spirit was furnisht happely.
Milde, affable, and easie of accesse
He was, but with a due reseruednes:
So that the passage to his fauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To such as fitly might or ought to passe:
Nor sold he smoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promises.
But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
With bus'nesse, and with noise, hee euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might disperse
Him, into other mens vncertainties.
And with a quiet calme sincerity,
H'effects his vndertakings really.

His tongue and heart did not turne backes, but went
One way, and kept one course with what he ment.
He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware
His honest inclination open fac'd;
The friendships that he vow'd, most constant were,
And with great iudgement, and discretion plac'd.
And *Deuonshire* thy faith hath her reward,
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine,
Among th'examples of integrity,
Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
A like regard vnto their memorie.
Now mutt'ring enuie, what canst thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts,
Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse,
Say what defects could wey downe these deserts,
Summon detraction, to obiect the worst
That may be told, and vtter all it can,
It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst,
Against him, other, then he was a man:
And built of flesh and bloud, and did liue here
Within the region of infirmity,
Where all perfections neuer did appeare,
To meete in any one so really,
But that his frailtie euer did bewray,
Vnto the world, that he was set in clay.
And *gratitude*, and *charitie* I know,
Will keepe no note, nor memorie will haue
Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now
Which still will liue the rest lyes in his Graue,
Seeing onely such stand euer bale and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand:
And as Dogges barke at those they doe not knowe,

So

So they at such they doe not vnderstand.
The worthier sort, who know we doe not liue
With perfect men, will neuer be s'vnkind,
They will the right to the diseased giue,
Knowing themselues must likewise leaue behinde,
Those that will censure them. And they know how,
The Lion being dead euen Hares insult.
And will not vrge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde;
They rather will lament the losse they finde,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such mē brings forth.

But let it now sufficient be, that I,
The last Scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gines th'applause to all, doth glorifie
The worke. For t'is the euening crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shewes all a man. Here onely is he found,
With what munition he did fortifie
His heart, how good his furniture hath bene.
And this did he performe in gallant wise;
In this did he confirme his worthinesse.
For on the morrow after the surprise
That sickenesse made on him with fierce accesse,
He told his faithfull friend whome he held deere,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were ouer-tumbled Sodeinely,
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t'his affaires as speedily,
As might be, ere his sicknesse should growe worse,
And as for death, said he, I doe not wey
I am resolu,d and ready in this case.

Sir William Sindolphen.

It

It cannot come affright me any way,
Let it looke never with so grim a face:
And I will meete it smiling, for I know,
How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
And herein did he keepe his word. Did shew
Indeede as he had promised in this.
For sickenesse never heard him grone at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine,
Which howsoever being tyranicall,
He sweetely made it looke, and did retaine
A lonely countenance of his being well,
And so would euer make his tongue to tell.
Although the fervour of extremitie
Which often doth throw those defences downe,
Which in our health, wall in infirmitie,
Might open lay more then we would have knowne;
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill set in,
Those lightnesses that any thing will say
Could say no ill of what they knew within.
Such a sure locke of Silent modestie
Was set in hfe vpon that noble heart
As that nor anguish, nor extremitie
Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
For having dedicated still the same
Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,
That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame
Continued to the last in fervour still.
And when his spirit and tongue, no lon ger coul
Doe any certaine seruices beside,
Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
With feruent zeale how onely he reside
Vpon the merits of the precious death
Of his redeemer, and with rapt desires
H'appeales to grace. His soule delineth

Vnto

Vnto the hand of mercy and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously
And mildly liud, most sweet, and mildly die,
And thus great Patrone of my muse haue I
Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd th'accounts
Which in my loue I owe thy memory.
And let me say that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou hast
This monument of thee, perhaps may last.
Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall,
For loe how many when they die, die all,
And this doth argue too, thy great desertes
For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse
Further then to the graue and there it parts!
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.
And we do see that nettles, thistles brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Dounbar* thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

SAMVELL DANIELL.

FINIS.

Vpto the hand of mercy and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously
And mildly liud, most sweet, and mildly die.
And thus great Patrone of my mute haue I
Paid thee my rowes and farely cleer'd th' accounts
Which in my loue I owe thy memory.
And let me say that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou hast
This monument of thee, perhaps may last.
Which doth not euery mighty man befall,
For loe how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too, thy great deserts
For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse
Further then to the graue and there it parts
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.
And we do see that nettles, thistles brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Deuonshire* thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy virtues in a safer roome.

SAMVELL DANIELL.

FINIS.

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